THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OCT. 21, 1922

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The Submerged Congressman

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

SOME congressmen are born submerged, some have submergence thrust upon them, and some apparently devote their entire Washington existence to discovering ways and means of submerging themselves. But whatever their system for attaining submergence, their success at getting below the surface and remaining there for protracted periods is enough to give the latest-type submarine an acute attack of inferiority complex.

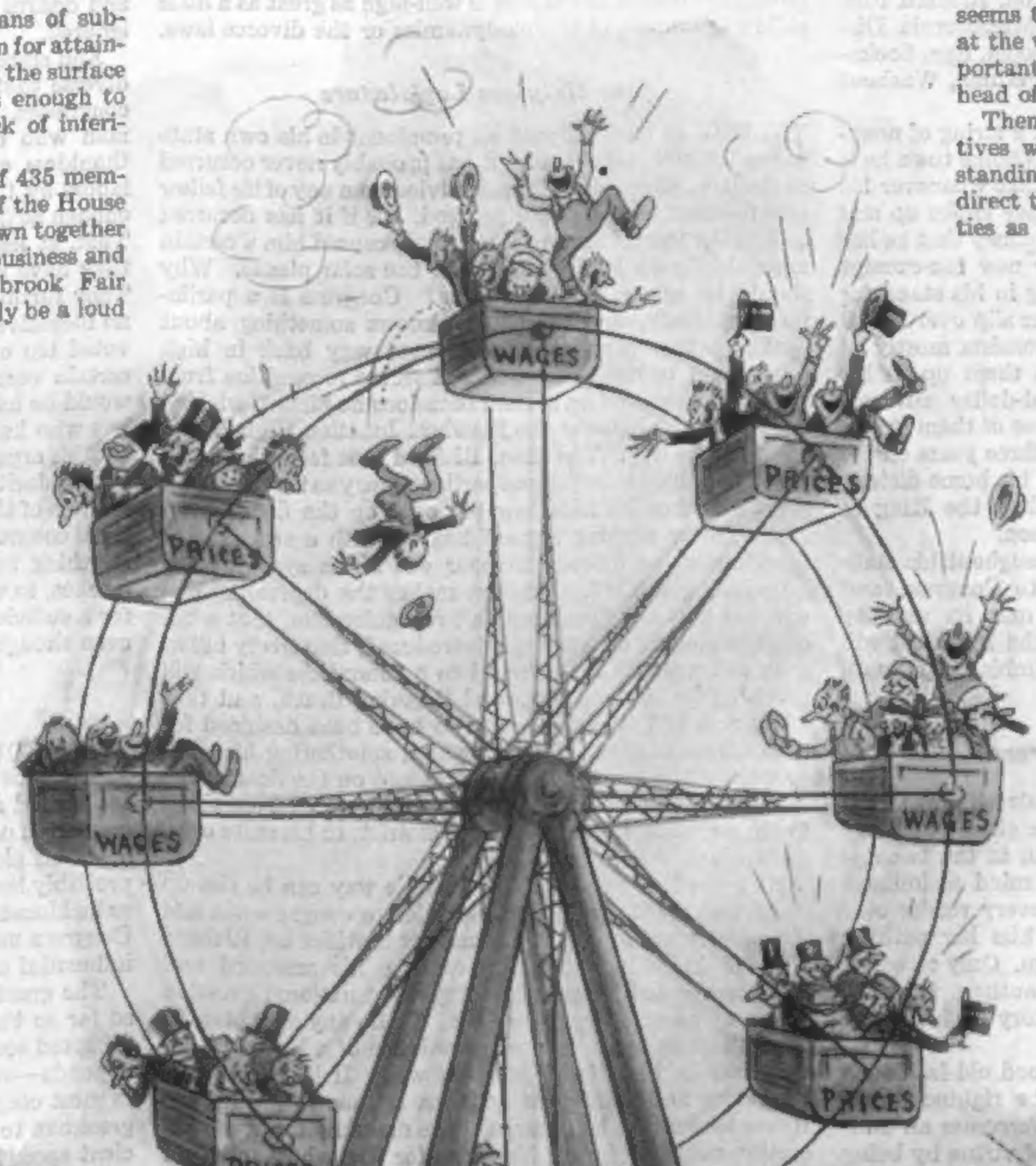
The House of Representatives is made up of 435 members and sixty committees. The membership of the House is so large that if all the members tried to sit down together with equal rights and privileges, and transact business and frame legislation, a large and noisy Donnybrook Fair would ensue, and the only result would probably be a loud and insistent call for ambulances. Consequently Congress splits itself into many small congresses, or committees, in which business may be transacted and legislation may be framed with a minimum of delay.

More than half of the sixty House committees are about as weighty and important as they would be if they were committees to persuade the Gulf Stream to alter its course or to communicate with the star Aldebaran. In other words, they don't amount to a row of hairpins. They seldom meet, and their members do no work; and their chairmen have all the weight and influence in the House that a sardine has on the other sardines in his can.

The rest of the House committees—especially those that are concerned with extracting money from reluctant taxpayers and with disposing of the money after it has been extracted—are extremely important. Consequently the chairmen of these committees and the chief workers on them—about thirty men in all—are prominent figures in the House, for they shape the policies of their committees, and the House almost invariably legislates according to the recommendations of the committee chairmen. To say that these thirty men are necessarily wise or that they are all deserving of their high positions would be something else again. Only too frequently their distinction seems to be the ability to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. None the less, they are important, and technically they come under the head of leaders.

Then there are about thirty more representatives who, without being chairmen of or outstanding workers on important committees, direct the activities of the House—such activities as naming committee members, whipping the members of the two parties into line, striving to tie members of the opposite party into parliamentary knots on the floor of the House, laying out the program to be followed by Congress in its efforts to win favor in the eyes of the rabid American voter, and otherwise practicing most fluently the more effective tricks of the mystifying, dingy and necessary trade of American politics. These thirty men, too, may technically be classed as leaders, although their leading is frequently somewhat similar to that of a military leader who carefully maneuvers his troops into a position where most of them are shot to pieces.

At any rate, there are about sixty representatives, at a generous estimate, whose heads are above water. The 375 other members are submerged. They are not always sunk without a trace; for occasionally a nose appears above the surface, and sometimes a hand is thrust above the troubled waters and is seen to gesticulate convulsively, while at infrequent intervals a strangled cry bubbles up from some unseen source.



ALL ABOARD!

Not all the submerged congressmen are incompetent, by any means. Many of them are able men, who churn the political waters of the House into a creamy lather before permitting themselves to be forced down into its turgid depths. But forced down they are, no matter how strong and able they may be. Sometimes, if they are very strong and very able and very persistent, they wallow back to the surface in two or three years. Such cases, however, are not common. There is no record concerning the origin of the felicitous remark to the effect that ability cannot be prevented from ascending any more than a squirrel can be kept on the ground; but we may be certain that it wasn't conceived by any congressman who had served less than four years in the House of Representatives. A new congressman, struggling with that thought, would have been more likely to compare an able man to a hippopotamus, which can't rise a foot into the air without the assistance of a derrick.

Able new congressmen go down gurgling, spluttering and kicking. Incompetent new congressmen sink quickly and silently and drift idly around the bottom at the mercy of every stray current. They behave differently after their sinking, but all of them sink because of the same reasons, which are the great size of the House, the committee system, the rules of the House, which are framed to enable the House to rush through a great mass of business in a short time, and the seniority system.

Let us first consider the case of the Hon. Richard Roe, Republocrat, representing the Fourth Massafornia District, comprising the counties of Wicksaboola, Egg, Sookabunnet, Pink Mink, Hookworm Crick, Petunia, Washout and Potatopeel.

The Hon. Richard Roe is the owner of a string of newspapers in his own and other states. In his home town he is a man of such tremendous importance that whenever his hired men come into his private office they choke up and can't talk coherently. He has so much money that he has to spend two days a week hunting for new tax-exempt bonds. He is stern and uncompromising in his stand for law and order; and when the city fathers slip over a deal whereby the city purchases coal that consists mostly of crushed rock and scrap iron he shows them up in his newspapers, gets their twelve-thousand-dollar automobiles taken away from them, and has three of them put in jail for terms of eighty-five years, with three years off for good behavior. Practically everyone in his home district considers him much more prominent than the King of Greece or the Matterhorn, and with reason.

So he is elected to Congress; and throughout his state it is noised around that Roe is going to Congress, and that not only will Congress have to quit its monkey business when he gets there, but that the President will probably turn pale when he hears Roe climbing rapidly up the rungs of the political ladder.

Richard Roe for Congress

THE good old-fashioned story which dealt with the struggles of the handsome hero to win the girl was usually brought to a successful conclusion when, in the twenty-seventh chapter, the hero's half-baked mind assimilates the obvious truth, clearly apparent to every reader ever since the fourth chapter, that he can kiss her without running the risk of being sued for mayhem. Only recently, apparently, has it begun to dawn on authors that the most important and hectic part of the story begins at the point where the love-making ends.

Much the same thing is true of the good old-fashioned story of American politics in which the righteous and therefore temporarily unpopular hero overcomes all difficulties and receives the highest reward of virtue by being elected to Congress. This, like the old-fashioned love story, is too incomplete to be real. An election to Congress isn't the climax of anything but the election. To have reached its true climax such a story should have continued to the end of the Congressman's first term, and had him quit in disgust; or to the end of his third term, and had him licked by an opponent who promised the voters to perform impossibilities; or to his tenth term, when the seniority system shoved him into the chairmanship of an important committee in spite of his possible utter inability to hold down the job properly.

At any rate, the very important and prominent Richard Roe goes to Congress, anxious to start at once on his program of reforming Congress and saving the country. Immediately, and frequently even sooner than that, he is the recipient of a series of dull, numbing blows.

In the first place, nobody knows him except a few of the other Massafornia congressmen. There is no band at the station to meet him when he arrives; and the porter who takes his bags addresses him as "Captain," after the fashion of Washington porters, whose war training impressed on them the fact that almost every uniformed dub either was or wanted to be a captain in something. Such a form of address, however, makes no appreciable hit with the Hon. Richard Roe.

From then on the blows fall thick and fast. Nobody is interested in his opinions. The Speaker of the House shows no anxiety whatever concerning his ideas on Congress, favorable or otherwise. The House leaders not only make no effort to draw him into their councils but even fail to remember him when they encounter him on the street or in the long corridors of the Capitol. He may be a member of three or four committees—committees that have no influence and seldom meet, and do next to nothing when they meet.

The Hon. Richard Roe begins to smolder with indignation. He fumes and fusses around the corridors of the Capitol, loses his way several times and has to be directed toward an exit by Capitol guides who neither know nor care whether he's a congressman or an ordinary hick from Sock Center, Missouri. Smoke emerges from his nostrils, his eyes grow red with rage, and he determines to take vigorous steps.

So he sets to work and writes a red-hot bill, in which is embodied one of his most precious ideas for uplifting his state or the entire nation. If the leaders of the House will not, of their own accord, recognize the vast power for good that surges around beneath his cuticle, then he, the Hon. Richard Roe, of Massafornia, celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Massafornia for his power and importance and penetrating mind, will rise to his feet and witch those bone-headed leaders with impassioned oratory and burning thoughts. So argues the Hon. Richard Roe, little wotting that his ignorance of the entangling and overpowering rules of the House is well-nigh as great as a little child's ignorance of thermodynamics or the divorce laws.

Our Helpless Legislators

BEING, as has been said, as prominent in his own state as the new state capitol, it has probably never occurred to the Hon. Richard Roe to ask advice from any of his fellow congressmen as to how to proceed. Or if it has occurred to him the thought has probably only caused him a certain amount of pain in the vicinity of the solar plexus. Why should he ask advice of anyone? Congress is a parliamentary body, and everybody knows something about parliamentary practice. He learned way back in high school how to rise to his feet and secure recognition from the chairman; and on several occasions he himself wielded the gavel at debates of the Pinwheel Junction High School Literary Society. The Hon. Richard Roe feels that he is amply qualified to be fully as parliamentary as the next man.

So he takes his nice new bill over on the floor of the House, after priming himself heavily with a scintillating speech that he intends to pour out of his system when introducing the bill. He then makes the depressing discoveries that the Speaker won't recognize him, that a bill can't be spoken on when it is introduced, that every bill as soon as introduced is referred to a committee which will probably let it die a slow and lingering death, and that every rule of the House seems to have been designed for the express purpose of gagging him, smothering him, encouraging him to stay anywhere except on the floor of the House of Representatives, and preventing him from being worth anything to himself, to his district, to his state or to the nation.

He finds further that in no possible way can he rise up in his own right and enlighten his fellow congressmen and the country at large as to the manner in which he, Richard Roe, of Massafornia, would exercise his seasoned and highly respected judgment on any great national question that may be under consideration. To do any enlightening of any sort he must first ask permission of a House leader who may be his inferior in every way. If he has been a good boy and asks prettily for a chance to speak, the House leader who has charge of the measure under consideration may let him air his views for five whole minutes.

This is one of the things that almost kills the Hon. Richard Roe—that after running servilely to a frequently unpleasant and too often incompetent old man and asking permission to speak, he should be reluctantly accorded only five minutes in which to pour forth the turbulent thoughts that clamor riotously in his brain for utterance.

Roe is an energetic and capable citizen. He has plenty of ability; and in his own district and state he has had power, and lots of it. His brain functions smoothly and normally; and his mental processes lack the eccentricity that characterizes the so-called thought of many congressmen. Yet because he is a new and nationally unknown congressman, he sometimes isn't even accorded a hearing by the heads of big committees. It has happened that a new congressman of the Hon. Richard Roe type, wishing to obtain a certain greatly needed change in a highly important money-raising bill, has gone to the antiquated head of that committee to plead for the change. He was brushed aside contemptuously by the chairman; and finally, in order to be heard by him, he, a congressman, was obliged to ask one of the nation's great bankers to intercede in his behalf. The banker telephoned from New York to the chairman. "Look here," said the banker, "I don't know what it is that Roe wants to talk to you about; but it's important. It's something that you ought to know about; so you see him and hear what he's got to say." And then, but not until then, Roe got his hearing.

Now Roe has been elected to help make Congress stop doing fool things; so when he finds himself gagged and strangled and unconsidered, the perspiration stands out in glistening drops on his alabaster brow, and he is, in the argot of a vanishing day, fit to be tied. Like any able and successful man, he wants to be free of galling bonds and senseless restrictions. Such things drive him almost crazy, as they do anybody who is fit to make the laws of the United States. They make him indulge in language that helps to peel the mural decorations from the corridors of the Capitol, and they also make him want to quit. He says that he went to Congress to serve the country, but that he can serve the country more effectively in almost any place except Congress—a statement that has a certain amount of truth in it, since he is a man of great importance at home, with means of getting his opinions before the people.

This congressional form of government, however, is the American form of government; and in the long run it has been a pretty satisfactory form. So long, therefore, as the United States continues to grow in size and population with a vigor that makes all other rapid growths look like century plants, just so long will the business of government increase, and just so long will Congress be obliged to have large quantities of committees to take care of the business. And since Congress has a fixed amount of time in which to dispose of the business, the time must continue to be divided among the committees that do the business, and the rights and desires of the individual must continue to be largely ignored.

And since the business of government is so large and so diverse that it can be handled only by small specialized congresses, or committees, it is only fair that a congressman who devotes year after year to disagreeable and thankless committee work should be buoyed up in his labors by the knowledge that if he sticks to the job long enough he'll eventually become chairman of his committee. That, at least, is the argument of most congressmen after they have survived the first shock of their submergence. They further maintain that a committeeman would have no incentive to stick at it if he knew that after he had devoted ten or twelve years of hard labor to the work of a certain committee the chairmanship of that committee would be handed to a man who possibly had more ability, but who had worked only two or four or six years on it. On this argument, whether it's right or whether it's wrong, the seniority system is based; and the most fragrant essence of the seniority system is that a congressman must be a congressman for a long time before he amounts to anything in congress. It has another and less fragrant essence, to wit: If a congressman remains a congressman for a sufficient length of time he will be highly influential, even though he amounts to nothing.

Dreary Apprenticeship

CONSEQUENTLY, that able Massafornia representative, the Hon. Richard Roe, who finds himself hopelessly submerged at the beginning of his first term, can serve his country in one of two ways: He can get out of Congress and allow his place to be taken by another new congressman, probably less able than himself, and exactly as submerged as he himself is, if not more so; or he can stay submerged in Congress until many years of service have made him an influential congressman, with his head well out of water.

The great trouble with staying on and on in Congress, so far as the Hon. Richard Roe is concerned, lies in the accepted congressional belief that long service in Congress depends—owing to the gullibility of the majority of voters in most congressional districts—on the ability of the congressman to cut his corners and make his turns with sufficient speed to be reëlected. Experienced politicians will tell him that he must keep up with the times, that he must trim his sails to catch the constantly changing winds of his constituents, that he must vote contrary to his convictions if by so doing he can get enough votes to come back to Congress, that he must become a party to the faults and the stupidities that he hoped to destroy when he first decided to run for Congress. All in all, the outlook seems very thin to the Hon. Richard Roe, and he can scarcely be blamed for wishing to be a quitter.

The Hon. Richard Roe is, of course, an unusually high-grade man. He is submerged; but he is above the average of those who are submerged. The average submerged congressman, on the other hand, is a gentleman who accepts his submergence with equanimity. Unlike the Hon. Richard Roe, such a congressman comes to Congress without any definite idea of helping anything or anyone but himself. His chief reason for wanting to go to Congress was the desire to go to Congress, and it naturally follows that when he has succeeded in getting there he will overlook no opportunity of making sure that he can keep on getting there. He places implicit confidence in those politicians and synthetic statesmen who hold that a congressman must permit himself to be dragged around by the nose by his constituents, and who never advocate the leading of constituents by their congressman. He is willing, from the moment of his arrival in Washington, to

(Continued on Page 128)

Winnie and the Panther Man

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn, sitting up in bed, leaned forward impulsively towards her friend Lady Fasterton. The movement brought her small graceful head more under the shaded electric light, so that her hair seemed suddenly to be transmuted into a fairy cascade of golden foam pouring down the dark blue silk of her Chinese-embroidered dressing jacket. Her wonderful eyes were shining with the light of a new resolve and her exquisite face was pinkly bright with an enthusiasm which was fated to prove as expensive to certain individuals—at that moment probably moaning softly in their sleep—as it was attractive to the vivacious Lady Fasterton.

"Yes, darling, I see now," said Winnie. "I see at last—that I have been weak and perhaps a little selfish to have buried myself for the last year at March Lodge, grieving, grieving so; and with everything wrong and going from bad to worse too. I have thought it all out and I can see my mistake now. And I am going to be quite different in future, and I mean to try hard to be more like my old self. You don't think that is wrong, do you, May dearest?"

Lady May, perched on the edge of the big, billowy, luxurious bed of her little guest and best friend, laughed gayly and reached for another cigarette. "Wrong, darling? You are much too pretty to be wrong in anything you do, accidents excepted. It would have been really wrong to remain buried away at March Lodge, grieving yourself *passée* for what cannot be helped. I only left you alone so much because I knew that you were too clever to fail to see in good time that it is impossible for any woman to live on her past. It is quite difficult enough for women to live on their future—as most of them have to nowadays, poor souls."

"As March Lodge Is Now Mine, You See Why I am So Relieved to Meet the Mortgagee—'Mortgagee' is Right, Please, Isn't It?"

Winnie nodded slowly, her wide blue eyes misty for a moment.

"I thought and thought, and one day it came to me quite suddenly that I was doing a wrong thing. I thought to myself, 'What would Cecil say if you were able to ask him? Would he say, "Yes, go on grieving, be sorry all your days because of me?" Or would he say, "Don't be sad—be happy and bright and busy as you used to be?"' And of course I knew instantly what he would say. And I made up my mind at once, darling, and telephoned to you immediately to let me come and stay with you while I look for a flat. And I am going to be happy now, and bright and busy, as I used to be. And I am so glad and it is such a relief to me to know that you do not think I have done wrong."

The lively May gave her a great hug.

"You dear, sweet, delightful, beautiful little thing!" anthemed this wife of one of the richest and most unreliable peers in England. "Of course you are right. Be happy, be bright—and if necessary be busy. Liven some of them up with your queer quick wits. Oh, I know you, darling; only I always forget that you have ten times my brains when I look at you. And you shall stop here just as long and as often as you like, and do what you like, of course. If you have been unhappy during the past year I can assure you that I have been bored. Fasterton is about as big a rake as ever, though he is a much bigger fool than he used to be. But I see very little of him nowadays, which is rather jolly. And nobody has anything to talk about except income tax and the price of things and the sullen, ungenerous reluctance of the tradespeople to give unlimited credit. Are your affairs behaving well, Winnie mine?"

Winnie shook her pretty head dolefully.

"Oh, no, they are so mixed up! I—I have been very foolish, I think." Her voice fell a little. "Ever since Cecil died I have just let things slide," she confessed. "But I am going to try very hard to get them in order again. I think I have been unlucky, too; but I know that it was my own fault. I have not troubled to look at my affairs ever since dear Lullaby lost the Derby—not even looked at my bank book, May."

But Lady Fasterton was much too charmed at the rebirth of the old Winnie to care about that.

"What on earth does that matter, darling? I've heaps of money, and Fasterton has far more than is good for him," she explained. "Did I tell you I've changed my solicitors? My new people specialize in inducing husbands to be financially spacious minded—and they are awfully successful. The senior partner is writing a book on it. He says he is thinking of dedicating it to me."

Winnie smiled.

"Oh, but I must put my affairs in order," she said softly. "I expect everything will be all right in the end if I am careful and try very hard."

"I am sure it will, child," agreed May, and rose. "How do you think I look now, Winnie? Older? More haggard and middle-aged and raddled and washed out? I used to be like you—in a way," she added ruefully.

Winnie reassured her.

"You are prettier than I am, May," she said. "And you look younger than ever."

May kissed her impulsively.

"You lovable little untruther," she said frankly. "I don't know how I've managed without you for so long." And so, affectionately tucked her up, told her she looked like a dear little live doll, and sought her own couch. For a long time after May Fasterton had left, Winnie lay awake, her eyes wide. She grieved no more for the man who once she had expected to marry. Over a year had passed since his death—of pneumonia, aided by the lingering effects of war gas and the inroads of that touch of the white scourge which, in the first place, had postponed their marriage; and as though to make quite certain of the destruction of a laboring, overdriven physical system which once had been perfect, an evil fate had added the mental stress of a run of financial bad luck.

There are only two kinds of financial bad luck—one being that which results from unavoidable and unpreventable causes, such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, cyclones, and so forth, and the other being that kind of bad luck which would be preventable but for lack of judgment, balance and foresight, and, strictly, is not bad luck at all. Of this latter kind is the bad luck of the man who undertakes to deliver certain goods under a penalty without first assuring himself that he has the goods to deliver and the means whereby to assure their deliverance—and collect their cost. It was the mental stress of this kind of bad luck which had completed the physical ruin of Capt. Cecil Fairbairn, D. S. O., M. C., M. P., and for Winnie had substituted a funeral for a wedding, and poverty for modest affluence. For it was largely Winnie's money which Cecil Fairbairn had lost.

It was that of which the girl was thinking as she lay in her big bed after May Fasterton had left her.

"It was all my own fault," she told herself. "I knew very well that Cecil was not a good business man. I should never have handed him all that money to invest for me. But I let myself forget. And now he is gone—and nearly all the money, too—and I am almost where I was when I first came to London. It seems so long since I troubled at all about money. But now I shall have to. I loved Cecil as he was; perhaps I would not have loved him so much if he had been a perfect business man. But now I am just going to lock him away in my heart and be as I used to be."

She sat up in bed, her wide blue eyes suddenly brilliant.

"As I used to be; without any money to start with, and with just one beautiful diamond tucked away in my heart. No more sadness."

She slipped out of bed, put on a kimono, switched on the electric fire and pushed a cozy chair to a point where she could see herself in the mirror. Then she took from a drawer a worn brown leather book with a lock, put a box of chocolates within very easy reach indeed, and curled up to take the first serious review of her affairs for nearly eighteen months. For a moment she balanced the locked book in her hands, looking at herself in the mirror.

"Shall I, Winnie?" she asked the lovely reflection in the great glass. "Shall I? You know exactly what it means, don't you? It is a beginning of the old life all over again: Winnie O'Wynn versus the rest of the world." Her eyes half closed. "Well, the rest of the world hasn't been so very kind to you, Winnie, has it? Even if it was not responsible for taking Cecil away from you it is guilty of taking your money away from you—when you weren't looking! Oh, how wicked and cruel!"

She slipped the key into the lock of the book.

"You ought to try very hard to avenge yourself for that," she cooed, and gave Well-Beloved-in-the-Mirror a little smile, her eyes sparkling.

"After all, you are only like that little creature the French people speak of—you are so naughty that when you are attacked you actually defend yourself! I think everybody in the world secretly likes that poor little naughty creature."

Best-Beloved nodded emphatically. The key clicked back the tiny lock and Winnie settled down to study the private diary which Cecil Fairbairn had kept. She had only found it on the previous day—tucked away in a semi-secret drawer of his bureau at March Lodge—when preparing for her visit to May Fasterton in London.

There had been just a touch of hesitation at the beginning of her campaign, but long before the hands of the little French clock had crept to one o'clock the air of hesitation had silently stolen away. Whatever it was that Winnie read, it certainly had the effect of steeling her will; and when presently she relocked the diary and rose it was the old Winnie who smiled affectionate "Good night, darling" to Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror.

And the faint murmur with which she fell asleep was, for once, no reëcho of some treasured verbal caress from Fairbairn in the past, but instead was a repetition of the following scrap of hoarded wisdom from the repertoire of her daddy, the late Capt. Pelham O'Wynn:

"Never forget, my dear, this great natural law—the world belongs to the winners. And when you are tempted to waste too much sympathy on the losers, remember that it is the losers who make that law, not the winners. Think that out, little one; when you have thought it out you will never forget it."

"Nev-ver for-get it," murmured Winnie in her sleep.

"It is a Beginning of the Old Life All Over Again: Winnie O'Wynn Versus the Rest of the World"

II

TWO days later Winnie stepped from a huge limousine that bore the crest of her dearest friend, Lady Fasterton, at the entrance to that tranquil backwater off Southampton Row, London, known as Finch Court. She turned to smile upon the chauffeur.

"Thank you, Flintmore; you need not wait for me. Lady Fasterton is expecting you back at eleven o'clock," she said in her low, musical voice to the square-faced, grim-visaged giant at the wheel.

Flintmore's bronzed face softened as he touched his peaked cap and said that it was very good, and his eyes strayed after her as she moved slowly into the shadows of the court.

"She's not the girl she was," said Flintmore to himself. "No. She's perfect now—a couple of years ago she was a bit too much of the enginoo to satisfy me. But she's grown out of that—she's a thousand per cent better. I guess she's going up—and up." He swung the car round. "I wonder if my girl would improve like that if I—dropped out."

But that was much too depressing a speculation for Mr. Flintmore, who dropped it instantly as he weaved and burrowed and interwound himself comfortably into the intricate skein of traffic which for him appeared to possess all the homelike attractions which the jungle possesses for the jungle dweller.

Winnie was calling upon a gentleman of whom she had seen very little for the past eighteen months—one Mr. George H. Jay, a plump and breezy man with jade eyes and a highly hearty laugh, who, describing himself nebulously as an agent—presumably agent for George H. Jay—had once done business with, for and on behalf of the child, and even occasionally for Cecil Fairbairn. For some time past he had been engaged in the task of straightening out Fairbairn's affairs; and Winnie, sojourning in the Valley of Regret at March Lodge, had been content to let him do his best. Now she had come to see what he had made of it all.

Her interest was not inspired by any anxiety as to what Cecil had possessed, but by a somewhat poignant concern as to how much remained of the money which she had lent—or, more accurately, put in his hands for investment at her own desire—shortly after their engagement, and a little prior to the tragic discovery of his sickness. From that moment Winnie, desperately absorbed in the health of the man she loved and the struggle for his life, had ignored money. But they had lost their fight. Fairbairn had died, Winnie had mourned, and now the matter of ways and means was no longer to be ignored. Cecil had left everything to Winnie, and now she had come to ascertain how little it was. She knew things were—not good.

She looked very little, childlike and fragile as she faced the burly, morning-coated agent in his office. Her slim, gloved hand was lost in the all-enveloping grasp of his big white fingers. His hard, rather glassy eyes played over her in a stare of admiration as he shook hands.

"Well, well, this takes me back—what?—three years; yes, three years; right back to the day you first came into this little old office, a quiet little country mouse straight out of the old ivy-clad rectory; at least, so I thought at the time—ha-ha!" he breezed. "Miss Winnie, I'm not going to say I'm glad to see you, for you know that as well as I do. You are a vision to tired eyes and a tonic to a tired mind. Glad to see you, Miss Winnie? I tell you I want to climb onto the top of my bookcase and give three cheers. For if ever there was a mascot to old George H. Jay you were it, Miss Winnie; and I hope, I do certainly hope, you will be it again."

He fussed a chair forward.

"For things are bad in this gray old burg, Miss Winnie. There are business men by the thousand who've done nothing for the last year but sit in rows like rooks on the old elm tree and scan the horizon in search of a sign of the good ship Business sailing down towards them. Nothing doing. I tell you, my dear Miss Winnie, there have been times when I—yes, me, experienced old G. H. Jay—have locked up this office in despair and left it to the mice to have a carnival and gone out feeling fit to stand outside the Bank of England and bawl louder than the traffic, 'Gimme business or Colney Heath. One or the other!' But never mind all that. That's all past and done with. Just as soon as I heard your voice on the telephone yesterday I knew—I understood. I said, 'Little Miss Winnie is putting the past behind her and is out for business. Good luck—great work! Her instinct and natural talent have at last asserted themselves, and now the past—sad as it is—is past. Her blue eyes are fixed on the future—and so are mine!' And here you are, and you want to know how you stand, and rightly so. Well, old George Jay hasn't been idle, Miss Winnie. No, sir. I've got your affairs frazzled out to the last fraction and I can tell you where you stand to five decimal points."

He sat down, shuffled the papers on his desk and cleared his throat. For a moment he eyed the papers thoughtfully, but he was not thinking of them. It was with Winnie that his thoughts were concerned, and they were almost identical with those of that traffic worm, Mr. Flintmore. Her long months of sorrow had not hurt her. No, indeed. On the contrary they had tempered her as steel is tempered, refined her as gold is refined.

Lovelier—yes, she was lovelier than ever, infinitely more fascinating, with a new charm, subtle, complex, extraordinarily alluring.

Hey? Things were not so bad after all. Like the ancient war horse, gentle Mr. Jay sniffed the scent of battle from afar, and his slightly glassy eyes brightened.

She was poor nowadays, certainly; and there was more than a touch of dolorous black in her raiment; but how it brought out the marvelous skin, the blue, blue eyes, the misty pink and the perfect lips! Not a little lady who would remain poverty-stricken for any length of time—unless the world had changed a good deal in the last two years. And George H. was well aware that it had not really changed; only become a little more stressful for poor, deserving business men. He placed a formidable bundle of papers on the blotting pad before him with something vaguely of the air of a gunner firing the first shot of a campaign.

"I have struck a balance—a cold-cash balance," he said. "And it has not been too easy, my dear Miss Winnie. Would you like to run through the details from which I got the figures?"

Winnie reflected for a tiny instant, then shook her head.

"No, please. If I could not trust you, dear Mr. Jay, there would be nobody to trust."

"Ha, that is like yourself," said the agent, well pleased. "I call to mind that I was practically always old George Trustworthy Jay to you—my star client. And you are right, though I say it myself. What are the details, after all? They would only make you sad. So come to the balance sheet—the cash statement. I've kept it plain sailing, without any fancy bookkeeping."

He passed her a slip of typed paper. This is what Winnie saw:

CASH STATEMENT

MISS O'WYNN'S AFFAIRS

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Cash in hand	£ 663	General accounts unpaid	£2,057
March Lodge, contents & land (approx.)	8,500	Mr. Larringe's mortgage on March Lodge	5,000
Motor Car	450	Mr. Larringe's claim	8,000
Personal effects, jewelry, etc., say	——	Death duties, legal expenses, taxes, etc. (approx.)	1,000
Lullaby	——		
Nannette	1,000		
Barbarian	4,000		
	£14,613		£16,057

Mr. Larringe's little claim and totals were penciled.

For a long time Winnie studied the sheet in silence. Then she picked up a pencil, added against the personal-effects item the figure £2000.

"My jewelry and furs," she said with a sad little smile.

Mr. Jay brightened up a little.

"Come, come, that's a little better." He altered the duplicate sheet before him with a certain eagerness. "Sixteen six-odd plus versus sixteen nought-odd minus—ha-ha!" he added.

He dug a pencil at the item "Mr. Larringe's claim."

"What about this?" he said with a certain odd repressed hunger.

"Oh, please, that must remain, I think," George H. Jay's lip corners dropped a fraction. "For the present, I mean—until I have had time to think about it."

Her eyes were very blue and completely innocent of meaning as she looked at Mr. Jay. But his lip corners went up again.

"Hah!" he said, apparently without purpose. "And what about Lullaby, Miss Winnie?"

The lovely face shadowed.

"There was a time when we could have written in £10,000 for Lullaby," continued Mr. Jay. "The day she cantered away with the Middle Park Plate. Carrying a cold five hundred of my own money, bless her!" he interpolated in a caressing whisper.

He shook his heavy head very sadly. Winnie was writing on her sheet. Mr. Jay craned over to see and his face darkened again, for Winnie was only marking, very carefully, a great big black round O next to Lullaby's name.

"You believe she'll never race again, Miss Winnie?" said Mr. Jay, whose faith in Winnie's turf knowledge and instinct was absolute.

Winnie's beautiful black flyer had been kicked at the post at Epsom a few seconds before the Derby for which she was favorite, and the hoof of the kicking horse landing on Lullaby's off fore knee had cut every penny of her racing value off her as cleanly as the stroke of a guillotine blade cuts the last possibility of value from a convicted bomb thrower. And though Dan Harmon, her trainer, and other horseflesh wizards had worked on the knee like jewel cutters on a diamond of great price, Lullaby had not yet raced again. The cartilage would not come right. There was one person who might have done something—a man like a boy, one Mike, a horse idolater from Tartary and once private jockey to Mr. Jay; but Mike had long ago vanished as mysteriously as he had arrived. Winnie had not yet abandoned a secret hope that some day Mike, with his wonderful knowledge, might reappear; but that was no more than a hope.

"I think, please, that I will put nought next to Lullaby; just to show that I ask nothing more from her, you see. She has long ago done her duty to me, dear Lullaby," said Winnie softly. "I shall think of her as just a slender, slender chance—a ten-thousand-to-one chance."

Mr. Jay nodded, remotely cheered.

Winnie's eyes were dark when she next looked up.

"I am very poor, am I not? I seem to have gone round in a circle and to have come back almost to where I started from," she said wistfully.

Mr. Jay nodded reluctantly.

"Well, in a way, maybe you've got nothing to burn—*pro tem*," he admitted. "But it's very *pro tem*. Let me say this, Miss Winnie, while it's on my mind: You may not have much money just now, but you've got that little old cherub Luck along with you; and you've got style and influential friends. You are going to be a winner. They can't keep you down—you are going up. That balance sheet? You aren't letting that worry you? Let me tell you that I regard it as a thing of no consequence whatever.

You were not born to be the slave of balance sheets and cash statements; not with eyes like yours. It's the other way round."

The pink in Winnie's cheeks deepened and the big blue eyes darkened.

"Oh, you only say that because of your kind heart, dear Mr. Jay," she said. "But somehow, please, it gives me confidence, and I want all the confidence I can get now." She rose. "I will think about everything very hard," she sighed, "and see if I can hit upon some little plan to be better off; just to be able to feel that I am solvent—isn't that the word, please? It would be so nice to feel that I had a little more money than I need, wouldn't it?"

"Very nice, indeed," agreed Mr. Jay.

Her blue eyes went to the paper-strewn table.

"And, please, you will send on all the papers connected with Captain Fairbairn's affairs to me at Lady Fasterton's, won't you?" she asked.

"They will be there as soon as you, Miss Winnie, believe me!" declared George H.

She believed him.

III

ON AN afternoon a day or so later Winnie, utterly bewitching in a little black-and-white kimono, was reclining on a big, cushiony couch in the cozy sitting room adjoining her bedroom at Fasterton House. On a low table beside the couch was a mass of papers, ladies' writing materials and a box of chocolates.

But the soft pencils, the broad pens and the cream-paper writing pads were idle now, for Winnie had finished her simple little investigations. She was leaning back, resting and thinking of Cecil Fairbairn. He had been a gallant soldier, even an honest politician, and, above all, a splendid lover. But her study of the papers relating to his affairs had conclusively proved that he was a child at stark-naked business. Thirty thousand good, hard-earned pounds had disappeared during his management of affairs, almost every cent of which Winnie had made herself.

But the spirit of the girl was so true and loyal, so fine and diamond hard, that all that loss and waste could not scratch or blur the surface of her littlest memory of the man she had adored. She lay back on the big couch, a trifle pale from her concentration of the past two days, and smiled indulgently as she thought of him.

"Ah, my dear, you would have always been at the mercy of the wolves of the world, I think," she whispered, "for you were not trained to the sleights and crafts. . . . Never mind—never mind. You were brave and honest and so kind to me. It was my own fault this money was lost. But—it will return."

She broke off as her friend Lady Fasterton came in.

"Winnie, dear, tea is coming and you are not to work any more," announced the sprightly May. "It makes me wretched. If you want some money tell me so, and Fasterton shall disgorge to me and I will pass it on to you. It is disgusting to think of the perfectly obese sums he appears to throw away, and it's high time that his extravagance was stopped. Your eyes will be red"—the slim, carefully dressed lady leaned over and studied her friend's face—"only they aren't. And that paleness suits you ridiculously. . . . Yes, Barlow, we will have tea here, and we are not at home," she interjected to the grave, portly and remotely reverend butler, who thanked her as if she had given him something of real value. "Oh, I do wish I were as pretty as you are, my dear."

Lady Fasterton fluttered white hands all among the papers.

"What a pile! Are they bills? Let's burn them. They would look much better burnt. . . . Thank you, Barlow. This is much nicer tea, darling, than Barlow ever lets me have when you are not visiting me. Isn't it, Barlow?"

Mr. Barlow paused in his superintending of the correct placing of the tea table by a subordinate to bow slightly and rather vaguely to beg her ladyship's pardon. He then cast the eagle eye of an admiral of the fleet around and retreated his footman and himself in good order, according to plan, while the vivacious May continued to rally round her little friend.

"Claude Larringe is dining here tonight, darling—as you wanted. And I will see that you have your little chat with him."

Lady Fasterton paused in the act of putting sugar in the teacups to fix blue eyes on the girl she so much resembled—in appearance.

"I know that you are able to take care of yourself, sweetheart," she said a little more seriously. "But don't forget that Claude Larringe is not quite what he looks. He is sleek and smooth and purry and suave and all that; but I should be very sorry to be at his mercy, financially, socially or in any other way. He is clever and crafty. A panther man, somebody called him once."

Winnie's beautiful head nodded slowly.

"Oh, ye-s-s, I will be careful, dearest. It is only just a little business talk I wanted with him."

"Have you had advice from that singular Jay person?" asked May, who possessed an ancient grudge against George H. "He is very shrewd—in his way."

"Yes, darling, he has advised me, and I must do the best I can in the circumstances."

May reflected.

"Had Claude Larringe anything to do with that unlucky dream of Cecil's, the Morriston Colony that was going to do away with waste strikes?"

She spoke of the scheme which had swallowed up all Winnie's money and broken Fairbairn's spirit. Winnie's lovely voice was low as she answered:

"I think that at one time he had an interest in it—in the wreckage—but not now."

Lady Fasterton nodded and pressed Winnie no more. She knew her well enough now to guess that, deep down, unseen and efficient, Winnie was working again; and the lightsome lady guessed also that her friend was silently cutting out from the great pack of mystery men who appear to flourish on unseen resources one Mr. Claude Larringe. But in what way, or for what reason, May did not know or attempt to fathom.

"Take care of him," she warned again lightly.

"Yes, May," cooed Winnie softly, "I will take care of him."

There was no hint of a double meaning in the sweet voice or the blue, innocent eyes that smiled upon the casual May.

They were silent for a moment. Then Lady Fasterton spoke again.

"Were things so very bad—at Mr. Jay's?" she asked. She meant the cash statement.

Winnie sighed.

"I—I am afraid they were not very good. But I think they will improve if I am lucky. I am going to try to make the best of it," she explained.

IV

THAT evening Winnie sat with Mr. Claude Larringe in the conservatory at Fasterton House. To any unprejudiced observer it would have appeared that Larringe had the best of the bargain, for never had she looked more enchanting or spoken more softly or demurely. There was a subtle, sweet caress in every word that she used, and a hint of gentle deference in her air. Superficially Mr. Claude Larringe gave off an impression that he was charmed; and, indeed, he may have been—temporarily. All things are capable of being charmed. On India's coral strand they even encharm—for brief periods and with some caution—the businesslike cobra de capello.

Mr. Larringe was a very dark, rather thin gentleman in early middle age—or very late youth. He was of the curious and unusual type of man that is sometimes accused justly of possessing noticeably faultless manners. These are normally unloved by plain John Citizen, who very reasonably objects to faultless panther men who, for example, are so eelily perfect in drawing-rooms that John himself is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that, personally, his own talent in the field of faultless manner is about on the level of that of the baggage camel or the sweet-natured rhinoceros.

But for all his perfect manner Mr. Larringe had a cold eye.

(Continued on Page 133)

"Listen to Me and Take a Hard Business Man's Advice, Miss Winnie. Put No Money in It! Don't Do It, Forget It, Turn It Down"

THE CASTLE OF ARNSBERG

By Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

ANNA RIPPMANN went to school with my sister and came to visit us last year—a plump little thing with hair like yellow silk, and blue eyes, thoroughly German in appearance and manner though she had an English mother. I could not get more than a few words from her at first, and a timid smile now and then, until she sat up half a night pouring out her heart and, towards the end of her tale, her tears, and it is in that way that I have gained a curious side light on the assassination of Doctor Mülheim, which was an international sensation when the news came over the wires from Berlin.

The girl was governess at the Schloss, or Castle, of Arnsberg—twenty miles or so from Munich—and had charge of the children of General Baron von Arnsberg. The general had been married three times, and was sixty-eight at the end of the war, in which he will be remembered as one of the corps commanders of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Three of his sons had been killed in Flanders, but he still had a boy of nineteen—Felix—who had been too young to serve, and a boy and a girl of ten and eight, for whose education Anna had been engaged before the armistice, when they were younger than that.

Anna's first glimpse of Heinrich von Arnsberg was when he motored home from Munich with three of his staff officers. Following the Emperor's flight, the declaration of the republic and the signing of the armistice, there had been disorderly scenes in the little mining town of Arnsberg, where there was a revolutionary element. Many soldiers belonging to the miners' class had demobilized themselves, looted the barracks and the provision shops, and even attacked some of their officers by tearing off their regimental badges, so that for safety's sake they had to change into civilian clothes. The new flag of the republic had been hoisted over the post office, barracks and schoolhouse, but the old imperial flag still drooped over the Siegfried tower of the Schloss by order of the Baroness von Arnsberg, who refused very haughtily to obey the demand of a deputation of ex-soldiers and workmen to haul it down. That flag incident was, perhaps, one reason why a hostile crowd, made up of mining men and their wives, gathered each side of the stone bridge over the little river which ran below the Schloss when a telephone message from Munich informed the townsfolk of Arnsberg that the general was on his way.

On the other hand, there were many people, mostly shopkeepers and farmers, who had no enthusiasm for the new republic and were still moved by a tradition of loyalty and sentiment to Heinrich von Arnsberg, not only because of his name, which was old in the romance of German history, but because of his own character and reputation. In the war of 1870 he had won honor as a young cavalry officer. In the European war of 1914 to 1918 he had been mentioned in all the dispatches of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria as one of his most trusted generals. Now that he was coming home after the immense unrealizable defeat of the German Army and nation, in spite of victories which had been rung out by the church bells of Arnsberg year after year, there were many people, knowing his pride and his unshakable belief in final victory—until the last smash—who felt pity for the man as they stood waiting for him on the bridge.

The Baroness von Arnsberg, whose eyes bore traces of heavy weeping—she was a tall, stately woman twenty years younger than her husband, to whom she was devoted in a nervous, timid way—had put on one of her most imposing gowns of black silk and stood at the castle gate above the bridge, with her two small children at her side.

Felix, who was the son of General von Arnsberg's second wife, was close behind her, very pale and excited, thought Anna, the little governess, who glanced at him once or twice until their eyes met. He had just come home from Heidelberg University, and so far had not exchanged a word with her beyond a stiff "*Guten Morgen*" or "*Guten Abend*."

It Was the Girl, as Always, Who Bade Him Go at Last

From afar they heard the sound of a motor horn as the general's car passed through the narrow streets of Arnsberg and then came into sight where the road curved beyond the stone bridge. The crowd pressed closer to the roadway on the bridge itself, and Anna heard a number of people cheering as the car slowed down a little. But through the cheers another sound broke. It was a hostile demonstration by miners and ex-soldiers.

Above all the other noise one voice rang out with an angry shout: "Down with those who have led Germany to ruin and defeat!"

Quite clearly Anna saw one figure—a tall, broad-shouldered man who, afterwards she heard, was a mine foreman named Franz Dachs—force his way through the group of women and step close to the general's car as it crawled slowly across the bridge.

The man raised his fist and shouted again: "A curse on those who made the war and lost it!"

General von Arnsberg, who was in full uniform, with a cloth cover on his spiked helmet, was sitting in the open car, looking towards the castle gate and saluting the townsfolk who cheered him. By his side was a young cavalry officer in a sky-blue cloak, and opposite were two other officers of the corps staff.

Anna saw for the first time the heavy figure and massive face—slashed by three sword cuts in his young dueling days—of the homecoming general.

At the insult shouted to him by the man in the crowd his face flushed ruddily. His hand, which had been at the salute, was suddenly clenched, and leaning sideways out of the car he struck the fellow a blow full in the face, so that he staggered and dropped like a felled ox. A kind of gasp rose from the crowd, followed by a roar of rage mingled with cheers and laughter.

"*Schweinehund!*" said the general as the car came to a halt at the castle gateway.

Anna heard him speak the word with a short guttural laugh. Then, lightly for so huge a man, he skipped out of the car, raised his hand in salute again, standing stiffly with his heels together, before kissing his wife on both cheeks.

"Welcome home, dear and honored husband," said the poor lady, white-faced because of the episode at the gate, apart from all other emotion which stirred in her.

The three staff officers stood at a pace to the rear of the general, and the castle servants behind the baroness and her two children were motionless in the presence of their master.

The general glanced for a moment at the imperial flag above the turret, and his eyes moistened and some spasm of emotion twitched his mouth. But he spoke loudly in his harsh guttural voice, so that all could hear.

"I come back, dear wife, from an army undefeated and ever-glorious in the field of war, but stabbed in the back by the forces of revolution and disorder and cowardice. God save our Kaiser and Fatherland!"

Then he patted the heads of his small boy and girl, kissed Felix—his eldest son, now that three were dead—and presented the staff officers to his wife. The gate of the castle had already been closed, shutting out all view of the crowd, though their voices could still be heard, with cheers and booings in a tumult.

Anna's eyes were fixed on Felix, that boy of nineteen, back from Heidelberg in time for this homecoming. During his father's speech he had stood at attention, but quite unconsciously, perhaps, he gave an almost imperceptible shake of the head, as though disagreeing with that phrase "undefeated in the field of war" and the words that followed about "stabbed in the back." When his father kissed him he blushed up to the roots of his close-cropped hair and looked very boyish and handsome and shy. So Anna thought, as she told us.

That night dinner was laid in the old banqueting hall, which had not been used during the general's absence. In addition to the three staff officers there were about twelve guests, including three of the general's old comrades in arms, veterans, like himself, of the war of 1870, with their ancient and wrinkled dames, who were their faithful and obedient wives. There were also Count Fritz von Arnheim and his beautiful young wife; the pastor of the Lutheran Church of Arnsberg, with his enormously fat lady; Professor Schwarz, famous in Germany for his great works on German civilization and world power; with a few other intimate friends.

Little Anna Rippmann had been astounded and not a little frightened at receiving an invitation to join this distinguished company. It came from the general himself, who spoke to her in the corridor at the head of the great stairway as she was slipping away to the nursery to read Grimm's Fairy Tales to the two little ones, Rupprecht and Elsa. He was pacing slowly along with his wife, arm in arm, when Anna flattened herself against the paneled wall, wishing that it might open and swallow her.

"Who is that?" he asked in his big gruff voice.

Anna dropped a curtsy in the German way as the baroness spoke her name and explained her position in the house.

"She teaches little Rupprecht and Elsa. She is very kind and good."

"So?"

The general's eyes stared at Anna so that she seemed to dwindle to midget size as he towered above her.

"What do you teach them, *Fräulein?* Reading, writing, music? That is good. But not enough. You must teach

them to honor the Kaiser and love the Fatherland, and hate all the enemies who have ruined our country. Teach them to hate, *Fräulein!* Lies, and cowards, and treachery, and the swine who have betrayed us from within."

Anna was speechless. She tried desperately to say something, but her lips moved without a sound. There was something terrible to her in the general's reiteration of that word "hate." There had been too much hate in the world, she thought, and it had caused a sum of agony and death that God alone could reckon. She had tried to teach the general's children the spirit of love, not with great success in little Rupprecht's case. Now this old man demanded an education in hate.

He smiled at her under eyebrows like spider's legs.

"You will dine with us tonight, *Fräulein.*"

Dismay at this command gave her back her speech.

"I have supper with little Rupprecht and Elsa every night. They like me to read to them."

"Tonight," said the general, "you will dine with my guests." He turned to his wife and added, "That is so, is it not, dearest heart?"

The Baroness von Arnsberg gave a wintry but not unkindly smile as she glanced at the governess.

"What the general desires is my pleasure also. You will put on your best frock, *Fräulein?*"

"A thousand thanks, *gnädige Frau!*"

In her little white frock she sat at the end of the table, next to the pastor's fat lady and opposite Felix von Arnsberg, who said "*Guten Abend,*" as usual, and then was utterly silent, next to the pastor.

Anna remembered this banquet so that her description was vivid of the great room with its high oak roof and its big portraits of Frederick William the Great, William I of Prussia, Von Moltke, Bismarck, and those who had been Emperor and Empress until their flight to Holland. The room was lighted with electric torches in iron brackets.

At the head of the table the general, still in uniform and wearing his decorations and Iron Cross, had the Count and Countess von Arnheim on his right and left hand. He drank heavily of red wine, which flushed his massive face and made the three sword cuts livid as though they were recent wounds. He spoke mostly of the war and of his glorious troops, as though victory had been theirs to the end. The retreat had been according to plan. The armistice was forced upon them by the complete breakdown of the home front, due to the cowardice of politicians and the Bolshevism of the civilians. The morale of the nation would have to be strengthened again by a relentless struggle against all revolutionary and destructive influences which had eaten into the strong old German spirit. At all costs, and by all means, traitor politicians like Mulheim and others would have to be destroyed like rats by those who were loyal to the old tradition.

"Thank God," said the pastor of Arnsberg, "we still have lion-hearted defenders of the Fatherland, inspired by the same devotion as yourself, dear and honored general!"

"Some of us are getting old," said Heinrich von Arnsberg. "These last days of shame have weighed heavily upon those of us who have borne the brunt of the war. The future of Germany is in the hands of youth."

"Our heroic youth is undefeated in spirit," said the pastor.

There were murmurs of agreement and emotion from the old ladies, and the beautiful Countess of Arnheim clinked glasses with one of the young staff officers and said "Youth is loyal." The general gulped down another glass of red wine.

"Gladly have I sacrificed three of my sons on the altar of the Fatherland," he said solemnly. "I have two others whom I consecrate to that service and sacrifice. As the others fought against the enemies from without—the ever-to-be-damned English and French—so now Felix, here, must fight against the enemies from within." He rose in his chair and, holding up his wineglass as though he would crush it in his great paw, stared over to the boy at the end of the table.

"My son, here before old comrades and friends who remember with me the glory of German victories, here before young men who have had the honor to serve with me in the war, and here under the portraits of our beloved Emperors who were sure of the loyalty of the House of Arnsberg which is your inheritance, I dedicate you to the service of Kaiser and Fatherland. Hate their enemies. Pledge yourself to destroy those who have betrayed them—our rascally revolutionaries—strengthen yourself to avenge your brothers when the day of vengeance comes. Be glad to die if by giving up your life you can serve in any way our Imperial Family and our good old German pride. Be strong. Be brave. Be ruthless for the might and right of the German Empire. May the blessing of God be with you in fulfillment of that last pledge. May the curse of God follow you if you weaken in this cause."

This speech, delivered in a strong guttural voice which trembled with a violence of emotion, aroused the enthusiasm and, indeed, the passion of the company. All eyes were turned upon young Felix von Arnsberg.

At the first mention of his name a deep wave of color mounted to the boy's forehead and then ebbed away, leaving him very pale. Towards the end of the speech, with its solemn dedication, he rose, and then, at the very end, bowed to his father and sat down again without a word.

There were shouts of "*Hoch! Hoch!*" The little old pastor of Arnsberg, with tears in his eyes, raised both his hands in a blessing above the boy's head. The young staff officers smiled at Felix and lifted their glasses to him.

According to Anna Rippmann, the little governess, it was a few moments after that, when the conversation was general again, that Felix raised his eyes from their contemplation of the tablecloth. They met Anna's for a moment, and she thought she read in them an expression of revolt against the paternal dedication. An expression of revolt, yet belonging to a soul trapped and seeking a way of escape.

That is how she described his look, though perhaps she put into that memory of his glance the knowledge which afterwards came to her of his character and views.

It was at least a month after this banquet that Felix broke the silence that had existed—except for that "*Guten Morgen*" and "*Guten Abend*"—between himself and Anna Rippmann. The direct cause of a secret and dangerous intimacy that followed was the influence upon both these young people of a man named Hans Eupen, who came daily to the Castle of Arnsberg to give music lessons to little Rupprecht and Elsa, and violin lessons to Felix, who was remarkably proficient already and played with an emotion which Anna found almost too stirring.

Hans Eupen had conducted the orchestra at the Court Theater of Munich for some years before the war, and was a composer of reputation and promise. In the war he lost a leg, and his nerves were so shattered that he was unable to write a line of original music or to hold a baton in public, so that he was reduced to the wretched task of teaching as a means of livelihood.

A tall, dark-eyed, melancholy-looking man, his patience was severely strained by the childish mistakes of Rupprecht and Elsa, who hated their music lessons, and it was out of sheer pity for his agony that Anna—always present during these exercises—engaged him in conversation. At first he was reserved and taciturn, but little by little he revealed a passion that consumed him as though by fire. It was a passionate hatred of war and of the materialism and militarism in all classes of German life, as well as in other nations, which had made the last war inevitable, and would, unless killed by a new faith and a new philosophy in Europe, make the peace that had followed only a breathing time before another monstrous and inevitable conflict.

"We must change the mind of youth," he said. "Unless we stamp out the old traditions of race hatred, military pride and national egotism, European civilization will perish. All depends upon the teaching of children like that. You have a great responsibility, Miss Rippmann!"

He glanced at Rupprecht and Elsa perched on their piano stools and struggling with a duet.

It seems strange, perhaps, that he should have talked like that to a little governess, but by some instinct he understood that Anna Rippmann—perhaps because of her English mother—did not hold the narrow views of these German aristocrats whose children he instructed in the rudiments of music. Day after day, in low voices, they talked of these things, and Anna heard much of the agony of the things this man had suffered and seen in war, and of his burning hope that some leader would arise in Germany—he spoke often of Doctor Mülheim—to make the republic safe for German democracy against all monarchist reaction and hopes of military vengeance, and to educate

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"Welcome Home, Dear and Honored Husband," Said the Poor Lady, White-Faced Because of the Episode at the Gate

OUR OWN CROWD

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. AND MRS. GREW annually take it pretty personally when the end of the season arrives and they must call it a summer. Of course, Mrs. Grew feels it only due to society that she get back to the apartment and find out what steps, if any, the agent has taken about that crack in the dining-room ceiling; but she is just about unhinged at the idea of leaving the Pebbly Point House and facing the harsh realities of life once more. If Mr. Grew, who is a perfect wizard at ferreting out the sunny side of things, did not call to her attention the fact that it is but a matter of eight or ten months before another summer will be upon them and they will find themselves—barring acts of God and a rise in the hotel rates—at the Pebbly Point House once again, it is doubtful if she would be able to pull herself together for the journey home.

Mr. and Mrs. Grew do not by any means imply that every visitor to the Pebbly Point House gets as much out of it as they do. It all comes down to a question of getting in with the right set, that impeccable group picturesquely summed up by the Grews in the phrase "our own crowd." And, of course, you will find it pretty uphill work attempting to make the social grade at first. But once you get to be one of the boys, the Grews join in reassuring you that "fun" isn't half the word for it.

You couldn't ask for anything much fairer than the rates at the Pebbly Point House. The catch to it is that good news like that always gets around pretty quickly, and so the hotel is approximately as exclusive as the subway.

But do you know, the Grews laughingly ask you, that they regard that, really, as one of the assets of the place? It gives our own crowd, you glean, such a perfectly corking opportunity to see the screaming way the other half lives. In fact our own crowd gets so many hearty snickers out of the mannerisms and the sports clothes of the transients that the summer is practically a whirlwind of merriment. Mr. Grew, who has the driest way of playing on words, often speaks of this outer circle not as guests but as jests, and, as you can readily see, it's a riot.

Another splendid thing about the Pebbly Point House is that it is so unspoiled. The Grews as good as admit that, even if the rates were twice what they are, they would be simply tickled to death to pay them for the privilege of stopping at a place so refreshingly free from the Ritzy note. Mrs. Grew is just about on tenterhooks as each fresh summer approaches for fear she will get to the hotel only to find it utterly ruined by the introduction of city-chap ideas in regard to rooms, service and cuisine. What our own crowd loves to do, the members frequently declare, is to go up to the Pebbly Point House and just rough it. And good old Mr. Blatch, the genial on-and-off host, sees to it that they get their wish.

It is There Settled by Mrs. Eddy That Our Own Crowd Must Get Together the Next Week at Her House

Our own crowd does not, really, assume the proportions of a mob scene. There are but six members, all charter—the Grews, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. Rinse. As soon as the Grews explain to you the series of curious coincidences that threw them together you realize for yourself that they were slated from the very beginning to be fast friends, and could you meet them you would see at a glance that "fast" is used in the best sense of the word.

In the first place, all three couples made their initial visit to the Pebbly Point House seven summers ago. Then scarcely had they been there a month before Mrs. Grew discovered that Mrs. Rinse's sister-in-law lived in the exact same apartment house where the Grews had been during 1910–1911, and was just as dissatisfied with the elevator service and the hot-water supply as they were. As additional proof that the world is small to the point of stuffiness, it later came out that Doctor Creevy, who had been Mrs. Grew's family physician before she was married, was living not much more than a stone's throw from the Eddy's house in South Orange, and both Mr. and Mrs. Eddy knew him very well by sight. It is things like that that make you stop and think, as Mrs. Grew said at the time.

The real leader of our own crowd is Mrs. Eddy. She is a woman born to command, and brought up accordingly. Until she came to the Pebbly Point House she had never set so much as a foot in any summer resort where the rates were less than ten dollars a day for one. You know that for a positive fact, because she tells you so herself shortly after you have been introduced to her. Naturally, she enjoys tremendous prestige at the hotel. She has one of the rooms with running water.

Rocking gently on the porch, Mrs. Eddy gives a series of short talks on how she locks up her jewels in the safe-deposit vault during the summer months and just goes a-gypsying along without them. Also, she explains that it is her practice to leave at home her really good gowns and hats. It may seem a bit selfish of her, at first thought, to deprive the guests of the privilege of seeing the real hot dog, but when you consider all the bother about luggage she saves herself and the railroads you can see that it is the only sensible course for her to take. She really has to laugh, though, and pretty frequently, too, when she thinks of the bewilderment of her winter friends, could they see her at the Pebbly Point House, snuggling right up close to Nature in simple frock and canvas shoes, no more bejeweled than the day she was born.

Mrs. Eddy is one of the most interesting conversationalists on the entire porch. "Well informed" is but a lukewarm term for her. She might, really, be called the Girl With the Camera Eye. She can tell you without a moment's floundering just who was sitting on the moonlit pier with whom, how close and until when on any night you can name; precisely how far things have got between that Sisson girl and the Binney boy; what Mrs. Binney thinks of it and what she would do if she were Mrs. Binney; at exactly what hour and in what state the McBirch party got back from that motor ride to the Goldenrod Inn.

Try to catch her—that's all she asks. She has never been known to make a memory-slip. It is not too much to say that she is losing time out of vaudeville.

Mrs. Rinse, now, is less the intellectual type and more the fluffy. She runs to ruffled organdie dresses with naïve sashes, and when she is really willing to let herself go she tucks a rose into her hair over one ear, where it balances the delicate gold chain that fetters her glasses to the other ear. She is full of fluttery gestures, and often, before she can control herself, she breaks out skipping.

She is the envied possessor of a flutelike soprano, delightfully lilting but not quite massive enough to be called a parlor voice—a kitchenette voice, say. Oftentimes, of a Sunday evening, she may be cajoled into giving the guests a musical treat. Her selections are amorous, in a refined way. She has done much to make popular Just a-Wearyin' for You and Little Gray Home in the West.

Mrs. Rinse makes a winsome picture standing there by the piano, gripping a property roll of music, her eyelids, behind the sparkling glasses, fluttering with the tender emotions caused by the lyrics. It has often been remarked what a shame it is that the hotel parlor, also used as a dance room, is so big and high-ceilinged. Those sitting back of the third row of camp chairs at Mrs. Rinse's recital might just as well be at the movies.

Mrs. Rinse is, also, a perfect shark with children. She explains it by admitting that she herself is nothing but a kiddie at heart. To put them at their ease, she employs baby talk in her conversations with them, which goes big with little boys of ten or twelve years old.

Annually she conceives and directs an entertainment given by the tiny guests in the dance room, with herself as prima donna. Two summers ago, for example, they did The Woodsy Fairy's Birthday Party, Mrs. Rinse playing the lead, and the supporting company, cast as wild flowers, in crêpe-paper costumes.

The plot of the piece unfolded to show how the Woodsy Fairy bade the woodland folk to her birthday feast; and, loosening up over the rose leaves and dew, they all came right out and told what they were thankful for. Some were thankful for the sunbeams, others for the brooklets; and that's the way it went, one thing leading to another. The Woodsy Fairy—being the author and producer, it was only fair that she got the big line of the show—was thankful that there was just nothing but happiness in all this great big old world.

Sex interest was supplied by the love of Spring Beauty for Jack-in-the-pulpit, and comedy relief was provided by Johnny Chickadee, a character part played by a somewhat hard-boiled actor of eleven years, who was merely adequate in the rôle.

The guests at the Pebbly Point House, however, were almost unanimous in declaring that last summer's Rinse production was even better. It was called Vacation Days at the Pebbly Point House, and the theme was much less generic than that of the Woodsy Fairy drama. It was a revue composed of sly cracks, in more-or-less verse, at recent local events. A member of the company would step forward, and, bucked up by tremendous laughter and applause, recite such telling thrusts as:

Sherlock Holmes could do wonderful things,
But we doubt if he could find Mr. Armbruster's water wings.

When the audience were back in their seats again another performer would declaim:

Whenever you see Tommy MacWinch looking blue,
It's a sign Mildred won't go out with him in the canoe.

The song hit of the piece, rendered by Mrs. Rinse, had a generous number of topical verses and wound up with a stirring chorus of:

Then we'll give three cheers for the Pebbly Point,
And we'll all give three cheers more;
And we'll hope to all be back again
Next summertime once more.

It is, as you can see, a great thing for our own crowd to be able to list as a member one so feminine yet so full of fun as Mrs. Rinse.

She and Mrs. Eddy set each other off splendidly. And the beauty of it is that Mrs. Grew is entirely something else again—just a good fellow, she is; a regular pal to the college boys that spend their holidays at the Pebbly Point House, given to sailor hats and talk of cold showers, walking with the hands thrust deep in the sweater pockets, and even occasionally letting slip a goshdarn or a by golly before she catches herself.

The ladies of our own crowd do not go in any too heavily for athletics. Now and then, if it gives signs of being a reasonably cool day, they wander over the golf course, agreeing beforehand that there is no use in being fanatical about the thing and counting it as a stroke when you pick up your ball and toss it out of the rough. But usually a saunter into the sea as far as the waist, a conservative dip to get the shoulders wet, a good, rousing rock on the porch, and they are just about used up.

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EUROPE REVISITED

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THE question uppermost in my mind at first in connection with all European countries is one of how the people are living, what they are thinking, and, in the maze in which they live between material difficulties and moral and political strain, to find out their reactions to the new peace conditions. Within a short time, if they expect to survive this reconstruction period, all the nations of Europe must reach a normal state of mind, yet they are often in the hands of governments they are unused to. Officials, nobility, landowners, rulers of all sorts, whom the peasants regarded as their guides in political matters before, are dropped out of their usual places. The peasants, workmen and others of humble origin feel quite at sea. It is a great test of national character. Each people is responding to conditions according to its nature, each quite differently, though, from all the others How the children are being educated and brought up; how society is acting—all the society, of the nobility, of the bourgeois and of the peasant; what the industrials are doing; how the workmen feel; what power of reconstruction lies in the nature of each country's inhabitants—these are a few questions which rouse my curiosity.

Somehow, in America we have been tempted to regard these various Europeans from our own point of view alone, never from theirs. In whatever light they are presented to us by the casual traveler or by the various propagandists who bring us news with some set purpose—we judge them by our standards. We felt at first a great enthusiasm over the Allied groups, and a hatred of the common enemy. This lasted for quite a period following the war. Then, because of strained nerves or through the differences of languages and of viewpoints, in planning peace and reconstruction for our world, small misunderstandings frequently arose—things which wore on everyone's patience and which rather separated the Allied peoples. They realized more and more that, though a few ideals were common to them all, there were many differences of character and taste which prevented harmony in work meant for common good. It seems as if everyone had become too blind to make even very necessary concessions; or as if they were too tired for the long constructive effort.

We Americans have looked on at all the disagreements from a great distance. We felt we saw the issues in better perspective than did Europe, and we grew impatient at mistakes made across the seas by those who were trying to remodel their destinies. It is something of a shock to have our Allies, who during war days stood shoulder to shoulder with ourselves and thought seemingly as we did on all subjects, now in peace express such different ambitions from our own, and use such different methods. We have drifted far away from the scenes of battle and the suffering of Europe, and we find it difficult to realize fully what is occurring there. Also we are largely and legitimately taken up by our own serious troubles, both material and of the spirit. We many of us know that there are terrible problems abroad, the kind which must be overcome if the world is to move on smoothly and if our civilization is to live.

Things We Want to Know

A MAN, one among our greatest citizens, sent me a letter to wish me a happy and successful journey. He added the kindly thought that he waited with interest to read my report of Europe, and then he said: "There are a lot of people over there, formerly highly productive and prosperous, who have now had several years of peace and seemingly unrestrained opportunity to become productive and prosperous again. Yet they have not become so. One feels curious as to what it is which hinders them. Different things in different places, I suppose; but something everywhere. What are they all thinking about? Different things, I suppose, also, in different places. One wonders what are their tendencies. Are they getting a little better or a little worse? And which way are they going? That is the really important thing. If there can be any light thrown on such matters with a human background, instead of merely statistical reports which mean nothing to the mass of our American people, the whole population of the United States will subscribe to your articles with joy."

Another man was telling me what I ought to do, and he said he thought I had better get rid of usual, formal things, to tell instead how the people live, what they think and what they do. Then he laughed and said: "Tell us about the flappers and children over there, and how people are struggling to get on their own feet in some countries, while in others they are sitting back expecting to be picked up bodily and stood on their feet by us, and then propped up and held in place."

I decided to visit France first, then Germany and Austria, feeling that, after having been through the enemy countries, Italy, which I had always loved, would rest my overfed mind. I would return later to France for second impressions of the activity there and reserve England for my last stop before I sailed back home, keeping it a little apart from the other countries. Nearer as it is to us by traditions, by language and by so many of our habits, too, it seemed to me desirable to give England my longest visit, and to go there with the Continental point of view fresh in my mind, so I could understand the differences which other Europeans feel between themselves and England. We Americans generally admit our ties of blood with old John Bull, yet enough difference exists even between British and Americans to make one occasionally consider one's first impression of similarity a wrong one. Anyhow, I did not want to visit England first, but rather to linger on there after my travels on the mainland ended.

As I was bound for France, and there was no special need for haste, I decided to take one of the lines of ships belonging to a Continental company, reserving for my return trip a rapid British steamer. This plan promised me the same variety of material that I should have on land. I asked a friend who was sailing for Europe ahead of me, on a Dutch-American or German-American ship, to let me know whether his trip had been comfortable, as I might be tempted to use the same he was taking.

Princess Cantacuzène at Her Desk in Washington as Chairman of the Central Committee on Russian Relief

Jules Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States, Sailing on the S. S. Paris for France

A Sudden Transformation

THE friend was a Russian, bound for Central Europe from New York, and he wrote to me immediately on landing, giving a description of his trip. He said the whole experience was truly hyphenated, and his letter, though meant in all seriousness, was unconsciously exceedingly amusing

He said his adventure had been curious, and then he added: "On our departure everything was as American on board as one could possibly desire. When we sailed they all spoke English. They were also very reserved in their words and gestures and seemed as Anglo-Saxon as any crowd of people could possibly be. As soon as we passed the three-mile limit, however, and the bar opened, I found myself in the midst of the *Vaterland*, except for one or two families, really American, who had chosen this boat to carry them out to the battlefields. Everyone else became German; the stewards, the musicians, the passengers spoke exclusively German. They laughed loudly, gave examples of heavy German witticism, gesticulating violently, and they gave one another resounding slaps They even sang in German chorus the Lorelei and Ein Vogelein Sang im Tannenbaum. The doctor on board announced he had studied medicine in Heidelberg. Everybody else was equally German and equally enthusiastic about saying so. You would have been amused to see the transformation, it was so rapid and so unexpected; but the most unexpected incident of my first day on board occurred when an old woman rushed up to me, seized me by a coat button and, almost weeping, thanked me for having brought on board safely the Rabbi Zuckersomething. I beg you to believe that this was not the case, that I immediately undeceived her, and told her I did not know and had not seen her rabbi! I am afraid she didn't like my expression as I said this, for she hastily let go of the button, and our interview ended within a few seconds.

"The weather has been pleasant and very brilliant, and I am trying to forget my companions from Germany, in an agreeable *dolce far niente*, which I fill with grave meditations on the fourth dimension. Sometimes I watch the passengers drinking beer, which this German ship sells to its dry American patrons at fifteen cents a bottle. I have even found myself on several occasions taking the American side and defending it in some discussion—I who am a Russian and not an American at all—against some of these so-called American citizens who use German as the language in which to argue."

I didn't take the line on which my friend had traveled, needless to say.

As I meant to go to France anyhow, it seemed advisable to use the French Line, and I chanced to mention my intention to another friend, who had crossed by that route several times lately. I spoke to her of

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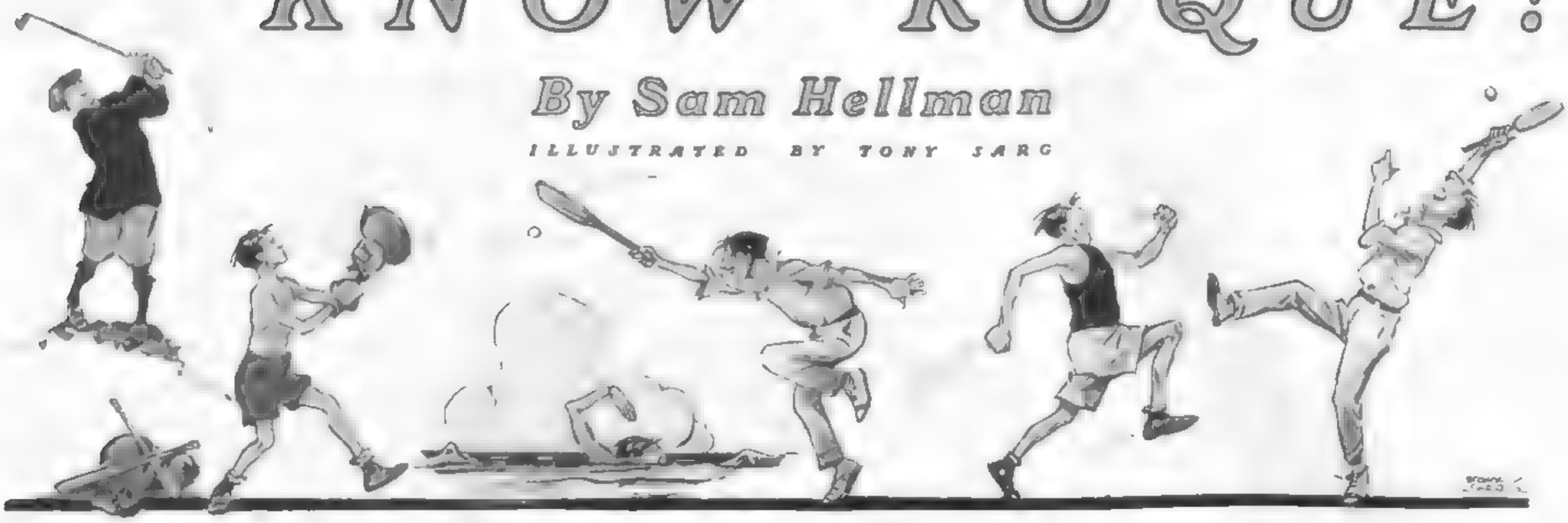
KNOW ROQUE?

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



In Three Months He's Got to be the Best Amateur Fighter, the Best Swimmer, the Best Runner, the Best Squash Player, the Best Tennis Hound and the Snappiest Golfer on the Island

I'M RUNNING a health farm near Cuba for a flock of wheezy Loop hounds that ain't seen their toes for ten years, when I get the rush come-on from Warrenton. The letter is signed by a baby that calls hisself secretary and says the boss wants me for a conference.

The name don't mean nothing to me, but there's a snappy little check for expenses that goes with the invite that gets an assist for helping me make up my mind. Besides I'm kinda fed up on the job of sweating down old has-beens so they'll fit into regular sized coffins, and I figure a vacation won't do me and them no harm. So I turns the reduction works over to a towel swinger I got working for me and hops the Twentieth Century for Long Island. I'm headed for a dump called Belleville which a bird at the farm tells me is one of them classy places where they pinch you for vagrancy if you work for a living.

All the time I'm trying to dope out what this bird Warrenton wants with me, and the only thing I can see is that he must be backing some box fighter and wants that I should take a hand in developing the boy. I ain't bragging none, but I guess they ain't hardly no one in the country that ain't heard what a bear Twin Higgins is when it comes to handling young talent. But I got the lay wrong.

In the big town I hear something about this Warrenton baby, but not much. He's just outta college and got more money than the telephone company's got wrong numbers. None of the boys around the Garden ever hears of him mixing up in sport, and they ain't got no ideas about what he can use me for.

Well, my date's for Wednesday at three, so I grabs a train for Belleville. In the smoker I runs into Harry Simms. Me and him used to work the same side of the dark alley when footracing was a profession and not no amusement, but I ain't seen him for a long time. "What you doing?" I asks him.

He tells me he's the athaletic trainer at some college and starts right in bragging about how many trucks he's turned into speed wagons.

"I got a lad now," says he, "that'll do the hundred in nine-two next spring."

"For how much?" I comes back.

"Forget it!" barks Simms, not making me right. "Ain't you got over them tin-horn days yet? This lad don't run for no money." And then he goes on to tell me the boy is nuts about a frail named Matter—Alma, I think her first name was—and is sprinting his legs off just to get in good with her.

I don't care nothing about this rah-rah baby's love affairs, so I change the subject. Me and Simms talks about old times until the conductor yells "Belleville next."

"Here's where I get off," says I.

"Me too," says Simms.

I got a hunch. "Warrenton?" I asks.

He just nods, digs into a pocket and slips me a note. It's the same thing I got. Harry don't know no more than I does about what we're wanted for.

"I ain't got no idea now," says he with a kick in the "now." "I thought at first that he heard what a baby grand I was at priming athaletes and that maybe he wanted me for one of them swell clubs around here, but seeing you here spoils that hunch. I guess he got a mailing list of all the bucket toters in the country and sent out a circular."

"That explains you, but not me," I shoots back, kinda riled. "Say, boy, when it comes to training, my name's a household word like 'hell' and 'damn.' For every cuckoo that's even heard of that scollege where you work they is five hundred that's got my picture in their scrapped books."

We kids forth and back till the train stops. Three other guys get off with us. I begin to look around for a jitney or something, when a bozo all dressed up like the Duke of York walks over to us.

"You gentlemen for Mr. Warrenton's?" he asks.

I says yes and so does Simms and so does the other three birds. We all piles into a machine that is so dolled up that you don't feel right wearing shoes in it. I'm sitting next to a long lanky guy with a mustache like the handle bars on a bicycle. He introduces hisself as Griffin, Jeremy Griffin. The name don't register with me, so he tells me he's a golf professional. On the other side of me is a tennis shark named Taylor.

"Say," I says to Griffin, "who's the lad in the front seat—a parchesi professional?"

"Oh, no," he comes back, solemnlike; "I thought you knew him. That's Algernon Yardley, the ranking squash player. He beat Strafford, you know, at Sturgess-under-the-Lyme."

"You don't tell me!" I gasps.

On the square, I don't know whether Walrus-Face is talking about an indoor sport or a soft drink, but I figure

She Gives Him a Kinda Funny Look, But the Boy Works Fast. He Grabs Her Around the Waist

I'm in classy company and can't act like no bull in a Chinaman's shop.

"Won't you present me to your friend?" says Griffin, nodding at Simms.

The poor fish has been trying for five minutes to find a place in the machine to light a match and ain't paying no attention to no one.

"Sure," I replies. "Gentlemen, meet Mr. Simms, the champion runner of America. He holds all the records from the five-yard dash to the five-thousand-yard sprint, not to mention a lot of back-yard get-aways from the coppers. Tell 'em, Harry, how you run the Twentieth Century off its feet between Schenectady and Sing Sing?"

"Please do," begs Griffin.

Simms opens his mouth to bite me, but it's too late. We're at Warrenton's. Oh, boy, what a place! Long Island is just as full of classy dumps as Longacre is of the greatest actor in the world, but this joint is the high mark in huts. The house looks like it's got about forty rooms, there's a lawn around it bigger than most city parks, and the grass must have been lathered and shaved every morning. A bird dolled up like the chauffeur opens the door of the machine, leads us to the door, where another baby meets us and tows us into a room he calls the library. I look around for the books, but they all been loaned out.

They is two other guys there when we busts in. We sit down and wait around cheerful like a lotta pall-bearers. Pretty soon a nice-looking young fellow comes in and gives us a smile which we split seven ways. I figure it's Warrenton and I ain't wrong.

We is all introduced. Besides me and Simms and Taylor and Yardley and Griffin, they is a feller named Grace, who is touted as a guy that has forgotten more about swimming than most fish know, and a Doctor Halstead, the family sawbones. He looks more like a real guy than the rest of the gang, and I cotton to him from the start.

This boy Warrenton don't waste no golden minutes. He comes right out with his stuff. After he's talked about two minutes I figure he's been shortchanged at the brain counter, but after a while I jump to the conclusions that he ain't so crazy at that. He wants a lot but he's willing to pay big per front foot, and I don't see why we experts can't deliver.

Here's the lay: The lad has made up his mind for some reason he don't let us in on that he wants to be the athaletic champion of Long Island. He ain't never done nothing in the way of sports, but he's got it in his conk that in three months he's got to be the best amateur fighter, the best swimmer, the best runner, the best squash player, the best tennis hound and the snappiest golfer on the island. He don't say nothing about lotto or croquettes.

He figures that in me and the other birds he's got the best men in the country in their special acts, and if the rest of 'em are like me he can't be so far wrong. All of us are to live at the house, get big money for our time, and a bonus thrown in for the guys that deliver in the best shape. He admits he ain't never tried any of the stunts he's going in for, but agrees to follow instructions without a whimper.

After he gets done with his spiel he tells us to take a walk and in an hour to let him know where

we stand. He's gonna give us a week to clean up our own business, square ourselves with friend wife and etc. The whole stunt's got to be kept secret.

"A bit balmy, don't you think?" says Griffin after we're outside.

"I don't know," comes back Simms. "Long Island ain't such a big place."

"My word!" explodes Jeremy. "One can't be made into even a passable golfer in three months. The stance alone ——"

"Any game that's framed for spavs with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel can't be such a much," I butts in. "Now, boxing is something that takes a little brains."

"Yeh," says Simms, "and the littler the better. What it takes to make a sprinter ——"

About this time Yardley breezes into the argument.

"Squash," he announces, "must be born in one."

"Kinda disease, ain't it?" I asks.

He just gives me the fish eye.

"What I want to know," says Simms, "is what this lad wants me to blue-ribbon him for. Does he want to throw the shot or run the mile, or what?"

"You should care," I tells him. "He won't want to be nothing but a boxer after I take him in hand."

"Gentlemen," says Taylor, "let us not quarrel. I am for giving the thing a trial. After all, if he learns nothing except the proper manner of holding a tennis racket all the expense and time will have been more than justified."

That defeats me.

"You win the radium shoe horn," says I, "and they ain't no place or show money."

II

THE next Wednesday we're all back and Warrenton's got everything setting sweet and pretty for us. In back of the house is a running track with about eight laps to the mile, and the garage has been fixed up into a gym with squash courts and the rest of the layout. For swimming we got the Sound, and they is a country club about a mile away where the boy figures to take his golf lessons when they ain't nobody looking.

The doc is right on top of the job. He's a smart lad and takes my advice on nearly everything. We frame a regular schedule—so many hours for sleep, so many for this and that, and we even ring in a training table. This is the way we dope it: Warrenton starts in at five bells with a round of cow-pasture pool. He wastes an hour at this, then he comes in and goes through his swimming stunts. After breakfast he takes a coupla hours' rest and then I show up with some lessons in the manly art of taking a wallop in the jaw and getting to like it. They ain't nothing then till about three in the afternoon, when Yardley does his squash comedy. The boy loafs another hour and goes out on the track with Simms. Late in the evening the tennis comes in, and then the hay at nine o'clock.

I'm afraid the lad will go stale with the steady grind, but the doc don't think so.

"We'll watch him careful," says he, "and when he looks tired we'll lay off for a while. I figure by mixing the work the way we has, and with all the rest sandwiches in, he'll get through all right. Maybe he won't be no champion, but the exercise won't hurt him none."

He tells me he has examined the boy and that he is in good shape to stand the gaff. He's a husky kid, but he ain't just cared to go in for athaletics. He can't do nothing except swim a little bit.

At dinner that night the doc again tells us to keep our faces shut about what's going on, and we agrees. For the jack that we is getting we is willing to go out and cut off our right arm and keep it secret from ourself.

The next morning I get out just in time to see Griffin drifting in from the links.

"How's Clarence?" I asks. That's Warrenton's front name.

"Quite well, I think," says he.

"I didn't figure you'd ruined his health already," I come back sarcastic. "How's his game?"

"Oh, we haven't handled a club yet," returns Jeremy. "For a week or more we shall do little but discuss the history and the trade-editions of the sport. One must grasp the spirit, you know, before ——"

"History!" I busts in. "You only got three months, and you better get busy and show him how to pickle the pill instead of filling him with a lot of hop about what Queen Victoria said when Julius Cæsar hit her in the back with a golf ball."

Griffin gets kinda peevish.

"You will oblige me," he says, "by omitting the name of her late majesty from your low talk."

Then he walks away in high dungeon and I take a stroll down to the water to see what luck Grace is having. He's got the snap job. The kid knows something about swimming, and all he needs is to develop speed and wind. This boy Grace is good too. He cuts through the water like it ain't there a-tall, and before I beats it he's learned Warrenton a new stroke. I guess they ain't no history and trade-editions to swimming.

At ten bells on the dot Clarence breezes into the gym for the classy part of the program.

"Ever have the gloves on?" I asks.

He says no.

"That's good," I come back. "Then you don't know nothing wrong, and you ain't gonna, see?"

I has a little talk with him about how to stand and such like, and then we start sparring. Before he knows it I give him a mean wallop in the jaw that flops him to his knees. I watch the kid close. He's dazed, but gets up with a grin.

"That's the stuff o!" says I. "You ain't yellow, anyhow. I done that on purpose."

Before He Knows It I Give Him a Mean Wallop in the Jaw That Flops Him to His Knees

The boy's built nicely, got a long reach and is naturally light on his feet. I asks him if he dances much and he says yes. That explains his speed as far as his legs is concerned. Pretty soon I find out he ain't so slow in the head either. I don't have to tell him things more than once or twice before he's hep. Clarence is got his mind made up to be a champ. You can see that sticking out all over him. The doc drifts in to watch us for a while, and near the end tips me to ease off.

The next day the lad's a little stiff from the stuff he's gone through, and all of us go light with him. I have a talk with Simms and he tells me he's prepping Clarence for the hundred and the two-twenty.

"The boy's got a grand wind," says Harry, "and good legs, but they ain't no use working him into the mile or eight-eighty with you cuckoos wearing hell outta him with them barroom athaletics of yours. Say, did you see that squash stuff yet?"

"No," says I. "What is it like—croquettes?"

"Just as much," comes back Simms, "as you are like the Queen of Africa. It's the roughest rough-house you ever seen. I used to think it was as soft as it sounds. Believe me, Twin, a ten-round mill is like a Maypole dance compared to his act."

"I wonder what makes the kid go through all this torture?" I asks.

"He's one of that Wall Street crowd, I guess," says Simms, "and I reckon they is trying to corner amachoor sport. They got everything else, ain't they?"

Simms has been sore on them money barrens ever since he bought stock in a oil well which ain't got enough oil to grease a toy wagon, so I take his hunch with salts. A coupla hours later I'm wised to the lay.

Me and the doc are smoking a pipe on the porch. As I told you before we is kinda chummy, and I figures this is a good time to spring what's in my mind.

"What's the idea?" I asks. "Why the sudden rush of sport to the youngster's head?"

"Guess," says he.

"Skirt," says I prompt.

"Sure," he grins.

Then he spills me the inside stuff. Clarence is cuckoo about a jane who can't see nothing but athaletes. First she gives him the air for a squash hound, and when this baby fades out of the picture she grabs a tennis wolf. He's been cut out by four or five different birds that's good at some kinda sport. Warrenton finally gets sore and decides to show up the whole gang by making a champ outta himself in every line of athaletics in which this jane has picked a sweetie.

"Where is she?" I ask, thinking she might butt into the parade.

"In Europe," says he. "She goes every summer and don't come back until the fall sports between the different clubs around here. She never misses 'em. That's why we're speeding up. The games are on October fifteenth, and last for a week. Clarence figures on coming in as a dark horse and copping all the cups. The boy's in earnest, but even if he has the best experts in the country I'm afraid ——"

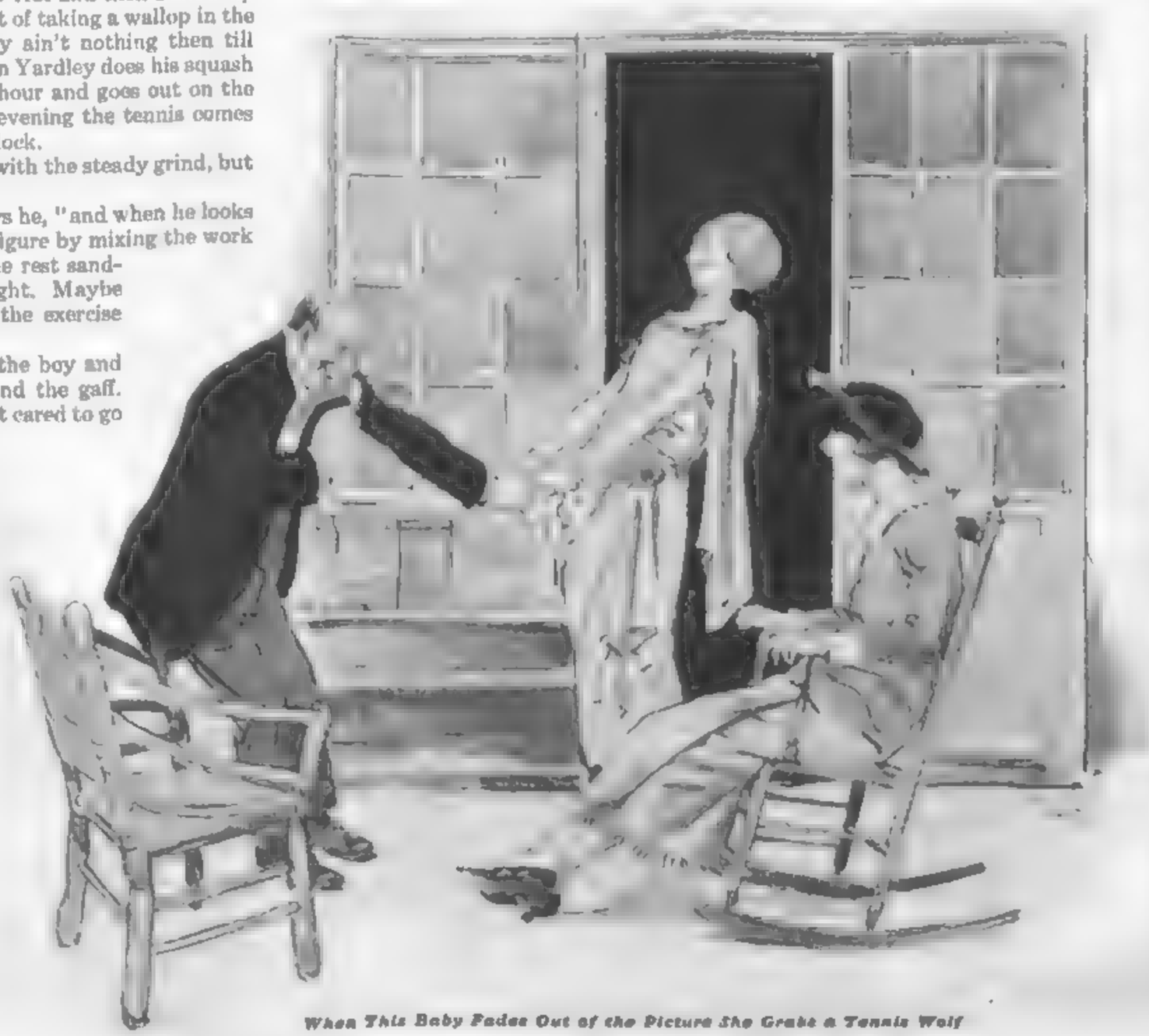
"It's a good scheme at that," I butts in. "Even if he don't get away with all the persimmons he'll be there or thereabouts if he keeps up with his training. These other birds can't be such a much."

The doc shakes his head.

"Ever hear of Ted Houston?" he asks.

I sure did. Houston is one of the classiest Simon-pure welters in the business. I seen him fight at a benefit once, and I always figured if that bird got into the game right he'd knock Gibbons for a line of wet towels. But the lad's full of dough and ain't got no wish to get into the profesh.

"Is that the baby I'm pointing Clarence for?" I wants to know.



When This Baby Fades Out of the Picture She Grabs a Tennis Wolf

(Continued on Page 113)

TWEEDS

By MARGUERITE CURTIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

THOMASSON put back the receiver and swung round from the telephone with an exasperated snort. "Here, Keay," he called to his assistant, "no use trying to get Ender this morning; one of his pompous fits on I suppose." He couldn't help grinning. "The operator says he's expecting a big buyer from out of town and hasn't come down yet; you know—best tweed stock, the real Mallard's, not this junk."

He waved a contemptuous arm at the pinks and blues and lavenders and greens that were spread about the big bare room. Tweeds of every cheap variety everywhere. Then he came back to the matter in hand, tossing a pile of papers about until he found the one he wanted.

"This from the Errison people must come to Ender's attention today. Can't bother little Miss Mallard with that Tell you what, you go up there and get Ender's ear—watch your opportunity; you know. Tell him Errison's is threatening suit; ask what to do about it That's the worst of running two businesses. I'd tell them to go to!"

Keay laughed. He had a jolly laugh, and the small patch of golden freckles powdering his nose wrinkled together in a way a woman would have found alluring when he did so. The right kind of woman, that is, for Keay was so simply clad as to be almost shabby, and underneath the air of business acumen that he wore, as a small boy will copy the bass voice of his father, there were signs of a certain well, for want of a better word, "wistfulness" will do, though it was quite definitely not exactly that either

"Why don't they combine?" he asked with interest.

"What? Errison's and Mallard's?"

"No, I meant all the Mallard concerns; this cheap place down here and the clipping bureau," he grinned; "you know, the place where they sell the bits of left-over tweed to be used for trimming; all the different little places that haven't even a bowing acquaintance with the plutocratic, aristocratic parent. I can't see the reason for all these fiddling little businesses. Why not brand 'em together and say Mallard's—make a splurge about it?"

Thomasson looked at him curiously. His young helper amazed him sometimes by the acumen of his observations. Ever since that day when Keay had presented himself with a note from Ender, Mallard's general manager, a virtual command to make a place for him, the younger man had interested him. He was frank and open as the day, yet even after three months his senior knew very little about him. British, that was sure, although he spoke excellent American, and it was not apparent if he were Canadian or English; an orphan and keen as a rat—that was all. And it wasn't that he, Thomasson, was uncommunicative. Nominal manager—under Ender no one could really manage; he made all the arrangements, even for this downtown department, the place given over to the small, cheap wholesalers, who bought bolts of rough tweed for their ready-made suits or bolts of less vivid hues for their masculine customers he couldn't afford to be that.

Suddenly, thinking it over, he grew a trifle suspicious. He didn't like these chaps who never told you anything but always asked questions. He turned back to his desk with an air of aloofness.

"Oh, I don't know. Why should they? Now you cut along up to Madison. Be sure Ender gets his eye on that." He pointed at the paper Keay stuffed into his wallet.

Andrew Keay stepped briskly out onto the street. It was a spring morning, one of New York's wonderful days. But he did not pay very much attention to that; not more than he had to, anyhow. He could not resist the puffball white clouds on the blue, or the rim of gold on the shining front of the tall buildings, a something that always surprised him when the sun shone. But beyond that he did not heed, merely swung down to the Subway and away uptown to the Mallard Building.

He hurried through the dignified lounge where callers waited to the great room in the back that was practically Ender's domain. That is, it was where Ender—general manager since the death of Mr. Mallard a year ago and more—had his desk. But he seemed ubiquitous in the Mallard concerns, and whether it was selling, buying or stealing, as Andy put it to himself without bias, Ender was back of it. Yet this morning he could not find the old man. He stood about for a while, conferred with languid salesmen, and then set out to investigate the new season's run of tweeds.

"I Wish I Were Smaller," Said Andy Ruefully

It was a tweed year. Women wore them, and little slips of girls, though not the Mallard tweeds these last. The heavy pattern book that Andy lifted from a stand was filled with new designs. He glanced through them briefly, frowning, then went over to the shelves. On softly padded beds of oak, covered with gray velvet curtains to keep them from the dust, the new lengths of tweed lay ready for display. A salesman could catch them up, unfold the full lengths deftly, and throw one at a time over the brass rod facing the easy-chairs in which the buyers sat. A tweed with a reputation—that was the Mallard slogan was seldom more than fifteen yards in length; enough for two suits only. Andrew, one eye on the door and another on the tweeds, caught up the first roll he came to and hung it, straight and unwrinkled and undraped, over the rail near at hand. It was a beautiful design. He sighed. Tan, with splotches of orange and red, the suggestion of a pheasant's wing, lay thickly over the whole, merged in. He muttered something, peering down.

"Left out the purple this time, and that's a trifle crude." Whatever "that" was, it was covered by the rim of a finger nail.

Sighing, Andy passed on to the next. He touched these tweeds lovingly; he could not help it. However they'd been made, whatever the business ethics of the thing, yet he admitted freely that they were beautiful goods—firm, reliable, soft; and although they had not the K cashmere finish, yet they had a very unusual softness for tweeds.

There was a firm step behind him and Andy swung round suddenly. He somehow expected to face Ender, and he realized very well, in that flashing second, that he had no actual business to be going through the tweeds. Ender would resent it, as he resented everything he had not instigated. Going back to the first time he had seen him, that morning three months before when he had come seeking a job, Andy marveled that he had even thought of taking him on. He could see his cold, fishy, appraising eyes looking him up and down, and the set line of his mouth when he had refused him a position here. Why had he even sent him to the cheap-tweed department of which Thomasson was the nominal head? Andy had seized upon even this small link with Mallard's, because he wanted above all things to work at Mallard's for a time; but why had Ender sent him there? Momentary though the pause was before he lifted his eyes, he had time to think all these things for the hundredth time, and now he was just in the mood to ask Ender. He raised his eyes, his lips parted for the question.

But—it wasn't Ender. A man stood before him regarding the piece of tweed hung across the railing. He was tall and slender, with an air of quiet serenity that is not often met with in business. He had gray eyes that were both alert and dreamy, and a psychologist would have put him down as an artist born. As a matter of fact, he was; but he was also a business man. Mark Slade, he told Andy his name was, buyer for Manson Lake's, of Chicago.

Even Andy knew the name. In the background he could see one of the formerly languid salesmen signaling to him frantically. He tried not to see. Where was Old Ender? This Mr. Slade must be the important buyer of whom Thomasson had spoken; the man he'd expected. He began quietly to make a statement about finding Mr. Ender, but Mark Slade stopped him.

"No, never mind; you'll do. Show me some of your new designs."

Andy was in a quandary. He did not care to refuse, for he knew that big buyers of this kind are often capricious, and though he had no interest in the success of Mallard's—the contrary rather he yet wanted to stay on. So, hastily deciding the question in his own mind as he wanted to decide it, he turned back again to the shelves, ignoring the signals behind him. He knew tweeds. None of the other salesmen could know them better than he.

"What are you buying for especially first, Mr. Slade?"

It was an unusual question, and the intelligence of the man from Chicago was caught by it.

"I don't get you," he said brusquely. "I'm buying the tweeds for Manson Lake's for the fall trade."

"I know"—Andy gave one of his compelling half grins—"but I mean, what are you thinking of first—sport suits, or lounge, hunting, golf?"

"Why differentiate, son?"

The gray eyes twinkled into the blue ones, and although Mark Slade's face was grave, yet the shadow of a smile hovered about his mouth. It was an expression to which the younger man warmed, and he talked to it instead of to the spoken words.

"Then I'll show you what I call the hunters' tweeds. See? Think of your background tan and brown and brilliant crimson and yellow leaves; bare branches all one color; in the coverts some foliage not turned to brilliancy at all.

"You need something to merge in —— "

With the words he threw a length of tweed over the rail, stood back and viewed it silently beside Mark Slade.

"This is another," he said after a minute. "Keep your background in mind."

"I'm holding it," said Slade gravely.

His eyes turned to the new length—another tan, but different. Yet it merged; he saw that. Odd! How had this chap come to know all this? He'd been buying tweeds for years and never ——

The eager voice broke in on his meditations. Andy was holding a length of tweed to himself jealously. Before he showed it he had something to say, something to mark it out.

"Say, Mr. Slade," he said eagerly, "change your background now; put your guns on a moor—lowering sky, clouds with a purple tinge, mist, haze, browns and yellows, not a bit of red—different country, see?"

He threw the tweed over the rail and again stood silent.

It was greenish, with a haze of purple and faint dots of yellow; a really lovely thing. Slade looked at it long, nodded his head.

"I'll take that," he said. "Say, do you know George Inness' work?"

"Inness?"

"The artist," Slade explained.

"Oh!" Andy's face cleared, a faint color rose in it. "No! But I'd like to. Where ——"

Slade interrupted him. The light of enthusiasm shone in his eyes.

"Mr. Mallard had one, I remember. Always surprised me, that; but you never can tell about men. They'll break out in surprising places sometimes. Come along, I'll show you."

Utterly oblivious of the eyes of the other salesmen, Slade led the way to the offices that had been occupied by the late head of the firm. They were sacred, now, to his daughter, Philippa, the nominal present head. Andrew tried to explain this to Mr. Slade, but he evidently knew his way so well about the place that it seemed like presumption to butt in. They came to the big glass door with Mallard's name upon it, and Slade opened it quickly, glanced about the empty room in some surprise, and walked over to a painting on the wall above the mantel.

"There," he said, "that's an Inness. Now d'ye see what I mean?"

Andy did, of course. The bit of splendid color facing him was a bit of his own life, almost. He ached as he looked at it. Oh, why hadn't he been able to do things like this, instead —— He broke off heroically in his thoughts and turned to the older man. Then that odd strain of practicality that always annoyed him came uppermost. It did not express at all what he was thinking, but it came out as the only apparent reaction he had made to that gem on the wall.

"That's what I was trying to say to you just now," he said. "We've got a length back there in the new tweeds that was designed on a day like that."

He nodded his head back at the picture, staring at it with bright, intent eyes.

"How'd you know?" said Slade, laughing, and a silver shadow of a laugh chimed in.

A girl had come from the inner room and stood smiling at Mark Slade, a slim slip of a girl with shining brown hair that had a sheen of gold on it in the light from the north window. Andy had seen her before, once, when he'd brought a message to Miss Mallard that Thomasson wanted her to have. She was the stenographer, he guessed. Pretty, quiet little thing. That time before she had been in Miss Mallard's private room, though, and the light wasn't so good there; he hadn't seen that remarkable light on her hair. Beautiful! He forgot to say good morning, he was so intent on it.

Slade was looking at him, waiting an answer to his query. The girl had walked over to a drawing board near the farthest window, and was fiddling with some thumb tacks, taking out a piece of paper fixed to the board. Well, she couldn't be the stenographer, then. Maybe—Andy had great difficulty in not asking her the question—maybe she was the designer, the one who—but that was impossible!

"How'd you know?" said Slade again, half impatiently.

Andy hedged, his mind clearly not on the subject in hand.

"It would have to be. Wait till you see it."

His smile finished the sentence so irresistibly that Slade laughed, admitted it, as he strode from the room in the wake of the younger man.

"Thank you," said Andy to the girl as he passed her.

She gave an absent little nod, but raising her eyes they just happened to meet Slade's, filled with amusement. He was getting a great deal of amusement out of Andy Keay, with his mixture of business acumen and artistic shrewdness

Back in the showroom he refused the offer of assistance given officiously by the head salesman, and did not inquire for Mr. Ender even. Andy made a careful note on his cuff of the numbers ordered by his customer. He could have kept the patterns distinct in his head, but he knew that the other salesmen would not believe him.

He was getting worried, really, about the absence of Ender. Even though he had filled an order far above the usual one, had he only known it, the situation was difficult. He could have stood Mr. Ender's sarcasm—that would not have troubled him—but he hated the other men to think that he was trying to butt in on their work.

"Well," said Mark Slade at last, "I'll be off, youngster. Had a pleasant time, and got through in half too. What's your name? I want to find you again next season"

"Andrew Keay, Mr. Slade; but I am not usually here; I work at the other end."

The keen eyes of the other man focused on him inquiringly.

"You mean this isn't your job—you don't sell these goods?"

"Not as a rule, no. I I just happened to be here, with a message for Mr. Ender I work downtown—the other plant."

"Well," said Slade dryly, "that being the case, I have a little message for Ender myself. No, don't bother; I'll find him as I go out."

He put out his hand and clasped Andy's firmly, a friendly grip. Andrew stood watching him go down the length of the long room. Then as he disappeared he went up to Percival, the head salesman, holding out his cuff.

"If you want to take these numbers down," he said nonchalantly, "you can have the order for Manson Lake's I I had no intention of taking your commission away.

A Girl With Shining Brown Hair

It was just the fun of selling, I guess, and that Slade's a nice chap"

"A prince!" said Percival, unbending, as he produced notebook and pencil.

"Where's Ender?"

"Hadn't you heard? Home in bed - pneumonia; first time he's been away from here in ten years."

"So?"

Andy wrinkled his forehead in perplexity. He did not know what to do. Thomasson had made it very clear that this letter of Errison's must be replied to immediately. Yet the way in which Ender kept things in his own hands made it almost impossible to find a proxy. A daring idea came into Andrew's mind. He'd give it to Miss Mallard herself; go over Ender's head. After all, the girl was the president of Mallard's, Tweeds, even though it was the policy of everyone in the business to keep her in ignorance of the difficult or unpleasant items of the business.

Andy's mind jumped ahead. He moved from the big showroom and out into the corridor, standing by one of the windows, thinking. This would be the first time he had seen Miss Mallard—little Miss Mallard, as they all called her. The fact is, she spelled the romance of the business, somehow, to these men who worked under her; and Andrew wondered for the thousandth time what she was like.

He had reason, that he fulfilled unreasoningly, to hate the Mallard's. He carried it out faithfully in the way in which he regarded Philippa Mallard. He had heard in some roundabout way that she was a fast sort of girl—she smoked and wore outrageous clothes and drove a car so recklessly that she had been arrested twice for speeding. Also, she painted her face! If she did these things at twenty, what about her when she was ten years older? He'd have protected a girl who—who was sweet and a real girl; but one like this, who insisted on running the business and then did not take the time to do it properly well, it would do her good, that was all, to have a little of the truth brought home to her.

He drew himself up and walked steadily towards the door from which he had come with Mark Slade such a short time before.

The girl who had been there—Miss Mallard's stenographer, as he'd thought—was there still, talking to Mark Slade. As he entered Andy saw her glance at him, a sort of surprised look, and then she went back to what she was saying to the buyer from Manson Lake's. He could hear it clearly as he waited for her to be free.

"Very well, Mr. Slade, I'll be glad to let Miss Mallard hear what you say."

She looked up into Slade's eyes, an innocent young look from eyes that were, Andy saw with surprise, a sort of glowing golden in the light. In shadow they'd be brown, he knew. Slade looked down for an instant without speaking. A sort of wordless communication passed between them, and then with a laugh he nodded and went to the door.

"I see. Well, if you will be so good, Miss ——" He paused inquiringly.

"Phillips," she made answer stiffly "Miss Phillips."

"Thank you. Good-by, Miss Phillips"

Andrew came forward quickly.

(Continued on Page 85)

"Day After Day I Was There Alone, With the Sea and the Weather and the Colors in the Shifting Lights and Shadows"

FOCUS POKUS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY was about to emerge from a protracted period of financial stringency. He could read unqualified approval in the countenances of the two colored gentlemen who listened with unfeigned interest to his mellifluous summary of the proposition.

Florian had sauntered into that conference possessed of a new suit, a thin dime, a slick nickel, a gold-banded cigar and an idea of moot value. Nor had his tiny supply of optimism been enhanced by the lugubriousness of his confercs. Christopher P. S. Shoots, editor of the Daily Epoch—colored—had declared that he didn't mind listening; but informed Florian positively that anything more expensive than mere words would draw his emphatic negative. The third member of the gathering, Professor Exotic Hines, Artist Photographer, was even more pessimistic. It was patent from the outset that both men were sufficiently well acquainted with the languid Mr. Slappey to doubt the possibility of general financial benefit in any scheme he might present. All of which made more glorious the triumph which Florian now faced. He had started diffidently, but with the first symptom of interest he had dropped the seventh veil of modesty and turned loose a flood of oratory which was not to be denied.

"We is th'ee gemmun," he concluded, "which has got swell brains an' rotten business. The fust named ain't no good lessn it can he'p them latter. Brother Shoots owns a newspaper, Brother Hines owns a photograph business an' I owns a idea. The newspaper has been losin' money sence it was changed fum twice a week to ev'y day. The photograph gall'ry ain't doin' enough jobs of wuk to keep the bill collectors fum the do'. My idea is sittin' back with its han's folded waitin' fo' a place to land. Ain't that the troof, brethren? I asks you, ain't it?"

Enthusiastic affirmation from the others.

"So"—Florian paused to light his fust cigar—"I says that us has got ev'ythin' to gain an' nothin' to lose. Brother Shoots wants succulation, Brother Hines wants customers an' us all wants money. Heah's where we gits what we wants."

The naturally mournful face of Brother Shoots creased into an approving grin.

"What you uses yo' haid fo', Brother Slappey, is to keep yo' brains from slippin' out."

"You tell 'em, Brother Shoots Brains is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but. An' I is now givin' you gemmun the benefits of them brains. Heah"—he extracted from his pocket a notebook on the pages of which he had scrawled a few hieroglyphics—"we stahts the contest by announcin' that the Daily Epoch, in conspiracy with Brother Exotic Hines' Art Studio, is gwine determine which is the most beautiful cullud gal in Bummin'ham. We makes that announcement, brethren, an' right away we is gwine haf to call up the p'lice to keep the crowds away.

"Next day we makes the same announcement over again, an' right with it we also announces that the gal which is judged to be the mos' beautiful cullud gal in Bummin'ham is gwine git absotively free for nothin' a trip to New York—one roun'-trip ticket. An', gemmun, you know well as me that they ain't no cullud gal in Bummin'ham which woul'n't swap her best husban' fo' a trip like that.

"By that time the excitement is gwine be so strong that they ain't hahdly gwine wait fo' the conditions of the contes', which is printed the next day follerin', an' which says that the way a gal enters the beauty contes' is to have a 'ficial picture tooken by Brother Hines; then she buys a one-year su'scription to the Daily Epoch, an' in return fo' that the Daily Epoch prints the picture which Brother Hines took, an' when that pitcher is printed the gal is entered in the contest.

"Does I Not Win This Contes' I is Gwine be So Angry That I Won't Remember 'bout Bein' a Lady Until You Has Gotten Used to Wearin' Wings"

"Then we esplain two more things: One of 'em is that this ain't no votin' fake where maybe the ugliest cullud gal in town gits the prize because she makes her frien's su'scribe to the Epoch, but is gwine be a stric'ly hones' thing where beauty gits its just reward an' a trip to New York on account the judges is gwine decide fum inspectin' the pitchers which Brother Hines takes an' Brother Shoots prints.

"An' we goes on to state furthermo' that a gal c'n have herse'f entered as many times as she wants by doin' the same thing—new pitchers an' new su'scriptions—an' we let her un'erstan' that the mo' times her pitcher appears in the paper the mo' chances the judges will have of seein' how beautiful she is. An' we all win. Brother Hines gits mo' business, Brother Shoots gits a bigger succulation an' mo' advertisin', an' I gits 25 pussent of what both of you takes in on account it's my idea, an' also I goes aroun' town gittin' gals to enter up. I asks you now, is you with me?"

He paused, attempting to conceal the anxiety which surged within him. But he might have spared himself even that momentary agony of apprehension, for the indorsement of the others was instant and vociferous. After which they discussed details.

"These heah judges, Brother Slappey—who they is gwine be?"

"Well, we needs fust off to sillec' th'ee men which is familiar with what it takes to make a woman good-lookin'; men which knows if a woman ain't pretty why not. An' seein' as we requiahs esperts fo' that, I nominates mys'f to be the chairman of them judges."

"You is him. Now fo' the others."

"Lawyer Chew?" suggested Florian.

"You said it, brother."

"An fo' the third judge"—Florian hesitated, but only for a moment—"I has a name at the tip of my tongue which I hesitates to disclose to you gemmun. But since you has asked me to be suggestive, I is in favor of the Rev'en' Plato Tubb."

There was an instant of startled silence. Then the others nodded in unison.

"Dawg-gone if you ain't the observin'est man, Florian. Rev'en' Tubb has got a soht of keen eye fo' the ladies. Yas-suh, you sho is right in choosin' him fo' that third personnel. Will you ask them gemmun ifn they is willin' to serve?"

"I'll ask 'em all right, brethren, but it's like th'owin' away so much good breff. They ain't no mo' chance of them refusin' than they is of a ice business goin' bankrupt in hell."

Florian departed the conference, treading upon air. A paean of triumph lilted in his soul; once again brain had risen triumphant above mere matter. Sore pressed for necessary cash, Mr. Slappey had started his intellect to functioning; and now, without the expenditure of a penny of cash and with no considerable degree of labor, Florian was about to earn for himself a highly satisfactory income.

Too, there was food for pleasing thought at the prospect of being one of the judges to select the most beautiful colored girl in the city of Birmingham. Florian postulated to himself that his popularity with colored femininity was about to increase, and though Florian was inclined to appreciate to the fullest extent the blessedness of a single life, he yet was not averse to having the fair sex seek his favors.

It was Florian's lucky day, and he was no gentleman to lie back when good fortune was visiting. He sauntered grandiloquently into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and horned into a two-bit game of Kelly pool. They handed him the eight pill and on his second shot he clipped off the six and the seven. Then, with an ease and confidence not to be denied, he dropped the winning ball into the corner pocket.

"Hot dam!" he announced. "Ise the eight! Pay me!"

Nor were his new associates any less elated. Each had seen his business veering shoalward and Florian had conceived a campaign of salvation. Until long after midnight Christopher P. S. Shoots labored over the announcement which appeared on the front page of the Epoch the next afternoon—two columns and double-leaded. Within one hour after the appearance of the newspaper the telephones of Brothers Shoots and Hines commenced ringing and each recognized that success had come.

Not the least brilliant feature of Florian's conception was the selection of a trip to New York as the prize. For some inexplicable reason New York is the Mecca of Darktown's dreams. Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit—they are cities to which one may, with impunity, migrate. But New York is different; it is a city to visit, not to live in, and great is he who has sojourned in the metropolis for even the briefest of periods.

Birmingham's colored populace awaited with ill-concealed eagerness the second announcement. That had been cleverly phrased by the erudite Mr. Shoots, and so when the explanatory third appeared there were none to question the altruism of the scheme or the announcement that Mr. Florian Slappey was the one and only accredited

agent for both the Daily Epoch and Exotic Hines' Art Studio—Pictures That Positively Please; Plenty of Poses Permitted.

From the very outset there was no slightest question that the plan was destined to be crowned with success. Within the week Exotic had engagements for sittings occupying all his working hours, and Christopher P. S. Shoots placed an order for extra newsprint paper to take care of the increasing circulation. Too, he contracted with an engraving company to make the cuts on a job-lot basis.

The first photograph to appear in the Daily Epoch was that of Miss Ella Dungee. It was topped by a boxed caption—"Is She the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham?" That remained a set head, and each day a fresh picture appeared. There were large ladies and small ladies, dimpled ladies and coy ladies, pretty ladies and ladies whose pretensions to pulchritude were not to be seriously considered. The lure of that round-trip ticket to New York was sufficient to warrant success, but when that was backed up by the appearance of oneself in pictured prominence there were few colored damsels too poor or too conscious of their own lack of charm to give it a try.

One week after the announcement of the contest there was a meeting at the editorial offices of the Daily Epoch. All three gentlemen wore new neckties and satisfied smiles.

"Wuggiin' tripe!" It was Exotic Hines speaking. "I never done such a business in my whole life befo'! Pretty gals come up an' offer me extra money to make 'em prettier an' ugly ones come up an' say cain't I fix it so they've got a chance. An' ev'y las' one of 'em wants to know does I know who is gwine win."

Nor was Christopher P. S. Shoots less elated.

"My paper was headed straight fo' hell an' slidin' fast when we stahted off this heah thing. Now succulation is pourin' in an' I is gittin' mo' advertisin' in consumquence. How you is makin' out, Florian?"

Florian crossed one immaculately creased pants leg over the other.

"Tol'able, brethren, tol'able. 'Tain't hahdly time yet fo' me to rilly staht wuk."

"How you mean—ain't time yit?"

"You is bofe got all the business you c'n handle, an' Ise gittin' my 25 pussent commission fum ev'y cent you gits in. I begins to wait ontil business gits slack an' then I stahts to commence."

"Commence how?"

"Gittin' repeats."

"Says which?"

"Gittin' repeats. Linin' up the real pretty gals an' gittin' them to git new pitchers an' new su'scriptions so's they'll have a better chance. Tha's a job which takes brains an' 'bility, both of which I has got."

And so for the next fortnight Florian spent his leisure hours, some twelve of them per diem, within the smoke-saturated confines of Bud Peaglar's place, separating those less expert than himself in manipulating a cue from a modicum of hard-earned cash. Occasionally he visited the residence of some lady who modestly proclaimed that she wasn't pretty enough to enter the contest and spent a few moments convincing her that she was almost certain to win.

"But, Brother Slappey, they is a heap of gals prettier'n what I is."

"Shuh! I ain't saw none till yet."

"You is some loose flatt'rer, Brother Slappey, but what I knows I knows."

"You don't know nothin'—or even less'n that. Besides" and he would regard her with the eye of a connoisseur "even if you ain't no Mary Queen of Scotch, Exotic Hines c'n make a pitcher of you which nobody woul'n't know what you rilly does look like. An' the judges ain't gwine judge by how good-lookin' is you. They gives that New York trip by how good-lookin' is yo' pitcher."

Florian didn't have a chance to lose. Success was so continuous that it became slightly boring. Florian became inexpressibly indifferent as he became more affluent. It was not until he happened upon Zinnia Sanders late one evening in the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor that he felt a genuine personal interest in the contest winner.

Florian had known Zinnia rather casually for two or three years. He had always realized that she was an uncommonly pretty girl, but until the inauguration of this contest his interest in womankind had been largely abstract. A single melancholy experience some years before had served to make of Mr. Slappey a misogynist. Now, however, he had a weather eye peeled for feminine charm, and there was no denying that Zinnia had it in surplus.

He ordered an ice-cream soda and stood sipping it reflectively while his eyes catalogued her multifarious glories. It was plain, too, that she was not unconscious of his judicial scrutiny, and she saw to it that he was afforded an opportunity to inspect a few good points which he may have missed at the initial glance.

Florian was interested. Zinnia had always been rather uppity where he was concerned, and it flattered him to feel that she now sought his favor. He gazed critically upon her slender, curvy figure; her rich chocolate complexion; her stylish raiment. And then he saw that she was approaching him with intent to speak. She, Zinnia Sanders, past president of the Lily of the Valley Club and at the present time an officer in the Junior Beautifying Society; a damsel of leisure and of not inconsiderable wealth, thanks to a fond parent who had taken out life insurance in an old-line company before doing a high dive into a pool of molten metal —— Zinnia Sanders was seeking him.

He deliberately turned his back upon her, disdaining to display the gratification which her quest inspired. Somehow he had never fancied that the contest would elevate him to a plane which would bring Miss Sanders to his large and well-shod feet.

"Evenin', Mistuh Slappey."

He turned slowly. His eyebrows arched in slow surprise.

"Miss Sanders, I b'lieve."

She giggled.

"Tha's my name. Ain't nobody seems to be cravin' to make me change it, neither."

Florian ignored the bait.

"Will you jine me in a ice-cream soda, Miss Zinnia?"

"Yas-suh, Brother Slappey, I won't do nothin' else."

"Which flavor?"

"Pink. That's the fondest kind I is of."

Across the foaming glasses they conversed and Florian thawed a trifle. He would have been less than human had he failed to do so, but he yet felt an undercurrent of resentment against her pretensions. It was he who brought up the subject of the contest.

"Has you entered yet, Zinnia?"

She blushed a rich lavender.

"Ain't no use fo' me to enter no beauty contest."

Florian sighed. Same old stuff. But with this difference: Gazing into the liquid depths of her wide-open brown eyes he had no doubt that she was the most beautiful colored girl in Birmingham and he told her so.

"You gwan'"

"Woul'n't it tickle you, was you to be chose the mos' beautiful gal in the city?"

"I reckon so."

"An' woul'n't you love to git a free trip to New York?"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Jest woul'n't I?"

"Well then" somewhat impatiently—"why don't you'"

"Why don't I which?"

"Enter the contest an' git chose?"

She shook her head slowly. The prospect was highly pleasing, but

"They's one reason, Florian; one good an' s'fficient reason."

"'Tis which?"

She lowered her voice.

"They's a heap of guls which don't like me, an' was I to enter up an' then not win they'd never leave off laughin' at me."

"H'm! That ain't no argyment."

"How come not?"

"Gal as pretty as you cain't lose."

"You says words, Florian, but they don't mean nothin'."

"They does too. Now lis'en heah at me! You come 'long down to Exotic Hines' place an' let him take his finest pitchers of you. An' you pick out the finest pitcher of all them finest an' enter thut one by takin' out a su'scription to the Epoch. They ain't no chance then of you not gittin' chose."

It was plain that the prospect was alluring, but Zinnia was hesitant. On the one hand there beckoned the glory of triumph over her jealous feminine acquaintances; on the other the fuel with which she would supply them by unsuccessful competition.

"N-no. I coul'n't hahdly do it."

"Shuh! Ain't you got no spohtin' blood?"

"No," she retorted with perfect candor, "I ain't."

Her very opposition keened him to the scent.

"You got to."

"Ain't gwine."

"Judges in this heah contes' ain't wimmin; they's men, an' no men woul'n't fail to vote fo' you."

"That's the One Pitcher I Ain't Never Seen None Prettier Than"

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ONE night at my club when I was in a listening mood a man who had known Lawrence Livingston for years suddenly asked me, "Did Larry ever tell you about Nanny Martindale?"

"No," I answered, and prepared to endure.

"Get him to tell you."

His name was Tucker and he was a model stockbroker. He had a kindly smile, remembering eyes and a very well-shaped head. His face suggested much more than amiable intelligence; it told instantly and unmistakably of a quick understanding and loyalty—the kind that turns all clients into friends and is never too tired to serve for the love of it.

"No; you tell me—if it isn't indiscreet. Was Nanny a chorus lady or merely a pet goat?"

"Neither. My hesitation comes from the consciousness that I have to bring myself into the story. What I wish to make plain is that Livingston not only is the most diligent student of stock speculation operating today and one of the most expert tape readers that ever lived, but, in addition to all that, he possesses powers that defy analysis. You can call him psychic or anything you please, but all I can say is that the way that man gets hunches is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. He acts in accordance with his mysterious impulses and in nine cases out of ten he gets out of the market at exactly the right moment; almost to the very second. It is more than skill and more than brains and more than knowledge. He just senses it. There is a heap more to it than I can explain."

The Black Mascot

I COULD see that Tucker had long since given up all attempts to explain the utterly inexplicable; also that he considered my efforts quite hopeless—in advance. So I said, "The late Norman B. Ream, who was one of the wisest speculators I ever met, used to tell me that he never did anything because he felt it in his bones. He said that feeling might be only rheumatism. He could not see the wisdom of acting in accordance with a hunch."

"Maybe he didn't have ——" began Tucker, and caught himself as if he would not be impolite.

"He had enough to leave more millions than I have fingers," I said. "But I am willing to admit that he was deaf to ghostly tips. Tell me about Livingston."

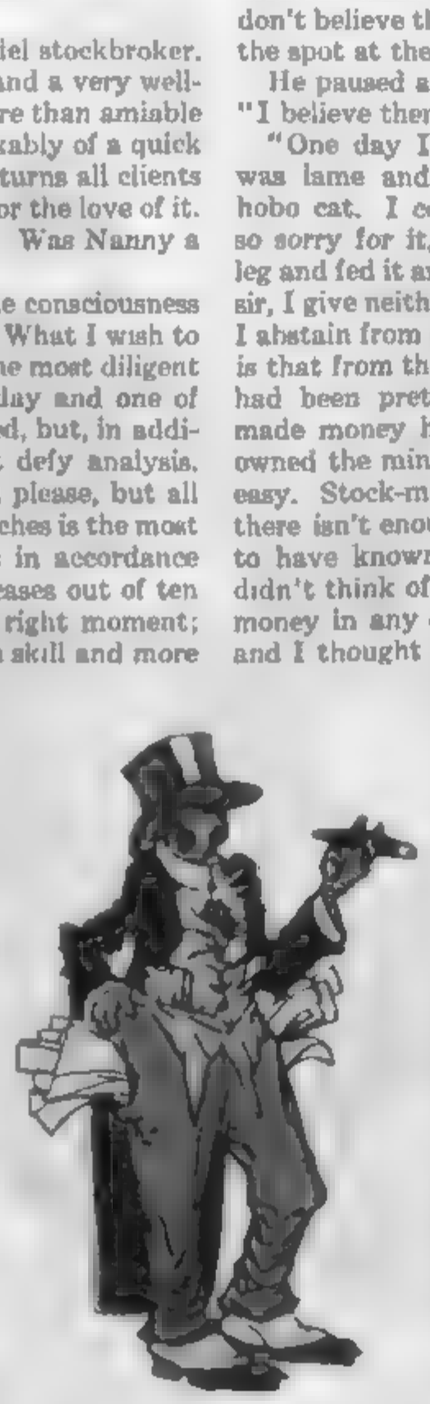
"I've got to tell you about myself, first," said Tucker, looking so apologetic that I feared he was going to bore me.

But I said encouragingly, "No price is too high for a good story."

"Here goes, then. I went to work in a broker's office as a boy and I've never been in any other business. By the time I was twenty-three I was the Washington manager of a New York Stock Exchange house. We had some pretty good customers and did a mighty good business, so I didn't need to encourage gratuitous delusions. At the same time facts are facts, even if they sound ridiculous when you tell them to people who don't believe them because they were not on the spot at the time."

He paused and I hastened to assure him, "I believe them. What happened?"

"One day I ran across a black cat. It was lame and looked like a broken-down hobo cat. I coaxed it home because I felt so sorry for it, and I bandaged its broken leg and fed it and made it comfortable. Well, sir, I give neither reason nor explanation and I abstain from expressing opinions. All I say is that from that day my luck, which always had been pretty fair, became much more than fair. I made money hand over fist and I spent it as though I owned the mint. When money comes easy it is apt to go easy. Stock-market pickings don't stick to your fingers; there isn't enough sweat to them for stickiness. I ought to have known enough to salt away the surplus, but I didn't think of the future. It seemed as if I couldn't lose money in any of my deals. Of course I was very careful, and I thought that so long as I wasn't reckless in my operations I didn't have to save. You see, I always had made money. When I had more than enough for all needs I got married. I bought a fine house and had it decorated and furnished expensively. I'll cut the story short. One day the black cat died and the luck turned. I simply couldn't lose before. Well, after the cat died I simply couldn't win. No matter what I did, I lost. Tips I played went wrong. Tips I disregarded made good. I lost not only money but business. Some of the most outlandish things in the world happened to me—and always expensive. Bull markets petered out on me; customers died who ought to have lived to a hundred; a man who had never given me a wrong steer told me a marvelous and detailed story of a merger, and three days later when I thought I'd be a millionaire my friend was taken to an insane asylum. It wasn't long before I lost every dollar I owned. And not long after that I lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars I didn't own.



"There I was, my credit exhausted, down to hardpan. It got so I couldn't pay the rent of the modest house to which I had moved after I sold the beautiful house I had bought during the lifetime of the black cat. The first thing I knew I owed three months' rent and the landlord ceased to be a gentleman. I felt pretty blue when I got a notice to vacate if I didn't pay. I went downtown to try to raise money enough to keep the landlord from carrying out his threat. I tried everybody and every place; friends and foes; rich men and poor men and men in the government employ. Not a cent!

"Of course my wife didn't know how desperate our situation was. I had been telling her that business was rotten and that we'd have to go easy with our expenses. She felt so sorry to see me worried that she got in the habit of walking on tiptoe when I sat brooding in my chair."

The Scratching at the Door

"FINALLY, they served a dispossess notice on me and I went out to make my last desperate effort. I was going to try to raise it in dimes and quarters if I couldn't do any other way. That night when I got home with empty pockets I felt for the first time that I was down and out. I sat down at the table and forced myself to eat, so my poor wife wouldn't know that on the next day we'd have to find a furnished room somewhere.

"Suddenly I heard a sort of scratching at the front door and then a puny meowing. My wife had just brought in a broiled bluefish. Well, I jumped to my feet.

"'What's the matter?' yelled my wife.

"And I yelled back, 'That's a black cat that wants to come in!' With that I grabbed the bluefish by the tail and ran to the front door. I opened it. Sure enough, there stood a forlorn little black kitten. I held the nice broiled bluefish in front of her and she approached it, sniffing. I retreated slowly and she followed me inch by inch into the dining room. There I fed her.

"I told my wife that the kitten was going to bring us good luck, and though she smiled incredulously she let me have my way. So I fixed up a sleeping place and everything. The next morning when I left the house I particularly told my wife not to let the cat get away. I went downtown. I got a tip on Martindale preferred. I was able to buy one hundred shares at the opening. You remember the deal and the way both the common and the

preferred went up when they won the big patent suit, don't you? Well, that was the day. I made one thousand six hundred dollars before noon by pyramiding twice; at that I was conservative and ran quick. That night I went home a winner for the first time in seven weary months a winner in money and in recovered morale. I took mighty good care of that cat, you bet. We christened her Nanny, and in honor of the first lucky deal since the death of her predecessor we gave her Martindale for a surname. Nanny Martindale she is to this day.

"She is not only the household mascot but is beyond question the greatest stock-market barometer in captivity. She is 100 per cent accurate. Every time she has kittens the market turns. I mean that an increase in her family invariably signalizes the end of the bull market or of the bear market, whichever it might be. It is my one infallible tip to turn. She has been on the job several years and I have yet to record her first failure to tip me off straight."

He looked at me, sincerely desirous of impressing me with the absolute veracity of his statistics, so I assured him earnestly, "That is what I call the most rational method thus far devised for beating an otherwise unbeatable game."

"What I have told you," he asserted emphatically, "is exactly what happened. But let me get Larry Livingston into this story before you die. He came to Washington at the time Congress had about made up its mind to tax our business nearly to death. Larry came to Washington to try to convince some of our congressmen of the shortsightedness of some of the proposed taxes. He was naturally interested. His income tax was huge, but he was really thinking along broader and less selfish lines. I introduced him to a score of representatives and senators. He himself was one of the star customers of our main office and I had known him intimately for years. I knew he was bullish, but I knew it only because I knew he was heavily long of stocks; and, mind you, he was staying in my house. He used to go with me to the office every morning, but he barely glanced at the quotation board and I never heard him say a word about his market views. His mind was occupied exclusively with the proposed taxes and I respected my guest's silence."

Livingston's Strange Behavior

"ONE morning when he came into the breakfast room I saw that he was cross, but I could not imagine why. He didn't say a word and so I kept my own mouth shut. He sat down, frowning. Pretty soon the cat, Nanny Martindale, came in. If you know Larry at all well you must know that he is just crazy about children and that he is fond of domestic animals. At that time he had no child of his own and he had made friends with Nanny. This morning I noticed that the cat went up to him, got up on her hind legs and began to claw at Larry's knee. He fed Nanny, but she kept on clawing.

"I thought from the look on his face that he was annoyed, so I got up from the table and said, 'Larry, I'll take the cat out of the room.'

"But he snapped at me, 'Leave her alone! She is talking to me!'

"His face was tense and I observed that he was absently stroking his nose with his forefinger as he does whenever he is thinking hard. I've noticed that tenseness and that nose stroking more than once when the market's behavior puzzled him. Knowing what that look meant I never said another word, and he didn't. After breakfast we went out together as usual, but without speech. One of his motors was outside in the street, waiting—he had brought a couple of them to Washington with him.

"I walked toward it, but he called out to me 'Let's walk'

"I said 'All right!' and so we walked down the street.

"We had barely gone a couple of blocks when he suddenly cried 'Let's ride!'

"So we hailed a street car and got on. We rode a little while and then he got up and signaled the conductor to stop at the next corner. We got off and walked in silence toward my office. You know, he is an inveterate smoker. I offered him a cigar, the kind he likes. He'd smoked dozens like it. He shook his head.

"I must have looked surprised, for he said shortly, 'You smoke cabbage!' I may have smiled. He added, 'I'll get some good ones!'

"We walked on. Pretty soon he stopped at one of the hotels, thought a moment, and then went in and bought a cigar at the stand in the lobby. We arrived at the office. There, instead of a casual look around and then hiking off to keep a date with some congressman, as he had done on every other morning of his stay in Washington, he sat down and stared at the blackboard. The market hadn't opened yet, and he waited. It was the first time that week that he had sat down to wait for the opening. Ten o'clock came and the ticker began to click. He got up and walked over to the ticker. He stood there, as I've seen him in his own office, glancing from the tape as it came out, to the blackboard, and back again, tapping his nose with his forefinger as he does when he has not made up his mind as to what to do. Pretty soon he turned to me and began to give me selling orders.

"The market was strong as the deuce. The end of the bull market seemed far away. I knew he had a big profit, so, of course, I did not blame him, but I felt like asking him if he thought the end of the big rise had come. He kept on until he had sold out over seventy thousand shares of U. S. Steel at a profit of a million and a quarter, and thirty-five thousand shares of other stocks. In all, he cleaned up about two millions.

"The market took the first fifty thousand shares of Steel as if nothing had happened. He got almost the top prices of the bull movement for his stocks. Now what do you call that? If he had been in his own office in New York in touch with market affairs, listening to inside dope or even to rumors, I wouldn't have wondered, for all that I myself failed to see any indication of the culmination of the bull market. But all that week there in Washington he had not shown the slightest interest in any of our telegrams from the New York office; he had not once discussed market matters with anybody. He was bullish when he arrived and he had done or seen nothing that could have made him turn. In fact, I had never seen him less interested in the course of the market. All he seemed to care to talk about was the folly of some of the proposed measures for taxing stock sales. Then all of a sudden, for no reason whatever, before he had seen a single quotation, he wanted to get out. It made him cross and fidgety, and he simply had to sell every share he was carrying. I call that a hunch—a curious psychical phenomenon. What do you call it?"

"I call it a good story," I said.

"It is as true as the Gospel," averred Tucker. "Every word of it."

"I know it," I said.

Some friends came in and we ceased talking about Larry Livingston and his trading impulses.

What Really Happened

THAT night in his home I spoke to Larry Livingston about hunches. In all the stories that he himself had told me I could perceive but one real hunch—one really inexplicable impulse to do the right thing in the market in the face of actual conditions—and that was when he sold Union Pacific short before the news of the San Francisco earthquake was known. The rest of the so-called hunches were merely the result of a series of ticker observations—of experience lessons, each rather slight but in the aggregate powerful enough to motivate him.

He nodded his acquiescence. Then I told him the story I had heard from his Washington friend. According to Tucker, all that Livingston did was to play the lucky black-cat hunch and cash in a couple of millions.

"Oh, that's one of Tucker's yarns," said Livingston impatiently. "Nothing to that! I do get irresistible impulses at times to do certain things in the market. It doesn't matter whether I am long or short of stocks. I must get out. I am uncomfortable until I do. I myself think it is as you say. I see a lot of warning signals. Perhaps not a single one may be sufficiently clear or powerful to afford me a positive, definite reason for doing what I suddenly feel like doing. That, I think, is all there is to what you have called the ticker sense, which you say James R. Keene had so strongly developed, and other operators before him. Usually, I admit, the warning turns out to be not only sound but timed to the minute. But the particular story he told you was not about a hunch. I didn't have any that time; not as he has described it. The cat had nothing to do with it. What he says about my getting up so grumpy that morning I suppose can be explained—if I really was grouchy—by my disappointment. I knew I was not convincing the congressmen I talked to and the committee did not view the problem of taxing Wall Street as I did. I wasn't trying to arrest or evade taxation on stock

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POBBLE & CO.

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

V

SCOTT MANNING and Ellean Pennington laid out the plans for the Pobble System campaign that night. They sat side by side behind the big Pennington desk, and bent their heads together over the sheets of Miss Aurelia Pennington's best notepaper, which they were covering with names and figures and estimates. Scott alternated between moments of admiration for the way the little tendrils of Ellean's bright hair curled up in the back of her neck and moments of reminding himself that she was practically engaged to two men already.

Ellean's attention was undivided. She said that she could sell any number of copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System for him herself, because all her friends would take them; and she could get just heaps of people to take lessons of him. At first Scott rebelled at this, but he saw the justice of Ellean's remark that he could make more money in half an hour with a big class than he could in all day, selling even de luxe editions at $25 apiece.

"And," Pursued Ellean, "If You'll Give Me Twenty-Five Nice Shiny Dollars I'll Give You My Sample Copy, and Go Away and Not Bother You Any More"

Ellean was better than her word. During the next week she turned over to Scott a perfectly amazing number of orders and pupils and suggestions.

Miss Aurelia was delighted. She said that at last Ellean seemed to be taking a serious interest in something. She would have been less pleased, perhaps, if she had known that Ellean had gradually extended the field of her activities outside her own immediate circle of friends, and that with increasing frequency, when she saw a house that just looked as if it needed a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, she stopped and sold it one. Ellean was an excellent saleswoman. No thought, perhaps, would have been harder for Miss Aurelia Pennington to bear.

The idea of her niece interesting her friends in a worthy system for the worthy purpose of assisting a worthy and ambitious young man was one thing; the idea of her niece book-agenting from door to door would have been quite another. Ellean was aware of this. It was why she did not happen to say anything about it to Miss Aurelia. Neither did she mention it to Scott.

At the same time the activities of The Pobble Perfect Memory System were reaching out in other directions. One day Ellean took Scott with her to the Brandlewaite Country Club. An hour later he was sitting on the railing of the clubhouse piazza, smiling his bewildering smile and drawing forth shouts of appreciative laughter by his remarks on Mr. Cheever and Mr. Patch and Mr. Merriman, and the heart and the hat and the bow, and the man who waited for ninety-three freight trains. Scott had a very pleasant afternoon. He also took a great many orders.

One of the men whom he met that day suggested that he drive out with him the following afternoon to his own club at Buxton Hills. He said that the people there were always crazy for something new. They were. The Pobble Perfect Memory System was new, and they hailed it with acclaim.

After that the round of the country club became an institution. Scott, with the assistance of Ellean, reduced his procedure to a positive science. First he found someone who could introduce him as his guest; Scott found his rather wide acquaintance useful. Then he played nine holes of golf, preferably with someone who did not like golf too well. By the time they had played round Scott had contrived to mention The Pobble Perfect Memory System. Then they went and sat in the shade in front of the clubhouse, and Scott's new friend mentioned The Pobble Perfect Memory System again. Then the others wanted to know all about it, and Scott told them. After that there was nothing else to do save to enter their orders in his order book, and say that he would see that the books were shipped at once.

Only to his own club Scott did not go. His father sometimes played there too. Scott was not ashamed of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, but it was a subject that he did not care to discuss with Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr.

Mr. Manning, Sr., meantime, was becoming increasingly puzzled by his son's conduct. He did not admit that he was curious, but he said to himself that he thought that he ought to know what the young scamp was up to. Scott, however, showed no tendency to confide in him. He did not often stop now, even when he was asked, to read his father's papers, but his refusal seemed less because he bore a grudge than because he was in too great a hurry. Scott always seemed to be going out.

Mr. Manning watched his coming and going with interest. He saw his son go away early every morning—before he himself did—and return barely in time for dinner. After dinner he dressed with a meticulous care that even Scott had never shown before, and went out again. Mr. Manning noticed that he always took his car in the morning, but that when he came back his shoes were sometimes dusty. This, he considered, was a very suspicious circumstance.

It was just at this time that an odd thing happened. Ellean, driving through town alone on her way from delivering two copies of a certain little volume to the Epworth Lending Library, chanced to notice a solid, expensive-looking house that fairly cried aloud for a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System; and when, in addition, she saw a solid, rather expensive-looking man sitting on the piazza she decided to stop and sell him one. And so it was that Mr. Manning, waiting on the piazza for it to be time for dinner, was surprised to see a very large brown car stopping at his door, and directly afterwards to see a very small person in brown approaching him with a small brown leather volume under her arm.

"Good evening," said Ellean.

"Good evening," said Mr. Manning, and gave her a chair.

Ellean smiled at him with a delightful assumption of friendship.

"You wouldn't think, just to look at me," she said at last, "that I'd come to sell you something—would you?"

"No," said Mr. Manning.

He said to himself that she hadn't either.

"But that's what I did come for," Ellean resumed. "I came to sell you a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Edition de Luxe, Revised and Enlarged, with Additional Examples and Exercises, price $25."

Mr. Manning opened his mouth to roar at Miss Ellean Pennington as he was accustomed to roar at book agents. Then he opened his mouth to say that he did not want any such thing. Even Mr. Manning, however, was not entirely unconscious of feminine loveliness. What he really said, therefore, was quite different.

He said: "You think I've got a poor memory, do you?"

"Oh, no," said Ellean quickly, "but I thought you might have someone in your family who is forgetful. Haven't you got a family?"

"I've got a son," said Mr. Manning.

"And is he forgetful?"

"Um—rather," said Mr. Manning.

"And does he forget what you tell him?"

"Sometimes."

"And does he forget not to spend more than his allowance?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Ellean in triumph, "The Pobble Perfect Memory System is exactly what he needs."

"Perhaps it is," Mr. Manning admitted.

"And it's only $25," she reminded him.

Mr. Manning made an inarticulate noise in his throat.

"And," pursued Ellean, "if you'll give me twenty-five nice shiny dollars I'll give you my sample copy, and go away and not bother you any more."

"It isn't a bother," said Mr. Manning. "It's a pleasure."

No one could have been more surprised than Mr. Manning himself to hear himself saying so.

Ellean, having made the suggested exchange, started down the steps. Then she stopped.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Manning," he said.

Ellean nodded.

"I like to keep a list of the people I sell them to," she explained. "I haven't got my book here now, so I can't write it down, but I'll apply The Pobble Perfect Memory System to your name and then I won't forget it."

They parted excellent friends, and Ellean, characteristically passing over the obvious association, tripped down the path to her car, repeating over and over to herself as she went, "Manning a ship—manning a ship—manning a ship."

Mr. Manning said to himself that she might be a book agent, but she was an awfully nice little girl.

Then he sat down and looked through the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. He reflected that if he should—he wouldn't really, but if he should—decide to give Scott one more chance at the law school this fall, perhaps, as she said, the book might be just the thing for him.

When presently Scott returned, however, Mr. Manning executed a curious maneuver. As his son's car whirled into the drive he rose, placed his copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System in his chair, and seated himself firmly upon it.

Scott greeted his father pleasantly, and went straight upstairs.

Mr. Manning noticed that there was dust on his shoes.

Ellean called Scott up that evening to tell him that during the day she had sold two copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System to the Epworth Lending Library, and two copies to the Wayfield Lending Library, and two copies to the Sherwood Lending Library, and one de luxe copy to a Mr. Shipman; and that during the evening she could not see him because Gib and Stan were coming and she wanted to see them specially.

Scott was very much cast down. If he had known what was taking place on the lawn of the respectable Pennington estate he would have been even more so. The fact was that Ellean had had a new idea.

Ellean herself was sitting flat on the grass with her feet tucked under her.

She made Mr. Stanley Barker and Mr. Gibson Mylls sit on the grass in front of her. Mr. Gibson Mylls did not like to sit on the grass, because it was damp; and Mr. Stanley Barker did not like to sit anywhere, because he preferred to walk up and down; but that was where Ellean said they were to sit.

"Now I'll tell you," she said. "I'm going to have a competition, and you two are going to compete."

Mr. Gibson Mylls touched his little mustache with an affectionate forefinger and said "H'm."

Mr. Stanley Barker did not say anything, but he looked as if Miss Ellean Pennington was the only person on earth who could dictate to him without having him dictate back.

"We're going to see," she said, "which of you can sell more copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System than the other can. And the one that wins is going to get a Grand Prize."

Mr. Gibson Mylls displayed unexpected determination. He said that he was not going to do any such thing.

"You would," said Ellean, unmoved, "if you knew what the Grand Prize is going to be."

Mr. Stanley Barker had been watching her narrowly

"You mean," he said practically, "that you'll marry the one that sells the most copies of The Pobble System?"

Ellean held up her hands in mock horror.

"Why, Stan!" she said. "How can you! What a crass, common, vulgar, gross, disgusting, low-down, good-for-nothing remark for you to make!"

Mr. Stanley Barker was not to be repressed.

"It's what you do mean, isn't it?" he insisted.

"Stan!" said Ellean again. "Stop it! I didn't say any such thing! Do you think I'm a pony, to be knocked down to the highest bidder?"

She got up and began to walk off toward the house.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Stanley Barker, "if that's the way you want to act about it! It's what you do mean, just the same"

Ellean did not stop.

"But, Ellean," called Mr. Gibson Mylls, "listen!"

And still Ellean did not stop.

Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker walked up and down one of the respectable graveled paths and told each other that they wouldn't have anything to do with such a ridiculous scheme. And wasn't that just like Ellean anyway? Then they went home and began to compete.

Mr. Stanley Barker met with immediate success. He was a young man who might in any case have been a book agent if he had been born into a different family. He enjoyed book-agenting.

Mr. Gibson Mylls did his competing by correspondence. His method was simple but effective. First he wrote to all his college friends, asking them to buy four copies each of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Edition de Luxe, Revised and Enlarged, with Additional Examples and Exercises, limp brown leather with gilt edges and gold tooling, $25 each. If they replied favorably he wrote again, saying thank you. If on the other hand they replied saying that they were stony broke, he wrote again, asking them to buy four copies just the same, and send the bill to him. Mr. Mylls, too, did very well.

Ellean did not tell Scott of her arrangement with Gibson Mylls and Stanley Barker. He heard it first from Mr. Barker himself, whom he chanced to meet in the Pennington drive one day with a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System under his arm.

"But I don't want you to sell any books for me," said Scott in answer to his opening remark.

Mr. Barker shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't think for a minute that we're selling them for you," he said. "We're selling them for her. She's going to marry the one that sells the most."

Scott was very seldom angry, but when Mr. Barker's meaning was thus made entirely plain to him his expression closely resembled that of Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., on a certain memorable day in the latter part of June. He told Mr. Barker a number of things that he had always rather wanted him to know, added his general estimate of Mr. Mylls, and finished by mentioning where Mr. Barker might go and stay, and where Mr. Mylls might go and stay, and where The Pobble Perfect Memory System might go and stay. Then he plucked the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System from under Mr. Barker's arm and hurled it into the shrubbery.

After that he and Mr. Barker did not see any more of each other.

Mr. Mylls made no effort to look Scott up.

Afterwards, when he was calmer, Scott said to himself that of course Ellean had a right to marry anyone that she chose, and to choose him in any way that she wanted to. Then he said that of course he shouldn't take any of their dirty money, but of course he could always give their dirty money back. And he supposed that he couldn't keep them from selling books if Ellean wanted them to.

But the immediate result of the discovery was that he worked harder than ever at the Pobble System, in the evenings studied the law in general and his father's business in particular, and saw less and less of Ellean. To be sure, he still went there three times a week for a rather perfunctory lesson with her and Aunt Aurelia, but he hurried away afterward with a greater promptness than he had ever shown before. He found that while he was still there, watching the quick play of expression on Ellean's eager little face, he was quite unable to regard her simply as a heartless child who had gambled away her happiness for a whim. And that, as matters stood, was the light in which he preferred to regard her.

VI

MR. MANNING, SR., noticed that Scott dressed with especially meticulous care only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and that on these evenings he came in early. He was not curious about Scott's change in habit, but he wondered what it meant.

And meantime the great work went on. Scott finished with the country clubs and began with the hotels, making flying trips, now here, now there, to coast or mountains. At first he simply went. Afterwards he was asked to come. Weary sitters on hotel piazzas who had spent the entire season plowing little furrows in the boards with their chair rockers, trampers who did not like to tramp, fishers who did not like to fish, and golfers who did not like to golf were roused to fresh enthusiasms by the associations of Mr. Baer, and Mr. Patch and Mr. Sawtell, and the man who wore out seven hundred and ninety-six pairs of shoes before he was eighty. It became one of the season's witticisms to wonder how many golf clubs a person could wear out in the first hundred years. New names on hotel registers were snapped up and associated before the ink was dry. It became fashionable to translate the day of the month into words from the code.

Everywhere that Scott went he found success awaiting him. He had, of course, his big days, such as the day at Magnolia, when Mr. Brumpton, the millionaire, proposed to give a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System to every public library in New England; or the day when Mrs. Minks, the popeyed dowager at the Sunset Hill House in the White Mountains, discovered the reason for so much social unrest, and decided to eliminate it by placing a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System in the hands of each of the orphans in her favorite orphan asylum. But all Scott's days were good days.

A kind of cult of the perfect memory grew up. Reports of the new method spread from Swampscott to York Beach, and from York Beach to Ogunquit, and from Ogunquit to Crawford, and the Profile House, and the New Mount Washington, and Bethlehem, and The Balsams, and the Canada Line. The system became fashion's summer plaything. Not to know Mr. Cheever and the meat cleaver was to argue yourself unknown.

But the season was drawing to a close; the law school would soon be opening, and Scott was ready to go back. He confided to Ellean that he didn't know what he should do with The Pobble Perfect Memory System when he went

As a fitting close to his career as the Pobble representative, however, it was arranged that he should give a final all-surpassing lecture on the subject of The Practical Applications of The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

Ellean had arranged it—at the Governor Bradford Lecture Hall in town, where all the really great lectures of the season were held. She had scorned offers of the Shawcroft Rooms and Emerson's; for though they were eminently proper, they were proper and nothing more. She knew that to have Scott appear at the Governor Bradford Hall would assure the audience that she wished to have; people from Brandlewaite and other respectable suburbs always went in town to the lectures at the Governor Bradford Hall as a matter of course, because the Governor Bradford Hall was the place where they were going to be held. On the night before the lecture the house was already sold out.

The lecture was to begin at eight o'clock. At five minutes before the hour the audience was already settled rustling. Ellean herself, however, was almost late. Then just as she had parked her car and was flying across the street, panic-stricken lest she should not arrive in time to see Scott come in, she ran—literally—into Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr.

"Oh, Mr. Shipman!" she cried. "How nice! I'm awfully glad to see you. Are you going to the lecture?"

"No," said Mr. Manning. "What lecture?"

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"Now I'll Tell You," She Said. "I'm Going to Have a Competition, and You Two are Going to Compete"

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Industrial Symptoms

ALL industrial disorders are accompanied by a large element of mere talk and wasted time in the discussion of symptoms rather than the causes of disease. Instead of trying calmly to remove or improve the conditions that bring about the attack men wildly denounce its more violent and superficial indications. Intense excitement was caused by the rent profiteering of a year or two back and the coal profiteering of the present, but where was the equally keen interest in preventing the malady from starting on its course?

This is not intended as an indictment of either operators or miners. It is merely a statement, absolutely irrefutable, that where profiteering abounds something is radically wrong. In the case of coal it may be nothing more than a period of several months' cessation in mining. It may be something that only time will cure, and hysteria as regards profiteering will not affect it in the least degree.

Of course it is always much easier to denounce profiteers than it is to find ways and means to make a great industry function smoothly. A man who overworks persistently or who destroys his constitution through drinking and smoking always finds it easier to take drugs to tide over his headache or his dizzy spells than he does to mend his ways of living. It is fun to talk about symptoms; it is no fun at all to remedy the abuse of years of bad living.

All through the war any person capable of adding two and two could predict that rents were bound to go up because of the lack of building. Owing to excessive labor costs in the industry, and also because of the sudden inflation all along the line, construction was simply impossible. Yet people crowded more than ever into the congested portions of the larger cities. Many people who would have been as well off on an abandoned farm in Vermont, which might have been bought for a song, insisted upon living between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth streets on Manhattan Island, where most of the rest of the world wanted to live, and then foolishly wondered why rents had gone up.

If we can assure a constant, continuous, smooth, reasonable supply of goods we need not worry about profiteering. If on the other hand industry operates by jerks and a series of armed conflicts no power on earth can prevent profiteering. Rent and fuel commissions may perhaps intimidate and abash the landlord or coal operator or dealer into a semblance of decency, but no power can control the consumer or prevent his paying any price he chooses to pay for choice, select apartments in the most exclusive sections, or for bootleg whisky or for coal.

By all means let us prevent profiteering if we can. Let us prevent paying for the war. Let us waste our forests and still have standing timber. Let us eat, drink and be merry and have a sound constitution at the end. Let us never pay the piper. Let us get away without paying our board bill. In other words, wouldn't it have been more sensible to have considered coal profiteering when the production of coal was stopped for months at a time instead of after the harm has been done? Why so much excitement after the barn door has been left open for many months? Did any person in his senses expect a different outcome?

A State-Controlled Monopoly

EVERY country has its troubles on the toboggan slide of the business cycle. When a country has most of its eggs in one basket the troubles are aggravated. Chile furnishes an illustration. That little country holds the world's monopoly in saltpeter. Export taxes are not levied in this country, but before the war Chile drew three-quarters of her national revenue from the export tax on saltpeter.

Like most things, saltpeter sold well in 1920. In 1921 the demand collapsed. It was difficult to buy and sell on future commitment. In Europe fertilizer to replace saltpeter is being made more and more by fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. In Europe and here more coke ovens are equipped for recovery of ammonia than was the case before the war. Everywhere the buying power of farmers was reduced, and they cut down on fertilizers. In 1920 Chile exported some 2,730,000 tons of saltpeter, 1,237,000 tons coming to the United States. In 1921 the total export fell to 1,132,000 tons, most of which came here. This corresponded to a loss of practically half the revenue of the state.

This was worse than the decline in returns from income tax experienced in England and in this country as the result of the business collapse. Nor is the future roseate, since signs are not lacking to indicate that Europe intends to free herself, if possible, from dependence on the saltpeter of Chile.

The use of fertilizer is in its infancy in this country, but with our coal and water power there seems to be no reason why we should not develop self-sufficiency in nitrogenous fertilizers at a price comparable with the price of the imported natural saltpeter.

German Exchange Troubles

THE coal strike in the United Kingdom involved questions of wages of miners, housing conditions and price of coal. The coal strike in the United States represented principally a controversy over wages and collection of union dues by operators. For several months the coal miners of Germany have been on the verge of a strike. The employers and workers have been able to come to agreement on the subject of wages and the state has permitted the price of coal to be raised to cover the advance in wages. The deadlock has occurred over method of payment of wages.

It has long been the custom in Germany to pay the miners at the end of the month. This system was formerly regarded by the miners as making for thrift. With a falling exchange this is not at all the case. The miners during this summer found the wages paid in paper marks at the end of the month lower in buying power in the month they were to be expended.

Prices rise with fall in the mark, and the deferred wage has a continuously falling purchasing power. It has happened on two occasions that the real wages of the month had fallen one-third.

The miners demand to be paid by the week or by the fortnight, in advance. The employers resist this demand on the ground that their credit requirements would be greatly increased and their system of bookkeeping disorganized. They also retort that during the times when the mark rose the wage earners profited by the payment at the end of the month. But the workers have had few opportunities to watch the mark rise. Coal is sold daily at the mark value of the day. In equity the workers expect to be paid daily at the mark value of the day. Little wonder that *Valuta* is the biggest word in the German language.

The Captains and the Kings

THE winds of governmental change which swept Europe after the armistice picked up a grand collection of scepters and diadems. Here in America we did not realize there were so many all-highests and kings and grand dukes and minor monarchs until the scatteration began. It looked for a time as though kingship were going completely out of fashion.

The tide subsided, however, the remaining monarchs climbed out of the cyclone cellar holding their crowns on with both hands, things settled down; and then the inevitable reaction came. Constantine found his way back to the throne of Greece, Karl of Austria stole out of exile and made two feeble efforts to climb up on the Hapsburg throne again, the monarchists of Germany began to carry on their propaganda openly. Part of the population of Bavaria—a small portion probably, but a noisy one—clamors for the return of the Wittelsbachs. Even in Austria, reduced to rags and tatters through the folly of one half-crazed autocrat, there seems to be a distinct royalist movement. There is plotting, more or less open, everywhere. That old stand-by of the crossroads debating societies—Is the monarchial form of government better than the republican?—once a purely academic discussion because of the stability of governments, has become one of the vital questions of the day.

To those whose belief in democracy is firmly rooted it is surprising how easily royalist sentiment can be fomented and how wide is the sympathy for any movement to set up hereditary rulers again in the countries of Europe. The ghastly mistakes and treacheries which led to the Great War and marked its progress throughout seemed to have forever discredited the idea of monarchial rule; but today the theory is being put forward that perhaps these European nations are not ready for any other form of government, that they do not understand any other kind, and that greater stability can be obtained by a reversion to old forms. There is plenty of sentiment of that kind, even here in the United States. It is only too easy to find those who profess an admiration for the settled and gilded state of a limited monarchy. They do not quarrel with the republican idea so far as our country is concerned, but they fear it cannot be successfully applied under existing conditions in Europe.

It is doubtful if any of the new republics in Europe today face more desperate conditions or harsher odds than the thirteen scattered and impoverished colonies which essayed the great experiment back in 1776. It is certain that in no case would the restoration of a monarch effect a cure of the evils which are advanced as arguments for his return. Would the reëstablishment of a Kaiser at Potsdam bring back the mark or lessen Germany's reparation burden? Would the opening of the Hofburg put more food into the mouths of the starving people of Vienna? When the hope of Europe lies in less aggressive nationalism and the establishment of coöperation between the too numerous little countries, there should be a lesson in the sorry sequel to the one restoration to date and the critical position in which Greece now finds herself.

During the dark days from 1914 to 1918 nothing seemed clearer than that as long as Europe remained a powder barrel it would be unsafe to allow the scions of hereditary lines to play around it with lighted matches. There are, of course, limited monarchies where the power of the incumbent is quite nominal, and as long as the people of these countries like that form of government there is no reason for a change, but for kingship in any other form or degree there is no place in the scheme of things in the world today.

Can the deposed kings come back? The question we must ask ourselves is: Can the world afford to let them come back?

THE CHANGING EAST

China at the Crossroads

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE Sunday last spring I went out to the famous Summer Palace built by the late Empress Dowager in the hills just outside Peking. My guide and companion was Ku Hung-ming, a brilliant scholar who had been as much at home in English literature and philosophy at Oxford, where he took high honors, as in the classics of his native Chinese. He is one of the last of the monarchists and still wears his queue, an unusual sight among contemporary intellectuals. Pathetically and whimsically he calls himself a piece of old China.

With this remarkable old man I wandered amid the pagodas and palaces of the beautiful place, so often designated The Fifty Million Dollar Folly, because the empress, or Old Buddha, as they called her, paid for it with funds officially set aside for a navy. Mr. Ku had served her well, and he was therefore full of wistful memories of the days when she was the inexorable law of the land. He also talked of the foreign powers in China and of the unhappy plight of his country.

As we reached the shores of the lake on which reposed the much-described marble boat, one of Old Buddha's many extravagances, Mr. Ku stopped and said, "The attitude of the powers towards China is like the moral of the story I once heard in America about the resourceful girl in the first-aid class. She was asked to tell what restorative to use in case of emergency, and she replied 'Whisky.'

"'Suppose you have no whisky?' was the next query.

"'Then promise it,' was the retort.

"And that," continued Mr. Ku, "is precisely what the foreign powers have been doing for years to China. They have been rich in promises but poor in fulfillment. It remains to be seen if the laudable intentions of the Washington Conference can be carried out."

The old monarchist's remark brings to mind the more familiar incident of the American engineer who on his first visit to Peking was shown a map of China on which the foreign concessions were marked in colors. It looked like a rainbow. After the British, Belgian, Japanese, French, Italian and one-time German areas had been pointed out, he asked, "Where is the Chinese sphere of influence?"

For many years apparently everybody has had a concession in China but the Chinese, and nearly everyone has talked or written about her. An immense amount of ignorant sentimentality has been spilled; advisers in an endless chain have enjoyed sinecures which mainly spelled security for their pay; selfish exploitation, masquerading as helpfulness, has done its worst. No wonder the Chinese asked to be delivered from their friends at the Conference.

The Hub of the Pacific

I WENT to the Far East to try to make some appraisal of the economic and political consequences of the Conference. Although limitation of armament was the spectacular feature it was not the real and underlying problem. The mad race for prestige in sheer weight of fighting metal may aggravate a tense situation, but it is more a symptom than a cause. Nations have periodic attacks of virtue and economy, but when nationalism is aroused the best intentions, and with them treaties, go by the board. You have only to go back a few years to find verification of this unhappy fact.

Wars, as we all know, come and go, but the thing called business continues forever. Hence the fundamental and permanent issue at Washington was the commerce of the Far East. In that vast stake China is the all-important factor. With her immense territory—it is one-sixth greater than that of the whole United States—teeming with undeveloped riches, and the practically untapped purchasing power vested in her 400,000,000 people, she constitutes, with the possible exception of Russia and Siberia, the logical reservoir for the surplus products of the Western World. She is the hub of the Pacific, and the Pacific is the last battleground of the struggle for economic existence which is growing more bitter and brutal with each passing year. It is no longer a matter of mere profit but of self-preservation.

Dr. W. W. Yen.
At the Top—Chow-Tsu-Chi. Left, Center—Alfred Sze. Right, Center—Wellington Koo

Thanks to the sorry mess made of Continental reconstruction following the Versailles Treaty we had come to believe that Europe was the prize imbroglio of political and economic interrelation. But she is not a patch on the Orient, and the center of it all is China. She is the Eastern question, because of her potentialities in demand and supply. This is why she has been the target of innumerable ambitions, and why, armament limitation to the contrary notwithstanding, she was the dominant problem at Washington.

All commercial roads lead to her portals and every world complication has some root there. The German reparations tangle, for example, upon which hangs the peace of Europe, is tied up to China. Why? If Germany is to pay the price of her stupendous folly she must become an even greater workshop. The goods of that shop must be sold. China was one of her best markets before the World War and Teutonic products are already flowing back to it. Likewise, Japan's whole industrial future depends upon how she coöperates with her neighbor. If we are to hang onto our war-born foreign trade and employ our merchant marine we must, as an observant American once remarked, set up shop, and not merely make visits to China.

The Great Enigma

IN THE preceding articles, save in the one that dealt with the latest Chinese civil war, we have only skirted China, as it were. Now we come to the colossus itself. It is a timely, if difficult, hour for analysis.

With her weaknesses and aspirations revealed by the spotlight of the Washington Conference; with an awakened consciousness that has already sought to lift the topheavy burden of militarism; with a general like Wu Pei-fu as unofficial steward of the republic, and with a new nine-power treaty, she stands, as never before, at the crossroads of her destiny.

Will China be able to capitalize the opportunity? What is the equity behind that teeming mass of millions? Does the confusion of today herald the order and unification of tomorrow? In this, and the remaining articles of the series, an effort will be made to find the answers.

No matter from what angle you attack the Chinese problem, there are difficulties in getting at anything like stable as well as comprehensive results. When you survey the area of the country, with its many and diverse dialects and disturbances, the prospect is almost appalling. It is like trying to describe the Grand Cañon or Victoria Falls. In these two wonders you have miracles of Nature that overwhelm you with their grandeur and their awesomeness. They represent the evolution of the ages. In her own way China also expresses a tremendous span of years.

Long before the Western World saw the light two great civilizations had developed on the other side of the world. One was in India and the other in China. India today is peculiarly a British problem, but China becomes more and more an international issue. In dealing with China you must consider at the outset that she was great when Persia, Babylon, Greece and Rome were at the height of their glory. The Augustan period of the Roman Empire was contemporary with the Han dynasty of China, which ruled imperial domains greater than those of Rome. All those older orders have vanished from the earth, yet China is just beginning a fresh era of advancement.

To go into a survey of any Western country you can at once get down to brass tacks. Not so with China. Just as

(Continued on Page 66)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Livin' Wage

WE'RE hearin' a whole lot about a livin' wage these days, but who's goin' t' say what a livin' wage is? Surely not some ambitious paper hanger with a second-hand sedan an' two growin' daughters; an' most assuredly not th' painter whose wife is proud of her feet an' loves t' wear white. It seems t' us ther's too many different kinds o' workin'men an' too great an assortment o' tastes an' ambitions 'mongst 'em t' undertake t' even strike a fair medium in th' matter o' wages. We have plumbers who're interested in th' finer things o' life, an' we have plumbers who're dull an' indifferent. We have dude plasterers that no wage would carry from one Saturday t' another, an' dyspeptic plasterers who are unencumbered an' who kin worry along on bananas. Plasterers, same as other workmen, come in all styles. They're single an' double, an' ther's firsts an' culls. Aside from automobiles, pool an' lodges, ther's other things t' consider when tryin' t' arrive at a livin' wage. Some workmen demand prunes each mornin' instead o' oats. Some artisans are fond o' tourin', while others like t' dress up an' look like other people when they're strikin'. A carpenter may belong t' a country club an' be payin' alimony, or he may be powerful politically an' only care t' work when he feels like it. It's goin' t' be purty hard t' decide what a livin' wage is these days o' measured telephone service, ten-dollar shoes, fifty-cent collars an' twenty-nine-cent gasoline. Artisans are jest like bookkeepers. Ther's mild, ploddin', doughnut-eatin' bookkeepers, an' ther's dashin' expert bookkeepers. Workmen are gittin' t' be jest like all of us, an' none of us are gittin' what we think we're worth. Ther's too many new ways t' spend money an' not enough new ways t' git it. 'Bout th' only way we know of fer a feller t' git what he demands, next t' havin' his home made int' a duplex, or bein' a coal miner, is t' become so efficient that he's indispensable; but that's th' long way around, an' besides, it's so hard t' git off t' see a circus parade or take a vacation.

—*Abe Martin.*

"Here Comes a Cop, Bill. You Hold Him in Argument While I Beat It With the Bone"

Outline of History by H. G. Wells

The ancient Greeks went in quite strong for culture and for art.
In fact 'twas back in Athens that the drama got its start.
They licked the Persian hosts upon
The bloody field of Marathon.
Their offspring now sell peanuts and bananas from a cart.

The Romans cleaned up half the earth. J. Cæsar was their boss.
He shot craps at the Rubicon before he swam across.
They offered him a royal crown,
But thrice he had to turn it down,
And then his friend J. Brutus came and threw him for a loss.

The iron-clad Crusaders were a fierce and warlike band.
For many years they battled to redeem the Holy Land.
They fought the heathen Saracen,
And then they all went home again.
When dressed up for a party they resembled something canned.

Columbus claimed this earth of ours was shaped just like a sphere.
His neighbors sneered and laughed at him and said "The guy is queer."
But Isabella hocked her jewels,
And said "Go on, kid! Show them fools."
And so he sailed across the sea, and that's why we are here.

Napoleon, though little, had a large and lofty beam.
When but an unknown corporal he married Josephine,
But when to fame he rose at length
He said, "I'll have to play through strength.
I've only honors in my hand, so I'll discard my queen."

The Kaiser thought he'd bring the French and British to their knees.
He said, "I'm strong for earth control and freedom of the seize."
Alas, his well-made plans went wrong.
The Yankees came, three million strong.
And now poor Kaiser William's up in Holland chopping trees.

And so down through the centuries this gripping story tells
The tale of man's development from protoplasmic cells.
And though the author, here and there,
Has made mistakes, as some declare,
Yet truth lies at the bottom, you will find,
of H. G. Wells.—*Newman Levy*

Wrong Brand

"ME GOOD man," she vociferated, looking out from the window of her limousine, "can I find anywhere in the vicinity a form of poverty that would be edifying to contemplate, gracious in aspect, cheerful in disposition, and from a decorative standpoint as ornamental as a peacock on a lawn?"

The aged, whiskered farmer halted the horses attached to his plow and gazed in silence at the magnificent lady.

"Madam," he said at last, "I can point out to you in this county no poverty except that which is horrible to contemplate, hideous in aspect, huddled in almshouses, dirty, diseased and degenerate into the bargain."

"Ah, me!" sighed the fine lady as she subsided into the cushions. "I am a professor of sociology at a seminary attended by the daughters of the wealthy, and my perplexity arises from the lack of any form of poverty that will fit into the theories I expound."

"I understand, madam," sighed the old farmer as he whipped up his horses, "for I am trying now to find a farm that will fit the agriculture my son acquired at a college."

—*Alexander Harvey.*

As it Probably Was

[Being a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. William Bradford in the year 1620, on the eve of the sailing of the good ship Mayflower. The scene is Southampton, England.]

MR. B.: Now listen, dear—for the last time. We've got to get everything into two suitcases; even the steamer trunk is out of the question. The Mayflower isn't a very big boat, remember.

MRS. B.: But I've got to take enough to wear, William. A woman is judged ——

(Continued on Page 122)

Supposing—a Few Distinguished Senators, Such as Robert M. LaFollette, Hiram Warren Johnson, Senator Borah, Senator Frelinghuysen and Henry Cabot Lodge, Volunteered a Public Demonstration of "How to Keep Warm Though Without Coat"

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We're frisky go-getters, no lazy forgetters,
Real hustlers at work or in play.
This Campbell's we're bringing
Just sets us all singing—
It's the soup you'll enjoy every day!

Go-getters!

Healthy, up-and-doing people—the men who "get the business"—the women who manage right—are just the kind who enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup the most. They like its sparkling flavor, its delicious spicy zest, its vigor and nourishment. Every plateful seems to say: "You're sure to like it!"

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is pure tomato—the tonic juices and rich "meat" of the finest fruit strained to a velvety puree. Butter that makes the blend richer and tastier still. Spicing and seasoning deftly added by Campbell's famous chefs. The recipe is an exclusive Campbell's creation. The soup is a delight which never fails to tempt the appetite.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XIII

WHEN Yvonne de Marsay returned to the library Anthony Bracken was sitting in his chair, his forehead damp with the perspiration of fear. His hand shook as he carried his handkerchief to his brow, and it seemed to Yvonne he had shrunken inches in stature. There was a wizened look to him, an appearance of age and of breaking up. His cold, banker's face, sharp in its outline, carefully shaven, handsome, was hardly to be recognized. It was pulpy, soft, vague. He stared up at her without speaking.

"That was grandfather's voice," she said. "You heard it?"

"I—heard it," he said huskily.

"Did you hear it yesterday?" Her voice was hard, inexorable. Instinct taught her she had seized upon a defenseless moment, when his will was destroyed by terror. "You denied it then."

"No. No."

"You are lying, Anthony Bracken. If my grandfather is so ill, how can he sing? If he is too ill to see me, how can he wander about singing? How could he sing outside your office window? Answer me!"

He wet his lips, which hung loosely, and moved his jaw as if he were chewing some distasteful particle.

"He couldn't. He didn't," said Bracken. "I didn't hear him yesterday. He couldn't have been there. I tell you he couldn't."

"But he sang now—just as he used to sing. I heard him, Mr. Thorne heard him, you heard him. Why were you so frightened?"

"I was not frightened. I—it was exhaustion, overwork, indigestion."

"It was fear," said Yvonne. "Why were you afraid?"

He gripped the upholstery of the chair and fought to knit together his raveled nerves. His brain was inert; it refused to respond to his demands upon it. Terror of a sort he had never experienced held him in dead fingers. He tried to think, to defend himself against her inquisition, but whatever subtility of mind he possessed had deserted him.

"Why does my grandfather sing?" Yvonne demanded.

"He—he is ——"

Bracken forced himself to be silent, fearing what he would answer. He must make no replies to this girl which were not well considered, which could raise up danger for him in the future. It had been on his tongue to tell her André de Marsay was not in his right mind, but he had checked the lie before it was uttered. It would have been a dangerous lie. Insane men cannot issue powers of attorney; they cannot write notes giving orders, or if they do the orders will be disregarded. No, he dared not tell her André was insane.

"He is delirious at moments," he said. Then: "It must have been someone else. Your grandfather could not—it is impossible, impossible!"

"Why?"

He shook his head. His brain was clearer now, but not yet to be trusted. "You must not question me," he said. "It is against his orders."

"Nonsense! I am his granddaughter. I am of more importance to him than any other living being. He loves me, Anthony Bracken. No matter what his illness was, he would want me by his side. There is something wrong, Anthony Bracken. Something evil is going on in this house. I feel it. It is in the very air. The rooms smell of wickedness. What are you doing to my grandfather?"

"Doing to him!" At this direct challenge Bracken's instinct of self-preservation responded. "What should I be doing to him? What could I do to him? He is ill. You know as well as I how vain he is—of his appearance and his dignity. You know ——"

"I know that I suspect you." She paused at a new thought, one that came crashing in upon her as she considered all the circumstances which surrounded her—the dismissal of the old servants and their replacement by the Indian and the Chinaman; the careful guard set over her grandfather's room; the air of lurking watchfulness which lay heavy upon the house. "Anthony Bracken, are you keeping my grandfather a prisoner in his room?"

"Nonsense!" he said in something like his old chill, decisive voice. "You've been reading silly books."

Yvonne eyed him as a queen might eye a traitor who cringed before her in irons. "I don't believe you'd have the courage," she said slowly. "You're a coward. If you could benefit yourself you would do it, Anthony, if you dared. You would do anything for money. Take me to see my grandfather."

"Impossible," he said shortly.

"You wouldn't dare do it," she said musingly, "unless"—her eyes demanded the truth of him—"unless someone were holding you up to it—somebody who could compel you." She gave thought to that possibility. "That man Roper," she said.

"Your grandfather's physician."

"A man he would not permit to step foot in this house!" she said scornfully. "That is the most suspicious fact of all. If everything is right—there is but one way to make me believe everything is right, and that is to take me to my grandfather."

"The foolish notions that get into your head are not my fault," he said.

"Anthony," she said, "I'm going to see the inside of that room. I'm going to see my grandfather's face."

"If you do after my warnings if you enter that room against his will—you will regret it to your dying day. And if you blab these idiotic ideas of yours——"

"You are speaking to Yvonne de Marsay," she said. "I shall go where I please, say what I please. Take m to my grandfather or I will find a way to reach him."

"You will not!" he said. "You will do as you are told. For the time I am master of this house and all who are in it. For once you will take orders from somebody. He has spoiled you. He has filled your head with idiotic notions about yourself and the De Marsays—and I'll take some of them out. Meddle with important affairs again and I'll take steps to see you don't repeat it. I'll have none of your headstrong nonsense."

"You!" She laughed shortly. "For years you've been a hanger-on and a lick-spittle. My grandfather has tolerated you. I shall not."

He shrugged his shoulders. It was his purpose, if possible, to veer the talk from the subject of her grandfather.

"You've gotten us into serious difficulties with this man Thorne burning bridges, dynamiting thoroughfares. What do you mean by it? So help me, if you dare another word or act I'll shut you up so tight you won't be able to do any harm. I'll lock you in your room!"

"I'll do as grandfather would have me do. I'll defend what is ours, as he would have defended it. And nobody will stop me."

"And get us involved in a lawsuit with Thorne"

She smiled. "At any rate," she said, "he is a gentleman. You don't understand his sort. There'll be no lawsuit. He'll fight, but he'll do his own fighting. He won't whine and slink off to lawyers and courts. Oh, if only he were in your place and you in his!"

Her own words took her by surprise. She stood silent, repeating them over, wondering why she had uttered them, and what they meant. She found them to be true. She did wish he were in Bracken's place helping her to fight Bracken in his place. She realized more than this—that when she found him to be an enemy of her house it had meant more to her than if he had been another than himself. There was something about the young man that had demanded of her her confidence and her friendship. In her extremity she had seen him as one upon whom she might depend. Vaguely, not deliberately, she had somehow counted on him. And yet he irritated her. She could be very angry with him. Most significant of all, he touched her imagination and tweaked at her curiosity. She regretted the necessity of hating him.

"Let me repeat to you," said Bracken, now almost himself again, "that I will have no meddling from you."

"And let me repeat to you," she said, "that I shall do exactly as I have a mind to. The idea—the idea of your daring to give me orders!"

The game had ended in stalemate. Bracken was afraid of what this headstrong, impulsive girl might be moved to do, and yet he could not control her. She would not submit to his control, and filled with apprehensions as he was, naturally timid, he dared undertake no harsh methods. He was afraid of her, of her potentialities for trouble-making. In short, he was nonplused, and made up in bluster what he lacked in actual authority.

As for Yvonne, she felt her helplessness. She burned with humiliation that she, the granddaughter of André de Marsay, the crown princess, as it were, should be so

(Continued on Page 28

"'Tell Yvonne ——' And Then He Just Mumbled and All I Could Make Out Was a Word Here 'n' There"

Standard of the World

CADILLAC

Just how much deeper and stronger the national affection for the Cadillac has recently become, is demonstrated by the fact that Type 61 is recording the most successful year in Cadillac history.

A large proportion of Type 61 owners are men who have owned previous Cadillac types, and whose acquaintance with Cadillac, therefore, is of several years' standing.

Their regard for the Cadillac is not unlike that which they have for an old and trusted friend, whose character they admire and upon whose good faith they know that they can rely.

In their years of association with the Cadillac, they have had ample opportunity to test out its qualities under almost every conceivable condition. Invariably they have found it the same likeable, even-tempered Cadillac, responsive to their mood and dependably worthy of the confidence they place in it.

Consequently, Cadillac owners have proved that once they have chosen friends they are slow indeed in changing them, by coming back regularly for another and another Cadillac.

Regularly, year by year, their circle is joined by other discerning men and women who are desirous of forming a similar pleasant and enduring relationship with Cadillac.

They are agreed that their attachment to Cadillac finds highest expression in Type 61, the same Cadillac they have always admired, but with the added charm and deeper powers which years have given it.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

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powerless, so futile. As far as she could see in four directions the hills were hers; the men who logged them drew her pay and should be subject to her orders. So she reasoned. In the illness of her grandfather she should rule as heir to all things which were his, yet as soon as the silver in her purse was expended she would find herself dependent upon Anthony Bracken for money. How such a situation could have come about she was unable to comprehend. It was against nature. She could not rule even her own home. She could not walk its halls without espionage. And a stranger, a man with no De Marsay blood in his veins, a hired man, a dependent and hanger-on, exercised the high justice, the middle and the low! There was nothing she could do about it, and she raged at her helplessness.

There was no one to whom she could appeal, if her pride had permitted a cry for help. But she was not afraid—only angry, bitterly angry, humiliated and lonely.

So they faced each other warily, Yvonne eager to exercise power over this man if it were hers, Bracken possessing power, but forbidden by his timidity to make effective use of it. She felt herself the victim of a revolution in the palace, dethroned by some successful plot. Her imagination saw events in a romantic light, through a glamorous fourteenth-century haze. Bracken was mayor of the palace, she a Merovingian princess. Bracken was solaced by no romance. He saw himself in a ticklish situation and this girl as the chief menace to his security.

Yvonne had the last word, and it was one that fitted so snugly among Bracken's apprehensions that he was never thereafter to rid himself of it

"This can't last," she said. "The time is coming when you will have to explain everything and account for everything. And it will be I who shall demand the accounting."

With that she turned and left the room. Presently she left the house, for its atmosphere stifled her. She remained within its walls only so much as necessity required. Her home had ceased to be her home had become noisome, heavy with poisonous, nightmare vapors of dread and of suspicion. Lightness and gayety had vanished from it, to be replaced by a heavy, damp, clinging fog of threatened impending calamity. It was impossible for Yvonne to breathe its atmosphere of stealth and live. She sought the fair sunshine and the pure air of her valley and drew from it life and strength to endure and to defy.

As she descended the hill toward the village she saw, laboring upward toward her, stopping now and then to pant for breath and to clutch her heaving sides, a woman's figure which would be notable in any company for its abundance. Yvonne paused, poised, and a light of joyful recognition came into her eyes. Then throwing dignity to the winds she ran and called as she ran:

"Tante! Tante Whidden!"

And then with childish abandon she threw herself headlong upon that ample bosom, clasping it with her eager arms and pressing her cheek to the woman's dumpling cheek, and there she clung.

"Knock a body off their feet!" said Mrs. Whidden with a formidable scowl. "Divin' at a body like they was a lake of water!" She spoke as a cross-grained, high-tempered old lady should speak, but then her voice changed. "My lamb! My precious lambkin!"

A large, an extraordinarily large tear oozed corpulently out of her eye and paused speculatively on her lid before it undertook the passage of her cheek. Her face was still severe It had softened in none of its firm masculine lines, but her eyes were the eyes of a mother seeing after a long absence the face of her child.

Mrs. Whidden was a belligerent old lady in every curve and line and movement of her. Her chin was square and her mouth was large and of a firmness quite unbelievable Her voice was harsh to hoarseness, and despite her rotundity her every movement was brisk, brusque, of a decisive jerkiness. Her date was the early '80's. On her gray hair, which refused to grow white, was a jet bonnet, whose ribbons were tied so tightly under her chin that the knot was quite lost sight of and buried in flesh. About her shoulders she wore a Paisley shawl. Her dress was black silk, made from a dress pattern bought for her by her late husband in the year 1884, and she dated events from its acquisition, as: "Lemme see. That fambly moved here two year after I got my black silk, seems as though." Or, "Minnie's fust boy was born the day my black silk was seven year old."

This dress she wore Sundays and at funerals. It was her boast that she never missed "church ner buryin'."

There is a kind of shoe known to commerce as a common-sense shoe. Mrs. Whidden's shoes were the grandmothers of all common-sense shoes. They were of the ancient and disappearing type known as the congress, with elastic strips down the ankles, and were pulled on like a boot. The toes were their widest point, and they were of leather so soft that each of Mrs. Whidden's toes was clearly outlined for the public to speculate upon. She wore steel-rimmed spectacles, and there was a gold chain of astounding length about her neck which terminated in a gentleman's hunting-case watch.

In the privacy of her room she smoked a pipe! This was not for solace, be it understood, nor for love of the weed, but for "stummick" trouble. An itinerant patent-medicine vender once told her tobacco smoke was a sovereign remedy for indigestion. Let this prejudice no nice person against Mrs. Whidden, for if every man, woman and child whose grandmother smoked a pipe should be excluded from polite society there would be a marked scantiness at social functions. Also she drank tea. There was always a drawin' of tea on the stove, and in number of cups consumed per diem she could vie with the most distinguished male inebriate in the county. Finally, she was seventy-four years old and wanted it understood that, even at her age, she didn't calc'late to take no back talk from nobuddy

She pushed Yvonne away and, drawing in her chins, frowned at the girl through her steel-rimmed spectacles. It was an inspection. Yvonne almost expected Mrs. Whidden to tweak forward one of her ears to discover if she had washed thoroughly behind it.

"Huh!" said Mrs. Whidden, "don't see but what you look about the same's usual. Them furrin parts didn't work no change wuth noticin'. Ketch that earl you was settin' your cap fer?" It was a fiction of the old lady's that Yvonne had determined to marry what she called a belted earl, and that no other species of masculine creature need apply.

Yvonne, who never wept, was crying softly and enjoying it.

"Here—hold your head back if you got to belter," said Mrs. Whidden. "Hain't goin' to have my black silk all spotted up with salt tears."

"Oh, auntie, auntie! I thought you'd gone away—and deserted me."

"Gone away—me? Huh! Sent away. Took to the door and turned out—that's what. Me, that's been in the fambly since your grandpa was a boy, turned off with a month's wages! But I'm back." She shook her head until the jet of her bonnet rattled. "I'm back, and the's them that'll find it out. Soon's I heard you was here I come full tilt. What's all the goin's-on up to that house?"

"Where can we go to talk? Not there. I can't talk to you there, and I've so much to tell you and to ask you."

"We'll traipse right down to the ho-tel and make that ol' coot, Pop Peake, let us set in his parlor. Now don't go rompin' off like a colt Remember, you're growed up and 'tain't becomin' to prance."

At the hotel they found Pop Peake sitting on the stoop smoking a cigar contributed by a traveling man. He was in his shirt sleeves and wore his collar on the dresser two flights up.

"Mr. Peake," said Mrs. Whidden, "we want to borry the loan of your parlor for a spell."

"Like to 'blige ye, but the's two travelin' men in there a-playin' cribbage. Watched 'em a spell, but didn't git no good out of it. Now, if I do say it I kin count a cribbage hand faster'n any feller in the state."

"Tell them to git out," said Mrs. Whidden.

"Wa-al, now," remonstrated Pop, "they're guests, payin' their way, and I hain't got no right ——."

Mrs. Whidden marched up the steps and into the hotel. She paused majestically in the parlor door and surveyed the drummers.

"Young men," she said, "I want to occupy this here parlor. Pick up them cards and clear out. Leavin' aside everything else, I don't hold with card playin' on Sunday"

When they had settled themselves on Pop's haircloth sofa, upon which Mrs. Whidden sat gasping for breath like a miscolored goldfish out of water, with Yvonne sitting beside her, clinging to her hand as if the girl was afraid she would vanish without warning, Yvonne said, "Auntie, tell me first about that night—when grandfather was taken ill. Were you there? What happened? I—I don't know anything."

"Plenty happened," said Mrs. Whidden with a snort. "Lemme see, I was a-settin' up in my room a-knittin', and all to once I heard your grandpa raisin' his voice louder'n I ever heard him before, givin' somebody fits. Then in about four minutes this whippersnapper Bracken comes to the stairs, his voice all scairt and shaky, and calls to me to come right down.

"'What's ailin' ye now?' says I

"'Mr. de Marsay is ill,' says he

"'You scoot fer the doctor,' says I, 'and I'll see what's to be done.' So down I went, and there was your grandpa stretched back in his chair,

Continued on Page 30

"Bracken Come Back With Doc Roper. They Carried Your Grandpa Up to His Room"

Announcing

The Good

MAXWELL

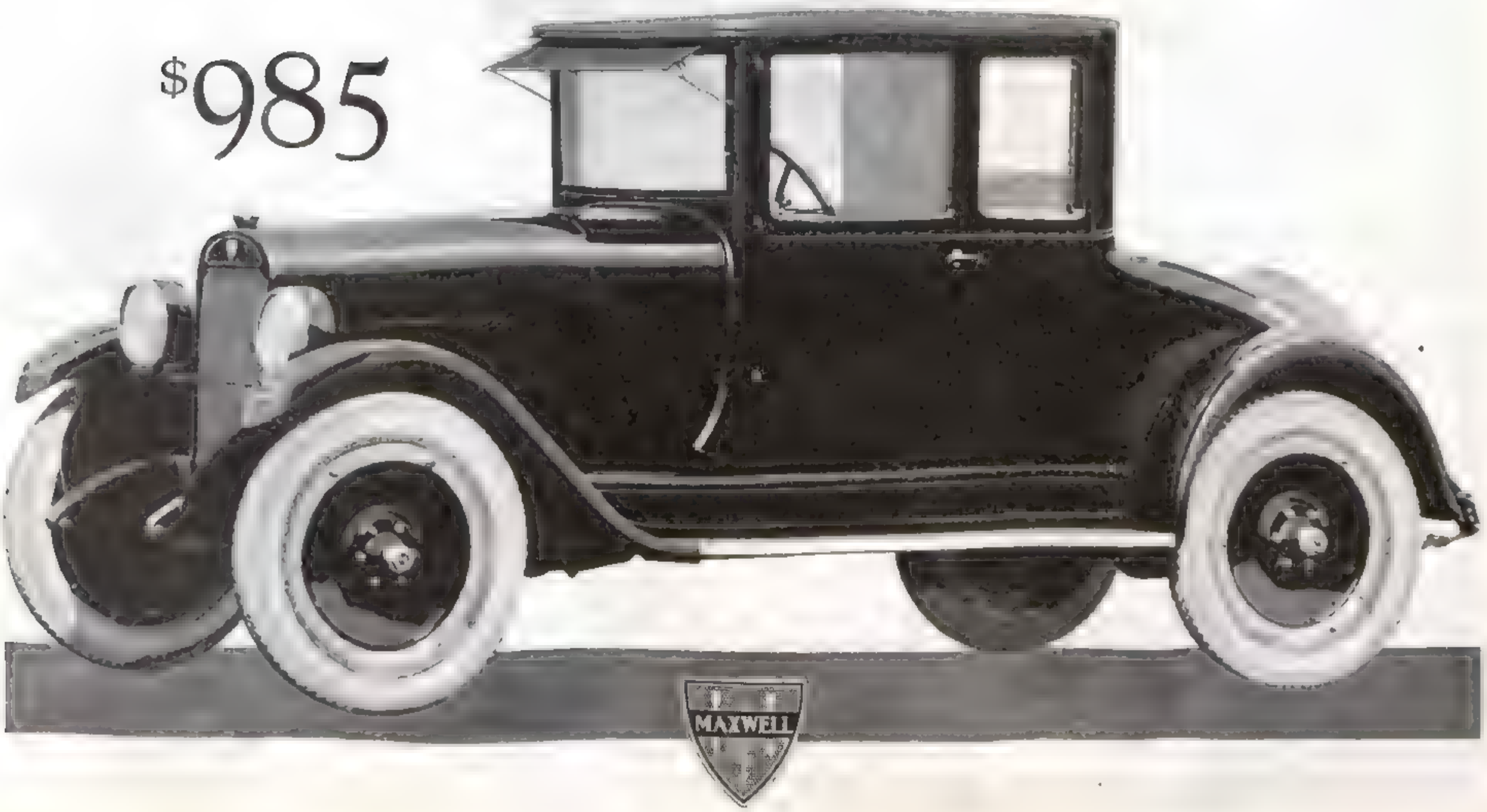
Club Coupe

So marked an advance in vehicles of this type that its superiority and greater value are recognizable almost at a glance.

Not merely a more practical two-passenger coupe in every way, but embodying substantial elements of comfort, convenience and actual elegance, unique in cars of this class.

Note in particular the singular beauty of the Club Coupe; the unusual quarter side windows, which can be lowered and raised; the larger window at the rear, with curtain; the advanced type of windshield; the visor, windshield wiper and rear vision mirror; the exceptional hardware; the leather upholstery; the devices for raising and lowering all windows; the comfort of the driving position, the ample leg-room and roominess of the seating arrangement, the convenient package compartment back of the seat, and the unusually large rear-deck compartment. Heater, disc steel wheels and cord tires are standard equipment. In view of these superiorities, *mark the price*. Prices f. o. b. Detroit. Revenue Tax to be added: Touring, $885; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $985; Sedan $1335; Coupe $1235.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH. · · MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.



(Continued from Page 28

kind of gaspin' and purplelike, and Bracken so scairt he didn't know whether he was afoot or ahossback. I shooed him off for a doctor and got off your grandpa's shoes, him sayin' no word; and then I fetched cold water and bathed his forehead and face, and loosened up the band of his shirt so's he could breathe. Looked like jest a faintin' spell to me. Wa-al, he opened up his eyes halfway and tried to say suthin, and then he did say suthin, and it was your name.

"'Yvonne,' says he, jest kind of rattlylike. 'Tell Yvonne ——' And then he jest mumbled and all I could make out was a word here 'n' there. French mixed into it. Somethin' he wanted you to know—about somebody. I jedged somebody was comin'. But he couldn't git it out, and then he says three or four times a jumble of French. Somethin' about *queue*, with a *du* or some sichlike, and a dragon. Got that word out clear—'dragon.' Wanted I should tell you. No sense to it. You git any?"

"You can't remember the words?"

"Jest what I tell you—dragon, and somethin' that sounded like the way a Chinaman wears his hair—queue."

"*Queue*—that might be tail. And dragon ——" She shut her eyes, trying to make sense of the fragments. "Was it this: *La queue du dragon?*" she asked.

"Them's the words! Said 'em ag'in and ag'in. What's the meanin' of 'em!"

"It means the tail of the dragon," she said, "but—I don't understand. It doesn't convey anything to me. The tail of the dragon."

"The way he acted it was consid'able important you sh'u'd be told. When they put me out, and got that Chinaman to work in my kitchen, I got to figgerin' with the word in my mind—that word 'queue,' and says I to myself, 'Has it got anythin' to do with that yaller heathen?'"

Yvonne shook her head. "Then what happened?" she asked.

"Bracken come back with Doc Roper. Said t'other doctor was out of town. They carried your grandpa up to his room, and Doc Roper shet the door in my face. I didn't hear nothin' fer half an hour, and I was listenin' too. Then Doc Roper come up to my room and poked in his head and says, 'Nothin' to worry about, Mrs. Whidden. Better git to bed and git your sleep.' And he pulled shet my door—and when I went to it a couple minutes after, it was locked. Yes, sir, that rapscallion had up and locked me in! I didn't sleep a wink. Jest laid on my bed a-listenin'. Heard a lot of runnin' around and movin' things, and then the fire alarm went whangin' down on the common. Dumdest night I ever put in"

"And didn't you see grandfather again after that?"

"I did not. Next mornin' I was marched out of the house, and I hain't been in it since. And now I'm back," she waggled her head belligerently, "and I'm goin' to git to the bottom of it. The's some kind of skullduggery goin' on."

Yvonne pressed the old hand, wrinkled, with outstanding black veins interlacing upon the back of it, to her lips.

"I'm so glad you've come—so glad! And he left a message for me! The tail of the dragon! He wasn't ——"

"Out of his head? Not a bit of it. He wanted I should say that French to you, and I've said it. It's for you to puzzle out what it means."

"*La queue du dragon.* The tail of the dragon. It means nothing."

"It means suthin," said Mrs. Whidden emphatically. "You kin bet your bottom dollar it means suthin, and you got to study it out. Findin' the meanin' of it's the most demandin' business you got."

XIV

MR. PAUL GIBBS' method of being secretive was to deafen listening ears with a brass band. Therefore when he came to St. Croix for a most private interview with Anthony Bracken he arrived in the largest limousine procurable, which, to avert any possibility that it would escape attention, had been painted a light tan with red running gear. He came in a cloud of dust to the accompaniment of ear-shattering blasts upon a motor horn. His chauffeur was liveried, and Mr. Paul Gibbs himself wore the largest expanse of white vest known to the haberdashery trade. He also wore an imported plaid cap which was so voluminous as almost to be a burlesque cap, and his ankles were resplendent in pearl-gray spats. He owned the roundest, ruddiest, most humorously friendly face in the world, and his big blue eyes bulged with good will and kindliness. To be brief and to the point, Mr. Paul Gibbs, president of the Consolidated Pulp Corporation, was the most cheery, whole-souled old blackguard that ever knifed a friend in the back for a million or scuttled a corporation from which there was no escape for women and children.

His limousine stopped before the De Marsay office and he entered, beaming. He beamed upon the new bookkeeper, whom he had never seen before, and called him "son," and asked how he was standing the heat. He never failed to beam upon anybody he encountered, no matter how unimportant he might be. It was habit born of lifelong policy. His motto was that you can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar, and it had proved efficacious.

"Bracken in?" he asked

"Yes, sir. That door. He's alone."

"I Was Not Frightened. I—It Was Exhaustion, Overwork, Indigestion." "It Was Fear," Said Yvonne

"Better rap, hadn't I?" Mr. Gibbs asked, and made it appear he was deferential to the other's judgment on that important point. He rapped, and entered.

"Well, well, Bracken! As I live! Younger and handsomer every day. Bachelor too. How d'ye manage it? Saved you the trouble of coming to see me. Uh-huh! When a man of your importance says he wants to confer with me I don't wait for him. No sir-ree! I hot-foot it right to him. Um! How's the old gentleman? Hope he's taking care of himself. Splendid old man. Admire him." He did admire André de Marsay, because the old gentleman had proved a nut he was unable to crack and Gibbs had been satisfied to emerge from a certain abortive war with a disarmament agreement and a peaceful division of territory. "Hot, ain't it?" he finished, sinking into a chair and running his silk handkerchief around inside his collar.

Bracken shook hands warmly, but was unable to conceal wholly the wary look that appeared in his eye at sight of his visitor.

"Mr. de Marsay is getting along as well as can be expected," he said.

"In a man of his age," added Gibbs.

"Exactly."

"Which," said Gibbs, "is the reason you want to discuss the weather and where I buy my neckties and the exorbitant rate of transoceanic travel with me, eh?"

"Take off your coat; no ceremony here," said Bracken.

"Perfectly satisfactory answer," said Gibbs. "Clear, succinct and to the point. Before we get to business let me compliment you on your tailor. Cuts a good shoulder. Now shoot!"

"A few years ago," said Bracken, "you and Mr. de Marsay made an agreement ——"

"To keep from under one another's feet—yes. I let him hog what was his and he let me hog what was mine, or words to that effect."

"—— an agreement," went on Bracken as if he had not been interrupted, "which provided your interests should keep off the East Branch in return for our interests' keeping off Black River."

"You've got it word for word. Letter-perfect."

"What," asked Bracken, "is your opinion of the timber on the East Branch?"

"That it would make better pulp than it would lumber."

"Suppose something had made it desirable to modify the old agreement?"

"Such as De Marsay's age? Um! And his being survived by nobody but a girl?"

"Those considerations enter in."

"Way, way in," said Gibbs heartily.

"There are four towns that can be logged from the river."

"Roughly, a hundred thousand acres."

"In certain circumstances," said Bracken, "it might be thought unwise for this concern to expand. It might even be deemed advisable to realize on timber and to invest in securities."

"I can understand how it might be so. Minor heir, and that sort of thing. Natural solicitude for her inexperience. To be sure. Nothing like solicitude; one of the noblest virtues."

"Would your company be in the market for the East Branch if we decide to relinquish it?"

"At a price. At a price. Got it for sale?"

"I was coming to the price—after we touch on some other points."

"Such as," said Gibbs, "what do you get out of it, and what do I get out of it. We'll kind of touch on that one lightly. Always interests me to know. There ought to be something by way of a profit sitting around in this deal. One we can sneak up on and knock down with a club. A club don't make as much noise as a gun."

"A young man by the name of Thorne has bought that timber," said Bracken.

"Kind of climbed in through the kitchen window when nobody was looking, eh? And there were the pies all spread out on the table for him to help himself. Building him a dam, ain't he?"

"Plans a pulp mill."

"Um! Nice young feller, to go to that trouble. Wa-al, how do we rake his river and his dam and his mill away from him? Got it schemed out or you wouldn't have sent for me. The younger they come the tenderer the meat."

"Are you interested privately or for the Consolidated?"

"Same as you," said Gibbs cheerily. "Me first, and till I git through with it."

"If we use the De Marsay interests and the Consolidated we can handle this man Thorne."

"To be sure. I'll lend you the Consolidated, and you lend me the De Marsay. That way we'll both keep our hands clean. You won't be to blame to De Marsay for what I do, and I won't be to blame to the Consolidated for what you do. Something like that. Good notion. Have a cigar. Import 'em myself. Cost twenty cents in Havana."

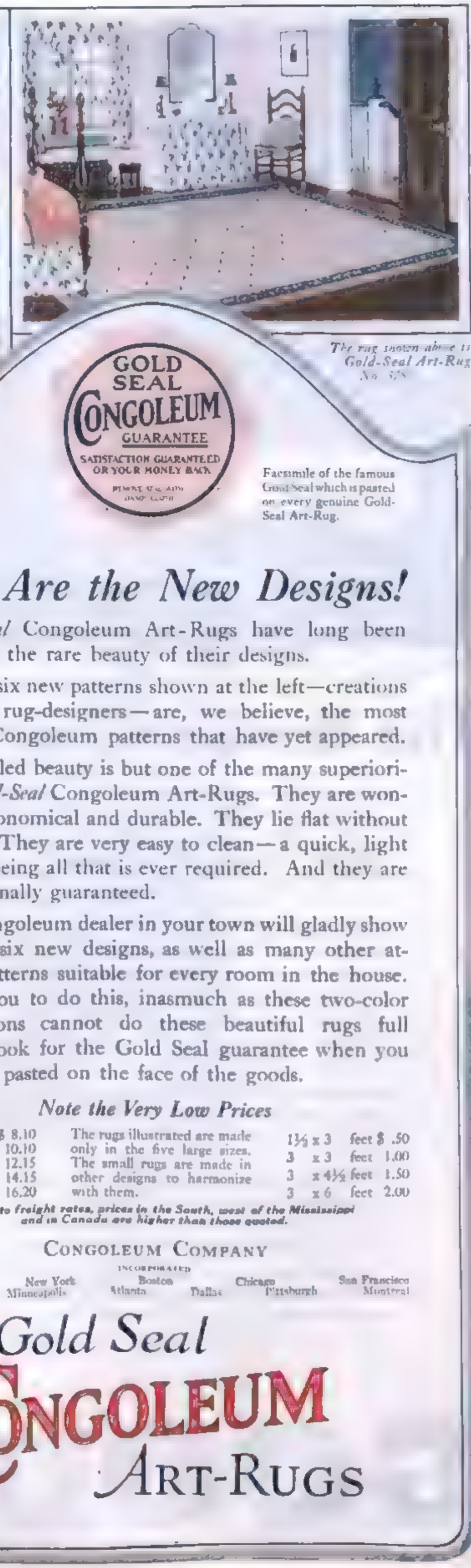
"Thorne bought at an average of thirteen dollars an acre. Gave back a mortgage for 60 per cent. Now if he was to meet with reverses, if he couldn't finish his dam, and went broke trying to build a mill, there would be a foreclosure and sale. Not many bidders for a property of that magnitude."

"I figure De Marsay and me would be about the only two there are."

"But if you bid in for the Consolidated there wouldn't be any profit for Gibbs."

Continued on Page 97

The rug shown above is Gold Seal design No. 508



The rug shown above is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 528

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6 x 9	feet	$ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½ x 9	feet	10.10		3 x 3	feet 1.00
9 x 9	feet	12.15		3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9 x 10½	feet	14.15		3 x 6	feet 2.00
9 x 12	feet	16.20			

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Art-Rugs

241 BRADLEY HERCULES MILL DRIVE
OF THE
PHOENIX PORTLAND CEMENT CO. NAZARETH, PENN
G.T.M. SPECIFIED:
GOODYEAR BLUE STREAK BELT
28 INCH-8 PLY CARRYING 250 TO 275 H.P.
MOTOR PULLEY REVOLVING AT 370 R.P.M.

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted Bradley-Hercules Mill Drive of the Phoenix Portland Cement Company, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and insert photograph of the plant

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

The Bradley-Hercules Drive—and the G.T.M.

It was the first plant analysis made by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—that fully convinced Mr. E. P. Haubert, Secretary and Purchasing Agent of the Phoenix Portland Cement Company, of Nazareth, Pennsylvania, that the economical way to buy belting is to buy the particular belt for the particular drive.

"To be candid," he writes, "I was somewhat skeptical at the outset. However, we gave the G. T. M. full sway, co-operating with him by furnishing all data on operating problems peculiar to our plant, and the survey he made gave us exactly the records we wanted. We consider the Goodyear Company furnished us an extremely valuable service."

Carrying out the G. T. M.'s recommendation, the Company installed a 28-inch, 8-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt on a Bradley-Hercules Mill Drive, August 25, 1921. That is a vertical drive, transmitting power for crushing rock of size from 1½ inches down into finer form for the pulverizing tube mill. It exerts a severe strain on any belt, for the belt must be kept under high tension, very tight, with the motor pulley revolving at 370 R.P.M.

"The best service we ever received on this particular drive from any belt whatsoever," is Mr. Haubert's summary of this Goodyear Blue Streak Belt's performance. "It stood by the job for nine months, during which we put through 192,172 tons of raw material, enough to make 604,000 barrels of cement. The best previous belt record on that drive was 70,637 barrels less.

"The Goodyear Belt was by no means worn out when we took it off. We took it off only because we felt that it might possibly break at some time when the time lost by reason of changing belts would seriously affect our production. If we had had another Goodyear Belt as a spare we would have left it on, and I feel sure would have got quite a bit of additional service from it.

"We have a number of Goodyear Belts, both conveyor and transmission, G. T. M.-specified, in addition to this Goodyear Blue Streak Belt, and they are giving correspondingly good service."

What the G. T. M. can do for one plant, in one industry, he may be able to do for your plant. He has an expert knowledge of Mechanical Rubber Goods. He has a practical knowledge of many industrial problems. You can rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Goods he recommends—belts, hose, valves and packing—to do their work more efficiently, more economically, over a longer time. For further information about Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods and the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

CREAM COMES TO THE TOP

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

WHEN she was twelve years old Amelia Woolem went to work. Illegally, of course; but when your only father, a railway shopman, has just died, leaving you one of eight, legality waits upon need and desire.

She did not mind going. She saw small difference between work and school, except an extra hour or so. That was offset by a certain vividity to work's hours which school dully lacked. And fortified by three brothers' and two sisters' previous experience, besides many school friends' experiences, she could have given renowned lawyers points upon the working of the child-labor laws and the ease with which they may be evaded when the evader is astute and resolute.

One bright Monday morning in June she approached the plate-glass front doors of the Blarincky cut-price wholesale hat house as coolly as if she had been urgently sent for and warmly besought to come to the aid of the millinery industry of the Middle West.

And in the course of several years at public school Amelia had learned things never taught by teachers. Even as one patched black shoe hovered above the glossy mahogany threshold she saw Gyp Ferder and braced herself. He had a thin repelling nose, a ferrety pair of light eyes and auburn hair. That hair! It wore its authority flamboyantly.

The Blarincky establishment had not advertised lately for errand girls. There is this difference between a retail and a wholesale place of business: The former's front doors are as open as dandelions in May and all who would enter are welcomed inside like prodigal sons returning to buy their father's held-over wheat crop. But in the latter there is drawn a cold line between legitimate and other enterers to sacred precincts. This is a plottish and conscienceless world and there are many individuals who try to slip in where they haven't the slightest right to be, but should go to retail stores and pay the proper five or five hundred—per cent increase in price.

Amelia had heard the Blarincky establishment mentioned super-favorably as a place for an ambitious young errand person of her sex. She stiffened resolutely to meet its gate guardian. He wore a jade colored necktie. Such glory for a door boy! It had cost at least a third of his week's pay.

Gyp elongated his thin authoritative neck toward her

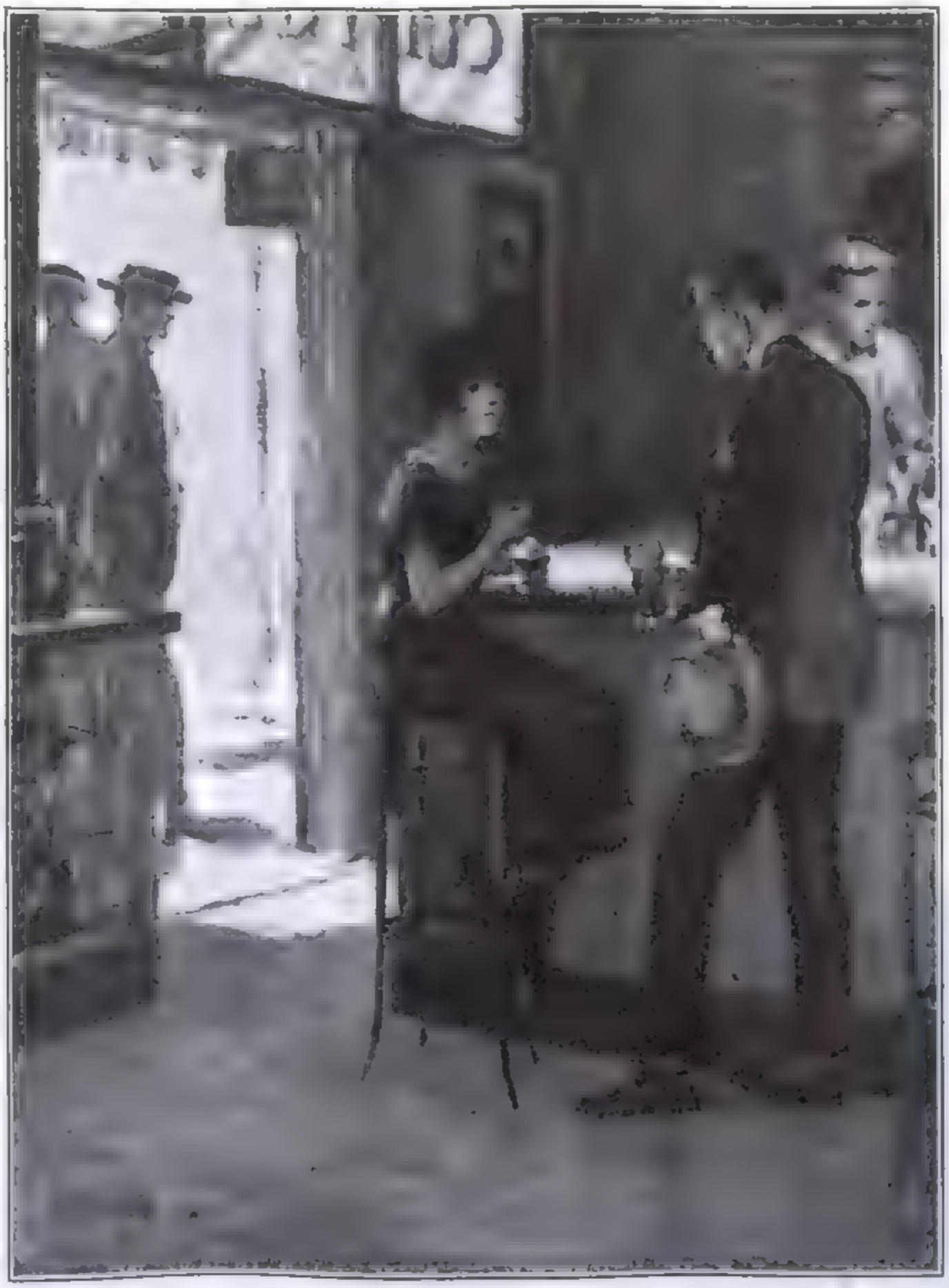
"Whatcha want?" he demanded haughtily. "We didn't advertise this month for help."

"We?"

She had him on the hip—using jiujitsuan figure. She put up a hand, ostensibly to hide, in reality to give emphasis to a jeering giggle. "Say, who's we? Why, tomato-head, I wouldn't choose you for an employyur if you was the only one hangin' low or hangin' high. An' I didn't spend five cents and forty minutes to waste time chattin' with someone like you. Lemme pass!"

He did not let her. But before he could stay her she had streaked under his arm and in half a second was halfway to the elevators which her quick eye, informed beforehand by kind friends, had detected at the rear of the great desk-lined, glass-compartmented main floor.

In any wholesale house an errand girl always is needed or about to be needed, advertisement or none. An hour later on the Blarincky fifth floor Amelia was carrying gray satin roses from stockroom to workroom with as much nonchalance as if she had been familiar with stock shelves for a year or more.



He Had Confided to Her That for His Part He Couldn't See What the Other Fellows Saw in Lilly Holstadt or Ina Booth

And since her looks are not unpertinent to this story, Amelia Woolem may as well be described at this point. She was not a pretty little girl; not then or later. She was lean, and she had straight black hair of no particular gloss, a pair of black eyes of no particular lashiness, and a nose that was too big for her face. Her skin was sallow, certified milk having been scarce during her first year, and a crowded home had been no beauty shop for Amelia. In time her skin took on not an unattractive indoor pallor, and in time, as her face grew older and larger, her nose was not so disproportionate as to attract attention.

But to describe Amelia well, it may merely be said that in the beginning all over her was written "errand girl." No door boy in the next four years went without his lunch to slip her a sack of peanut candy during the afternoon. No stock boy sheepishly neglected his own duties to get a bolt of satin from a top shelf for her. No under salesman looked after her and remarked that some day the kid would be a peach.

She was merely a small indeterminate city girl of the type Nature must be fondest of—she makes so many of them!

Amelia partly made up for her looks and repaid Nature by being a voracious picker-up of natural facts. In this way she helped to shape her own days and she gave support to the free-will theory of the philosophers.

In a day she knew that between gray satin roses and gray cotton ones hang dollars, distinction and dyes. In a week she knew that it was all right to take the customers' elevator if old bald Henry Blarincky was not around; but, if he was, perilous beyond word. Beat it, oh, hasty feet! to the employes' or freight, seventy feet farther to the rear. In a month she knew that she would likely be the next errand girl to be promoted to stock girl. In a year she knew that she could easily earn fifteen dollars a week and up, undoubtedly up, before she was eighteen, and ever after. But if she desired to exchange the fifteen, or more, and independence for a husband who would be a prize and not a penalty—the phrasing was Mme. Jeanne Cary's, of the French designing room—she must look around with intelligence and choose him with discrimination.

And it may as well be said at once that in regard to the married state Amelia's long preconceived opinion was somewhat in accordance with Saint Paul's.

She was not unobservant. She had observed that many wives wore a facial expression that began as a faint but indubitable air of patience near their eyebrows and ended in two exasperated lines near the mouth. But she had not seen, either, that the unmarried women of her acquaintance trod an invariable path of roses from counter or factory to the grave.

Now she cast a disdainful glance at Selma Schmidt, a forewoman who was tall and sparely built and had a small black mustache and who said firmly, "No, I never married. Thank God I've got three thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, though, for my old age, while my two married sisters have never got out of the clutches of installment furniture houses in twenty years."

"On Halsted Street I saw a pale gray wood dressing table with a triple mirror," scathingly commented Amelia in an undertone to Lilly Holstadt, "that I'd certainly sooner have than some old savings."

"Me too," scornfully said Lilly, also of the errand folks, whose yellow hair was to be a pioneer in the bobbed movement. "Did you see Mrs. Jewell in the reception room the other day? Her fur coat was sweet."

Alfred Jewell was the Blarincky chief silk buyer.

"I saw her," said Amelia. "She was waiting to go to lunch and matinée with her husband. She had pretty white hands too. And white gloves, besides." And Amelia inclined a greedily receptive ear toward Madame Jeanne, who once had been, it was common knowledge, plain Jen Cary, of many a workroom.

Jen Cary was now stout and would have been gray-haired if she had not chosen henna instead, and she was untidily inclined to pins instead of hooks for her personal wardrobe. But she had been twice married, she got one hundred dollars weekly for a perfect color sense, incongruous with her full red face, and her everyday manner was animated with the unmistakable verve of a person who has found life pleasant for the most part.

"Well, I always say the right woman can do a lot with any man," she said tolerantly to Selma Schmidt. "I know wives who've done it. Amelia, run and get me some henna violets from the stockroom. Three dozen. My own cousin Maud was one. And I'll say Maud had ordinary material to work with."

"I suppose you can find a case or two," grudged Selma.

"I'll say it takes tact and brains. But Maud was one who could see opportunity's fetlock—or forelock, whatever it is—before most men. Before Jim could. So she started before she married him; maybe"—chuckle from speaker—"before they got engaged. Sort of turned his mind toward success. I don't think Jim ever knew it, either."

Amelia sped unwillingly for the violets. She brought orange colored flowers instead of the desired shade. But Madame Jeanne had a tolerant tongue even in reprimand; and besides, she was still arguing with Selma.

"All I got to say is if I was a girl again I'd pick out some average nice young fellow—my two died, you know: pneumonia and taxi smash-up—and I'd trust to my own wits to train him into the provider I wanted him to be. Takes tact. Takes brains. But the girl who hasn't got a good-sized chunk of both," declared Madame Jeanne warmly, looping red velvet, "hasn't any right to wish herself onto any man. Men themselves have rights."

Amelia hearkened. Although at that time she had not yet met Perry Gramwell, there perhaps formed in her mind a nebulous picture of him: the pleasant-eyed, neatly dressed, aspiring young fellow who would loom as her fate.

At any rate her mind had received a seed for which it would prove black loam. Maud and Jim, whom she would never meet, would influence her days.

Place in family may have had something to do with Amelia Woolem's rather egotistical intentness thereafter on her personal future. She was not one of the elders, nor was she the youngest. She was one of the middling ones who in any large and struggling family are perforce for the most part left to their own plans and devices, not being called upon to bear the elders' burden of labor and responsibility or the youngest's burden of parental partiality that means either too much restraint or too little, with consequent lessening of life purpose.

As time went on, Amelia's sisters and brothers who topped her in age and income beautifully hoisted the Woolem family by, so to speak, their own boot straps. This often happens to families in American cities; multiple pay envelopes being able to jeer at one unsupported wolf. In time there was taken from the Woolem ménage that extra touch of hardship and economy which often blunts personal zest in life planning. Anna Woolem became well-paid manageress of a cafeteria. Helen became a private secretary. Ed ran a garage. Hart sold automobile accessories.

At seventeen Amelia had become a not unpretty girl who had not bobbed her hair and did not intend to. She had serious eyes and a slim figure which wore well the one-piece satin or soft cloth dresses in vogue among young woman workers of the country and the century. In color for dresses she inclined to midnight blue and sleek black. She knew both to be correct for business wear, both were inexpensive, and both set off her pale complexion. She was then getting eighteen dollars a week as assistant clerk in the Blarincky credit department, and she had known Perry Gramwell seventeen months.

Her friendship with him had begun in a modest and unsentimental way while she was stock girl, and it had been slow to cement itself with motion pictures or fruit sundaes. Amelia had been in love six or seven times before; with Bill Hart, with two of Norma Talmadge's leading men, with a youngish alderman whom she knew by newspaper pictures only, and with two or three young fellows who were friends of her older brothers. But after some time she recognized her feeling for Perry as different from anything previously experienced by her.

Afterward she was able to classify it. It was the feeling known to beavers. It was the building instinct. Perry was building material. But at the time—and this was quite by chance one idle hour—she had merely compared Perry's good profile with some irregular ones—they happened to be Gyp Ferder's and little Gus Johnson's—and she had become conscious of a strange stirring of spirit. What a nice-looking boy Perry was! Lilly Holstadt had said so too.

After a period this spirit stirring had changed into a certain complacency, as of personal pride.

This was, of course, after the day when she told him of Hammerson's loud mutter in a crowded salesroom.

Perry Gramwell was a quiet and unassuming young fellow with pleasant dark eyes and well-cared-for finger nails and light hair. He lived with his parents on the North Side, his father being a bookkeeper. Perry wore neat shoes and ties, and the good manners which are a heritage from father or mother—never a chance acquisition from outside acquaintances.

There were thirty or more of his age and circumstance in the Blarincky establishment. All immature of mind and body, all bullied and advised perpetually by their superiors and snubbed by their inferiors; all overfamiliar with cafeterias and bargain-rack blue serge, all trying to live, be happy and rise on small earnings and large hopes. They ran a diversified range of complexion, disposition and nationality; from black-haired Izzy Cohn to red-haired Gyp Ferder, between both of whom and Amelia there stood feud; from little snub-nosed Gus Johnson, whose tears flowed copiously all the elevator way up whenever he was late to work, to sleek-haired Charley Keyes, who once stole a bolt of black silk velvet and blandly laid it on his amnesia; from Harry Irwin, from Iowa, to Idor Sarian, from Armenia.

It must not be supposed that in this crowd of young males Amelia had created any widespread devastation of heart. Not in any perceptible number did boys offer their lives and attentions to her. Many were admirers of Lillian Gish or of pretty Lilly Holstadt, who had permanently waved her yellow hair and ascended in the establishment to misses' hat model. Harry Irwin outside his work centered his chief attention on his food—candy and pie à la mode predominating. Idor Sarian was interested only in silks, Izzy Cohn did not like any girls, and Gyp Ferder cared very little for them, so he said with a snap of his lean, not very clear, fingers.

Amelia did not care what any of them cared for—except Perry. Carelessly she began to lump all the others in a crowd, except perhaps Charley Keyes, Izzy Cohn and Gyp Ferder. These three she disliked. Izzy was an egotist, Charley was a sneak and Gyp used his mouth too much. He always had. He began to do it her first day, when he was door boy. However, her dislike was not tipped, in the beginning, with any animosity. It was against a crowd, not any individual, that she lowered her voice that day her quick ears caught large-waisted, perspiring Hammerson's muttered complaint.

As has been said, it was a loud mutter. But it was a sweltering day in August with the seasonal rush on, and retailers, mostly women in swishing summer furs, so hemmed in Barry Hammerson, general salesman for the most important Middle States, that he seemed like an unfortunate large craft buffeted by many waves in an endless sea.

Amelia heard his aside. What the mind is attuned to it finds, whether the keyboard be finite or infinite; and it hears with perfect appreciation. Swiftly she turned and made her way to the stockrooms. Ostensibly she had an order sheet for verification. As if casually, she paused beside Perry hauling down countless ribbon bolts from shelves, and she imparted her news.

She knew him well enough. She did not know him so well as she intended to at some future time, but two noons before he had bought her a fresh cherry sundae at the cut-price drug store next to the cafeteria, and he had confided to her that for his part he couldn't see what the other fellows saw in Lilly Holstadt or Ina Booth; pretty but mercenary little baggages who expected a fellow at all times to have a perfectly plump pocketbook.

Privately Amelia was rather glad that Ina and Lilly had chosen to show Perry Gramwell that side of their natures. He was too good for them. Now she had a piece of news which might link further her own chain of friendship with him. And not only friendship but—but virtuously she put away a beaming picture of this boy sitting at Henry Blarincky's right hand and best flat-topped desk. Time later for pretty pictures. Now, action was in order.

"Busy, Perry?" she asked—quite carelessly. "They're certainly rushed out there. Even the under salesmen are running around like they're wild."

"Are they?" returned Perry politely, but without great interest.

Habitually he was polite. But that day the stockrooms, too, were sweltering, and he couldn't find enough ciel grosgrain ribbon.

Amelia coughed faintly. She saw that within earshot were Izzy Cohn and Gyp Ferder, two who were seldom asleep days. She was not minded to give them a tip too.

Low of voice: "Perry, what do you think I just heard Hammerson say to himself? That he guessed there wasn't a stock boy on the place with enough sense to come out on his own hook and take a customer or two off the salesmen's hands."

Rather widely Perry opened his pleasant dark eyes.

"Why, say, any stock boy that went out on his own hook and buttonholed customers would get something warm handed to him, I guess."

"Anything you do in this world depends a good deal on the time it's done," said Amelia a trifle impatiently. She read a great deal to and from work on the street cars; mostly inspiring modern stuff.

"After Hammerson said that ——"

(Continued on Page 46)

She Braced Herself to Return His Nod Naturally—Oh, Amelia Had Her Pride

Over and over again, during the last two months, we have been told that for power, sustained speed and ductility, the like of the new Peerless Eight has not been produced before.

We record this fact out of a sense of gratitude and gratification.

What it means to us is that we have excelled ourselves.

That, assuredly, was our aim and our purpose in building the new Peerless Eight.

Here is an eight-cylinder organization of long standing and long experience.

It has worked together for years. It pioneered the eight-cylinder principle in America, and has witnessed its growth to a tremendous vogue among buyers of cars of the higher grade.

Admittedly, then, it is pleasant to be told that all we had hoped for in our latest effort has been realized, and that admirers and adherents of the cars of the highest grade everywhere are turning to the new Peerless Eight.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

ILLUSTRATED BY—

By M. L. Blumenthal

I'M ONE of the people who make the pictures, or illustrations, that you see in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the other magazines and about which you say, "Yes, yes, of course; pretty picture, but, tell me, what's it got to do with the story?"

You are the proverbial kind reader who is beset with a passionate yearning to know everything about illustrations, the illustrators; how and why they make illustrations and all the funny little things they think about when they haven't anything else to think about.

An artist, you know—and illustrators are sometimes artists, as you shall see—is popularly supposed to be a very disorderly person, handicapped with a large overdose of something called temperament. This temperament, in the minds of most everybody, is the hall mark of the true artist. More temperament, they think, more artist. If Raphael Rembrandt Dauba doesn't sport long, unkempt hair, a big, floppy tam-o'-shanter, a mauve Lord Fauntleroy tie, a black velvet coat, taupe corduroy pants, sandals, pack a copy of Murger's La Vie de Bohême, sip red Italian ink, sing O Sole Mio, live in a garret, and once in every so often bite his initials in the City Hall tower, he's no real artist. Moreover, he must be always starving.

And nowadays that's all wrong, except possibly the starving. I hate rudely to bump such a colorful tradition, but honestly artists, especially good artists, are just about like you and me. I know some very fine artists with polished bald heads; I know a top-notcher who looks like a barber; I know three who resemble, physically at least, successful bankers, and one who has seven clean children and pays his bills. Artists of today are orderly people and the illustrating artists are even more so.

Now if you will forgive me all that you can and will regard me as a typical illustrator, I will modestly take the spotlight and try to tell you just exactly how it all comes about.

I have been making illustrations of one sort or another, mostly another, for about twenty years, to put it kindly. During those twenty years I have been asked by interested friends and acquaintances nine million eight hundred and forty-two thousand six hundred and eleven questions about my work. Not that that number accurately represents the number of my friends or acquaintances. Not by several. Some individuals ask a lot of questions and some ask the same question every time we meet. Sort of a "How d'ye do."

These questions easily assort themselves into ten classifications—ten different questions; never any more, never any less, and my fellow craftsmen tell me that they are subject to exactly the same questions. I think I can clear the air a great deal if I give you a list of these ten questions in the order of their frequency and then try to answer them singly at greater or less length.

The Illustrators' Questionnaire

THE first question is always asked; it is never missed. I never met anyone in all my career who didn't ask it. I never understood why it was asked; I fear I never shall understand it. It is the one great mystery. The psychology of it holds an unending interest for me. Maybe some of you, cleverer than anyone else in the world, will write and tell me why this question is always asked. Are you ready for the question? The ayes have it. The question is, "Do you have to read the story before you make the pictures?" Now, I ask you, isn't that a wonder? Isn't it?

The second question is better: "Do you have anything to do with the author? Does he tell you what pictures to make for his story?"

The third: "How do you make the pictures?"

The fourth: "Does the editor tell you what pictures to make and how many?"

The fifth question: "How long does it take you to make a set of pictures?"

The sixth: "How far in advance of publication do you have to make and deliver your pictures?"

The seventh: "Do you use living models for your characters?"

The eighth: "How do the pictures get printed in the magazine? What is the process?"

The ninth: "Who settles the question of how much you are to get for a set of pictures?"

And the tenth and last question goes something like this: "Now, Mr. Blumenthal, not that I want to appear unduly curious, but just as a matter of interest, to settle an argument—I hope you won't think I'm inquisitive—but how much do you make a week?"

Now let's get down to tacks and see what we can get out of these questions in turn.

First, prize question: "Do you have to read the story before you make the pictures?" The answer is, I'm afraid I do. Not being possessed of a clairvoyant mind, not being a mind reader or an expert telepathist, I invariably have to read a story before I know what is in it. I am deeply ashamed to have to admit this and advertise my crass stupidity. Won't some kind and beneficent person please tell me, once and for all, how I can be expected to know what a story is about unless I do read it?

In a sincere search for the meaning of this question I often wonder whether its askers are actuated by the fact that sometimes an illustration fails to fit the story and they, the askers, jump to the conclusion that the illustrator has never seen the text. Once in a great while an illustration that does not illustrate will get by, and once in a greater while an illustration that is entirely at variance with the sentence underneath it will slip through. If the blunder is the illustrator's he will not remain long in blissful ignorance. A whole army of Veritases, Constant Readers, Well-Wishers, G. T. Z.'s and Vox Populis are waiting with poised wet pens to spear such bulls, and the editor's next morning's mail is literally crammed with letters from these kind Columbuses. Then in a careless, offhand manner the editor passes the bouquets on to the illustrator and that chastened soul promises to be such for a long time.

Let me 'fess up to a few such breaks in my own experience.

I illustrated the first of Hugh Wiley's very fine stories about that lovable negro clown, the Wildcat. In one of the pictures I drew the Wildcat in an argument with a French colonial soldier.

The only mistake I made was in drawing the Wildcat on foot when he should have been astride a mule.

Slips of the Brush

ANOTHER time my trouble was due to laziness. I was illustrating a humorous article by Nina Wilcox Putnam in which she told of a hunt, by her husband and herself, for a country home. I wanted to make caricatures of the lady and gentleman, and a none too hard quest did not get me adequate photographs from which to build up the graphic slanders. I asked folks who knew them to describe them, and from these descriptions I made my funny portraits. Very shortly after the story appeared Lady Nina sent me a fine large photograph of herself and life escort. Only half a look at it showed me, for all time, the foolishness of long-distance caricature. With the photograph came a nice little note saying that for herself she didn't mind, but for hubby she was sensitive.

Another time I slipped heavily by drawing a popular humorist without a cigarette in his face, but I more than atoned for the faux pas by being a little overgenerous with his equator.

Of course every magazine has people whose work it is to catch such errors before they get into print, and considering the number of pictures published, they are remarkably accurate in an overwhelming majority of instances.

I do read the story before I make the pictures; not once only, but always two or three times; first, just for the fun of it—if there is any there—just for the sake of the story, to ease myself into it. No matter how long or dry—the story, not I—I always go through the same process. Next I read it and jot down on a handy pad of paper all the possible or impossible situations that suggest pictures. Out of the usual story I can get anywhere from five to twenty situations that are sufficiently important to merit illustrations. Then I read it again and reduce that number of suggested pictures to the number I want or am required to do to illustrate the story adequately. If I want to make, say, four illustrations, I will pick for them the situations that will best carry the story along, most interest the reader, give the broadest scope to what I consider my strongest line of ability, and maybe sometimes—let us whisper it—the ones that are easiest to do. This last emergency is born of the fact that a set of pictures must often be made in an unbelievably short time to meet the magazine's schedule. More of that later.

The second question: "Do you have anything to do with the author? Does he tell you what pictures to make for his story?" The answer is: No, thanks be to Allah, I don't have anything to do with the author, and he must be just as glad not to have anything to do with me.

The reason for all this thankfulness on my part is that the average author seems to have as much idea about what can or cannot be put into a picture as has Jack Dempsey about the Einstein theory of relativity - or less. His conception of a picture worthy to illustrate his creation is generally a combination of a moving picture a pageant, a diagram and a map of the universe all in a space small enough so that it will not crowd a comma out of his text. This, too, has its reverse side. The illustrator will frequently question the necessity of publishing any text with his wonderful graphic masterpieces. Of course there are authors who form exceptions to this rule. I refer to the ones who might read this comment on the author's knowledge of picture making.

Before we leave this quite so bleeding raw let me say that the average illustrator bears about the same relation to the art of writing as does the average author to the art of illustrating. The only contact I have ever had with authors was socially or when they had the kindness to tell me how much they liked or didn't like my efforts, or vice versa. Sometimes the authors might suggest to the editors the names of illustrators whom they would like to have illustrate their stories, but this happens comparatively seldom, I think, and after this it won't happen even that often to me.

The third question: "How do you go about making illustrations?"

The answer to this question will be long and must be somewhat technical, and I think the best way to cover it would be to take you through a typical working day with me; a day on which I am to start and get well into a brand-new story.

An illustrator—a practical, usable, schedule-fearing illustrator—maintains about the same working day as any other member of the business world; but there is a very distinct limit to the number of hours in which he can do good creative work. He gets to his job between nine and ten in the morning, takes the usual ninety-minute hour for lunch and calls it a day along about five o'clock in the afternoon. This for five days in the week, with a Saturday afternoon let-up. If he averages six full hours daily, year in and out, he's doing very well for this particular kind of brain work.

That tranquil arrangement goes on except when for one reason or another the story must be rushed. Then the regular hours go bang, and day and night are all the same to the illustrator. He sticks to his job until his job is done.

I have known Herbert Johnson, the cartoonist of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, whose workshop—he won't call it a studio—I have the privilege of sharing, to work right through the night to finish a cartoon, go home about eleven next morning and to bed. Assuredly that kind of thing cannot be made a habit. Original picture making is wearing if not tedious work, and is very, very different from the routine stint.

The place in which an illustrator works is called, sometimes by courtesy, a studio. It is, at its best, a large room on the top floor with a north-facing skylight cut into the roof. Every worker in the graphic arts prefers north light for its quality of steadiness and its lack of direct sunshine.

The necessary furnishings of a studio consist of an easel, a drawing table, stand for holding brushes, paints and water, a platform upon which the models pose, a variously sized library of reference, sixteen pipes in all stages of fragrance, an empty tobacco can, a heatless radiator that bubbles and hisses when you most need quiet, and other furniture and trappings designed to give atmosphere and worry the janitor.

The Artist Known by His Studio

I CLAIM it to be true that fussy furnishings and dust-catching doodads in a studio will exist in inverse proportion to the quality of the illustrator; the better the illustrator the less Turkish corners, dirty fish nets draped over scabbards and ancient guns and the whole contraption somehow suspended on the wall, large broken glass bottles, dilapidated Chinese screens, shaky taborets of teakwood, Spanish chairs minus seats, frayed and holey Oriental prayer rugs and saddlebags, piles of ornate and empty gold-leaf frames, discarded canvas stretchers and the other traditional and worse-than-useless impedimenta of the storied studio. Your modern working illustrator wants a clean, airy place, tastefully and sparingly furnished, if at all, plenty of space to move about and place his models where he wants them, and on the walls a few pictures by better illustrators, if there be such.

All right, it's nine A.M. We're in the studio, you and I; we've got a corking good baseball story to do. Let's get on.

You'll notice that the story is printed on long, narrow yellow sheets with the type in single-column width. These sheets are called galleys. Why galleys I don't know, except to remind the illustrator that he is a slave. Excuse me, please. Galleys are the proof sheets of the story as they come from the type-casting machines. These type-casting machines are marvelous contrivances. The operator punches a keyboard resembling a typewriter keyboard as he reads his copy—the author's manuscript—and for each punch a letter is cast in type metal. The letters are

(Continued on Page 38)

fresh
from the factory

Your pipe will tell you

that the Tuxedo Tobacco you have been smoking recently is cool, mild and mellow, wherever—whenever—you get it.

This is because we have added to the careful ageing and blending for which TUXEDO has always been noted—

something entirely new

—the guarantee that it is fresh when it reaches you—for freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

TUXEDO is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—even one dozen tins, if necessary. The cartons are dated with the last day it can be sold.

This means that no dealer—anywhere—has a tin of Tuxedo that is not "Fresh From the Factory."

Buy a tin—try one pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco really is.

Now 15¢

Guaranteed by

© The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 36

automatically set into words, the words into sentences and the sentences into paragraphs.

Sometimes when the editor cannot wait for the galley sheets he will allow the illustrator to read, in the editorial offices, the author's manuscript and make therefrom the notes necessary for his pictures. I say in the editorial offices, because few editors will risk the original copy out of their hands and sight. This second method of digging out material for pictures is not so good, because it is often necessary to refer to other parts of the story in making pictures to fit certain sentences or paragraphs.

We don't seem to get down to work; I guess we've been talking too much.

So we have our galley sheets, and you will please sit over there and look at my books while I read the story in the way I outlined in the answer to Question Number One.

The story is marked for a spread, we'll say. A spread consists of two pages facing each other, as, for instance, pages six and seven in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. All of our pictures and the most of the story must go, then, on these two pages, and the rest of the story will hang over or be continued next to the advertisements in the back of the weekly. Once in a while a picture will appear, also, in the hang-over, but only when that part of the hang-over takes up a full page. If I do not make this clear look over some copies of THE POST and you'll see at once what I'm trying to say.

My job on this baseball story is, we'll assume, to make four pictures—three vignettes and one square-finish. Vignette is the trade name for one of these cute little pictures that wander all over the page and sometimes on to the next page, and bring on an acute case of optical jimjams as you manfully try to make the frayed end of a sentence read right with its continuation three and seven-eighth inches to the southwest. A square-finish picture is one whose limits are set by right-angled clean-cut lines.

Getting Down to Work

WHEN both vignettes and square-finish pictures appear in the same story the important picture is the square-finish one generally. For the most part, you may have been kind enough to notice, I make vignettes.

Now that I have my situations and legends all selected—and a legend, you know, is the one or two lines of blacker type that appear at the bottom of a picture telling you what it's about—I make one on a number of little tentative sketches for each picture to get the arrangements and compositions best suited for them. Frequently I'll make as many as a dozen of these little thumb-nails for one picture; another time I'll hit what I want first crack out of the box.

Say I've got the four little sketches I want—I wish it were that easy. Next I go to the paper cupboard and find a sheet of illustration board. Illustration board is made by mounting smooth, medium or rough white drawing paper on heavy cardboard. The sheets I use are thirty inches high and forty inches wide. I thumb-tack this sheet onto a slightly larger wooden drawing board, put that on a tilt-top drawing table, adjust it to a vertical position, sit in my easy working chair, light a smelly pipe, and you may now come on over and watch me go to it.

I am going to ask you to keep very quiet until I get a good start, for the facing of a thirty-forty space of dead white is a fearsome thing. It looks easy, but just you try it once. Provide yourself with everything I've mentioned, a T square, a ruler, an eraser and a sharp pencil, face all this empty whiteness and a universe devoid of ideas and go right ahead and make some pictures, good ones if you can, but any old kind. Then you'll know why I want silence and very little of that. You may holler when I'm driving, screech while I approach and do a war dance while I putt, but now you'll please keep quiet. Thank you.

Up to this stage illustrators work pretty much alike, except that some might use canvas for painting in oils and pen-and-ink paper for pen drawing. If they use canvas and oil paints they generally use an easel instead of a drawing table. At this point my method varies from that of most illustrators.

I lay out lightly in hard pencil the column spaces, twice as high and twice as wide as they appear on the printed pages. In THE POST each of the pages in the front of the book carries three columns three inches wide by twelve and a quarter inches deep, with five-thirty-sixths of an inch between columns. My diagram as laid out on the large illustration board will be two pages with three columns on each one, measuring six inches wide by twenty-four and a half inches deep, with five-eighteenths of an inch between columns. In other words, I make my drawings twice the linear dimensions, or four times the area.

Next I roughly and lightly block in my four pictures about where I want them to appear on the pages, shifting them around until I get the arrangement that suits me best. I always try to vary these so-called layouts to avoid monotony.

It is this scheme of doing the complete pages on one piece of paper that is different. The majority of the illustrators make their pictures each on a separate piece of board and the art editor arranges them on the pages. Of course if he does not approve of my layout he changes it around, or there may be some other reasons why he cannot follow it. In a flattering number of cases he does, however, and at these times I am tickled, as the problem of arranging the pages is a most fascinating one to me.

We'll say I have my pictures all placed as I'd like them to appear when the issue is printed. No small part of the job is finished; for, as interesting as this part is to me, the overcoming of the inertia of a bare start I find heavy going. Each picture is now lightly and roughly, sketchily planned so I can see what research I'll have to make to get them all accurate and true in every detail. This information I get from several sources—my own reference books, which include everything from the catalogues of sporting-goods houses to an encyclopedia, from the public libraries, from folks who know the intimate things about the subject matter of my story, from the actual sporting events when I am doing a sporting story, and from my file of clippings, taken mostly from photographs and drawings that have appeared in past issues of the illustrated magazines.

Every illustrator has one of these files, and some illustrators are energetic enough to keep them amazingly complete and up to the minute. The contents of these files, usually clippings pasted on typewriter-paper-size sheets and indexed under a number of classifications, are jocularly called swipes, but the name is not descriptive. No illustrator who cares for his good repute can afford to steal from anything that has ever been done before. The discovery of only one such sin would mark him forever.

We're doing a baseball story. I get out the sheets of clippings marked "Baseball," any books that I may have about baseball, and the sporting-goods catalogues for details of gloves, masks, balls, bats, bases, uniforms and what not. If there is time enough on the story you and I will go out this afternoon and see a big-league contest in order to steep ourselves in the actual atmosphere of the game. I do that sort of thing whenever possible. If the story is about stage people I know where I can go back of the curtain and get what I want; if about the movies I go where movies are made; if about a prize fight I go to one, and so on. I find that sort of thing invaluable, and sometimes very amusing experiences result.

Let's stop work long enough for me to tell you just one of these experiences. I illustrated quite a few of Charles E. Van Loan's sporting stories before his passing left such a woeful gap in our list of really good short-story writers. Once I had one that went very intimately into the lives of its characters—a story about prize fighters and a rattling good fight. I needed local color, so I called up the manager of the city's largest biff-bang shop and told him my troubles. He asked me to come to his office. I went, and he was very good to me; introduced me to an old-time handler of pugilists who was to act as my guide, to some fighters who were hanging around, and invited me to his club for that evening's bouts. The handler met me there and we went through the audience and the boxers' dressing rooms, meeting many present stars, past stars and never stars of the game, from Benny Leonard, world's champion lightweight, who was called over from New York to disfigure a local fighter—and he did it well—to the most ancient prelims, now reverted to seconds, towel men and rubbers.

Scrappers Turn Art Critics

WHILE I was asking fool questions of Leonard his sparring partner came into the room fresh from one of the preliminary bouts. He was a sight. In a field of two he had come in a bad second. He stood, or almost stood, in the open door doing his level manliest best to smile with a mouth no longer good for expressing even such a simple emotion, gazing as best he could through his less damaged eye, and altogether posing very well as a statue of battered and genial ruin.

Benny, the master workman, looked earnestly upon the remains of his protégé and a funny little curl appeared in one corner of his mouth as he kindly said, "For Pete's sake! Why did you let him hit you?"

The poor fellow tried courageously to broaden his wounded smile as he replied, "Honest, Benny, I didn't want him to hit me; honest, I didn't."

Most of the boys I met that night seemed to think that what I needed was statistics of their lives and battles for big newspaper notices. I am afraid I was not quite frank enough to disavow this, and I let them talk as they would. Two of them, one an ambitious youngster just coming along and another, a battle-torn veteran of thirty-one, promised to come up to the studio the next afternoon and look at my pictures, then pretty well along.

They came as per schedule. All afternoon they sat in my easiest chairs fanning about their own and other fighters' experiences and never once did they pay me or my pictures the slightest heed. When my light was almost gone and it came time for me to go home I coughed a little to attract their attention and politely suggested that I would be eternally grateful for the merest word of criticism.

They looked earnestly at the pictures, and finally the younger said, "Just draw dat guy's arm back a little bit. He couldn't git no pep in his punch from dat angle. Goo'-by!"

But, here, here! This story is scheduled and we'll have to stop visiting and get to work. We can't even have time to go see a game now. Too much talk and too little work.

At this point comes the matter of models, and I cover that in the answer to the question, "Do you use living models?" The answer is, as you shall see, very seldom; but I'll have much to say on the subject of models, so, as we've been talking too much already, we'll leave that.

I work almost altogether in two different mediums, and "mediums" means, broadly, tools. One is a black-water-color and pen-and-ink combination and the other is a thick, soft, black carbon pencil. In using the first medium I lay the picture out with a regular everyday lead pencil, perhaps just a little finer than you use. I work with this pencil and a piece of pliable kneaded rubber until I get the picture all drawn in to suit me. Then I go over the outlines with a pen and indelible waterproof ink, trying to improve the drawing as I go along. When the ink outline is finished I erase the pencil lines, and the drawing is all ready for what we call the wash. This wash is made by mixing water with a specially prepared lamp-black, or ivory black pigment, that comes in small collapsible metal tubes. The more pigment the darker the wash or tone. An almost pure pigment, with just enough water to make it flow easily from the brush, is a deep, rich, solid black. The illustrations I made for H. G. Wells' serial, The Salvaging of Civilization, were done in this medium, except that as a variant I used diluted ink for the outlines.

Temperament and Diplomacy

IN THE other method I use a carbon pencil from start to finish. This carbon pencil is made of carbon, compressed just as graphite is, and incased also in wood. It makes a blacker, duller mark than graphite, can be rubbed with the fingers or a chamois stick, or stump, and can be erased very easily. This is the medium I am using for the baseball story I would be doing if I weren't talking so much.

Broadly, the first of these mediums I use for decorative flat-tone work and the second for naturalistic light-and-shadow illustration. More of that later.

Back to our job. We draw and rub out, draw and rub out—and fortunately good illustration board will stand a lot of such abuse—and draw and rub out until we get what we want, and then we go on to the next picture and the process is the same. Often we'll strike a snag. A figure—a piece of furniture, a cat—won't come out as we'd like, and the more we labor and fret and fume the worse it gets. It just won't come. Then if we have the sense—and time—we'll read another story to distract our minds, practice our golf swings, go to a near-by movie or shut up shop and go home. Then we'll come back fresh, do the picture all over again, and easily. It goes that way often, and you just can't figure out the why of it. Sometimes it will all flow serenely from your pencil, pen or brush and the picture just draws itself, and sometimes it doesn't. It seems impossible to regulate it. You'll go for a long cool hike in the evening, take a fine bath, have a long sound sleep, wake up singing the birds to shame, go to the studio with your chest sticking out a mile and you can't draw more'n a fish. You'll go out to a wild party, go to bed at three A.M., get up at six feeling like a lost soul, crawl down to the studio and produce a masterpiece. And again—vice versa. I don't know the answer; do you? I wonder if it's our old friend Temperament. I wonder!

One day follows another until our time is consumed and the pictures are finished, or until our time is consumed and the pictures are not finished. In the first case we spray them with a thin solution of white shellac in alcohol, called fixatif, to keep them from smearing, wrap them up in yesterday's newspaper if they are good, and in nice, clean, expensive wrapping paper if they are poor. Then we bear them over to the art editor, and he either hugs us in his glee or he does not.

In the second case, when we haven't made good on the schedule, we call up the art editor and say: "Hello, old man! How's the family? Car running all right? Certainly is good to hear your voice! Say, old scout, I've a trade last for you. Sure I'll tell it to you—glad to. You know Tellem, don't you? Sure, that's him! The great art critic—smart fellow. Well, he told me last week that he considers you the very best art editor in the business! Sure he did, honest—cross my heart! Thought you'd be glad to hear it, and—oh, yes, old top, would it put you out a great deal if I didn't get those baseball pictures in until tomorrow afternoon? It wouldn't? Now you're sure? Y'see, I could get them in this morning, but this story appeals to me very strongly, and I want to make the pictures just as fine as I possibly can. Want to throw myself on them. Well, au revoir, old scout. Take lunch with me sometime soon, will you? S'long!"

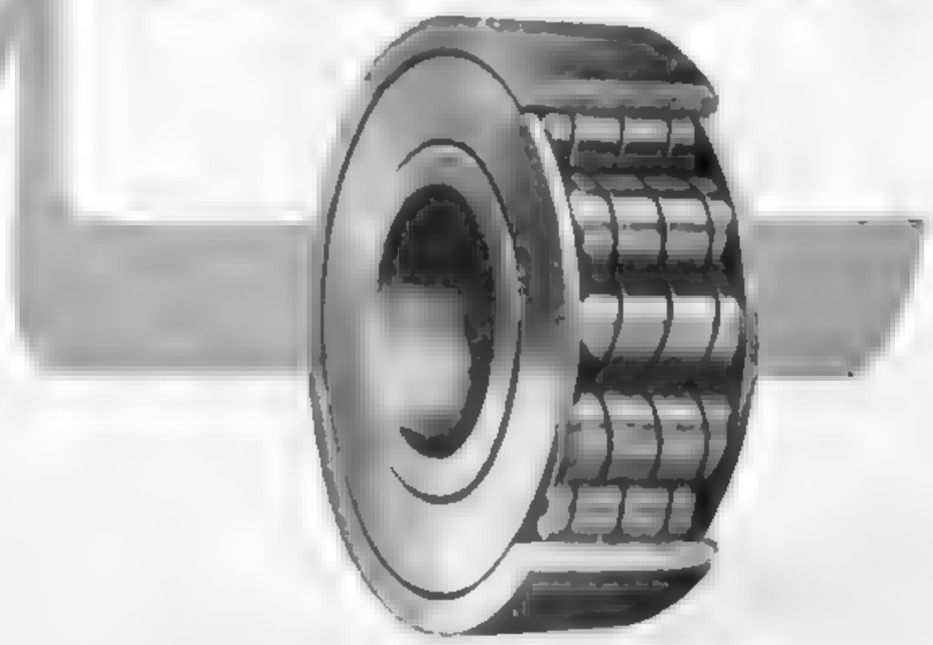
If, in reverse, the answer is "Nothing doing, must have them now," you go back to work and finish the pictures on pure grit and little else.

Continued on Page 40

WHATEVER the time, the road or the weather, the doctor must hasten where duty calls, for his is the greatest of all human responsibilities. To go where he is needed, when he is needed, a doctor must have automobile service that is absolutely dependable and unfailing—the kind of service that sturdy, trustworthy Hyatt Roller Bearings provide for owners of Hyatt-equipped cars.

Unfailing

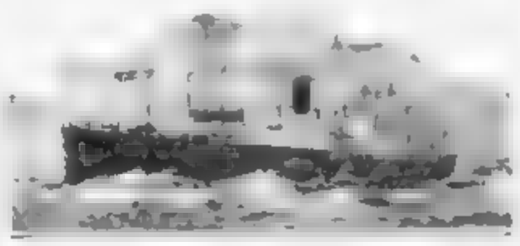
HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



The Orient *via Honolulu*

GOING to Japan? Longing for the land of Pagodas and dreams when November dances in with her gorgeous riot of chrysanthemums and scarlet maple leaves? Determined to forget the melancholy threat of winter in the mellow Eastern sunshine amid the gay, exquisite beauty of Japan's Autumn?

Then send the information blank and learn about *your* ships that travel to The Orient. They are among the finest on the Pacific—and they are operated by the **Pacific Mail Steamship Co.**, pre-eminent for 54 years in trans-Pacific travel. The voyage is made via Honolulu over Pacific Mail's famous **"Sunshine Belt"** to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Manila and Hong Kong. Send the blank today.



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(Continued from Page 38)

Now that our job is done, we can do a little more digressing with clearer consciences.

This business of getting the drawings in on schedule time is one of the most prolific producers of gray hair or no hair for the art editor. Woe is his. Not all illustrators find it possible to work to the minute, and a magazine's time schedule must be met that way. It isn't always the illustrator's fault, as I've explained; it surely isn't the art editor's fault. Guess we'll have to hang it on to our friend Temperament, after all. But the conscientious illustrator can keep up a very good average as to date of delivery; he won't miss it often. The art editor knows he's always in there trying, and he'll get the preference for purely practical reasons over the illustrator who can produce more brilliant pictures, perhaps, but can't or won't get them in on schedule time. I have a very good friend who makes the most astonishingly beautiful illustrations; but promises, to him, are things to be forgotten at once. As a consequence, no matter how much the magazines want to use his work, they must not, except on stories the publication of which can be set for months hence and postponed and postponed and postponed; and such stories are very few indeed.

Magazine stories are, as you have noticed, of two kinds: Those completed in a single issue and those running in two or more issues, called serials. In the ideal and usual way the serial is supplied to the illustrator in complete galley sheets—all the serial at once. Sometimes this cannot be done. Maybe the author will not have finished his entire serial, and the editor is anxious for one reason or another to get it started in the magazine. The illustrator will then get as much of the serial as is finished and the rest as it comes from the author's hands. This is seldom done, and many editors make it a rigid rule never to start any work on a serial until they have the manuscript complete. This rule is made, of course, to save embarrassment caused by the author's failure for any cause to complete a serial and the magazine's being forced to have it finished by someone else or to cut it off before it is completed.

Specialty in Illustration

Again, a serial story can be given only to a dependable illustrator, a known schedule meeter. No chances can be taken on this, because, as you must see, it would be more than awkward for a story to be illustrated up to a certain installment by one man and then carried on by another or carried on without pictures. Think of the possible horror of the first predicament! Suppose E. Z. Brush started to illustrate the serial Percy's Perilous Position, and Brush's Percy was a svelte, fragile, thin-lipped Percy; and then suppose Brush got the pip after he had delivered six installments and the first two had appeared; and then suppose the illustrator who had to pinch-hit for Brush simply couldn't draw a svelte, fragile, thin-lipped Percy. Just suppose all that and shiver!

Suppose, once more and again, that an illustrator of sporting stories had got well into the illustrating of that stirring serial Golfing Gussie, and then inconsiderately died; and suppose all the other sporting illustrators were tied up with other work and Golfing Gussie had to be finished by, say, a marine illustrator. Suppose all that, too, and you are entitled to one more shiver!

This brings us very naturally to the question of specialty in illustration. Specializing is just as true in illustration as it is in the other professions. Run through your back numbers of THE POST and you will see, to cite only a few instances, that H. T. Dunn does serious stories of adventure for the most part, as do W. H. D. Koerner, Clark Fay and some others; that Arthur D. Fuller and H. J. Soulen will do adventure stories in a somewhat lighter vein, that F. R. Gruger will handle stories of business romance, such as Hergesheimer's Steel, that Henry Raleigh and James Preston will get stories of love and adventure, that May Wilson Preston and Clarence Underwood will do the up-to-date humorous and girly things, that Anton Otto Fischer will make pictures of the sea, Charles Livingston Bull the animal stories; that Guernsey Moore will do dignified, pure decoration, that Tony Sarg, Ray Rohn and I will do the humorous stuff mostly, that needs a decorative touch, and so on, and so on.

You will find this same rule to apply in all the other magazines, and the reason is not obscure. If a man establishes himself as, say, a humorous illustrator the art editor feels perfectly safe in sending him material of that sort, knowing just about what the result will be. This in spite of the fact that some of our funny illustrators will imagine themselves to be sadly misunderstood, and that they are not humorists when they are best but intense brooding souls who need only the right kind of story with which to brood successfully. You know, Eddie Foy believed to the last that he had within him the world's ideal of Hamlet, and I'll bet a partly used tube of Chinese white that in his thoughtful periods Charlie Chaplin cherishes pale visions of being thunderously acclaimed as Macbeth or King Lear.

Now the fourth query in our original list of ten: "Does the editor or art editor tell you what pictures to make and how many?" Very occasionally he does. I can cite only my own experiences in answering this question. Different editors and art editors work with different illustrators in different ways.

The way I work with THE POST is this: The art editor calls on the telephone and asks me to come over and talk with him about a story marked to be illustrated by me, I go. He tells me whether the story is to occupy one, two or three pages, and in which part of the weekly. He tells me not infrequently that he wants the pictures delivered on the day before yesterday or sooner. I ask him to have a heart and beg him to be reasonable. He tells me, when he is forced to, that I will have to meet the date. I tell him for the nineteenth time that I cannot possibly do it, and then—I go back to the studio and do it.

Once in a while the ideas for illustrations are suggested by the editors and talked over in a conference. This is an unusual situation for me. I am almost invariably allowed a free rein. I appreciate that. Not because the editor's ideas are not so good as mine, or better, but only because mine are mine and the thrill is still there. Again, any illustrator, if he knows the needs and limitations of his craft, can be and is depended upon to choose his own situations for pictures. Obviously the art editor is too busy a man to go over a story with an illustrator, pick out the parts to be illustrated and suggest how the pictures should look.

In fine, an illustrator must know how to illustrate. He must know what pictures can be made and what pictures cannot and must not be made. Things can be said in text that either cannot or must not be done into illustrations. They would have the wrong kind of interest for the readers, or no interest at all. Let me cite two extreme cases. Imagine, please, a picture illustrating the following lines: "The powerful motors met head-on with a soul-terrifying crash, splintering them into unrecognizable shapes and strewing the ground with disfigured dead and writhing, moaning, bleeding forms that but a few seconds before were care-free, pleasure-seeking men, women and children." That sort of thing just isn't done. It might be written, but not pictured. Or in the other case: "Outwardly Sir Herbert was perfectly calm and unconcerned as he sat in his chair, but his mind was a seething, boiling caldron of miserable unrest. Terrible thoughts flitted through his sick, weary brain." Wouldn't a close-up of Sir Herbert sitting outwardly calm and unconcerned be a thriller?

Always to be Avoided

Another thing we illustrators must not do—ever! We must not give the story away. Let me explain, again by example. The story is a triangle love story. You know—one he loves she, and she loves the second he, who doesn't love she, or the other way around, as you please—write your own ticket. In this particular specimen most of the punch hinges upon the bewilderment of the reader as to whether abandoned Adrian or plodding Peter will annex the hand, heart and fortune of capricious Cora. All through the tale you are supposed to be pulled first one way and then the other as you try to guess the answer, until at the very end you are supposed to read: "Slow, honest, patient Peter folded her in his bearlike arms and their lips crushed in a painfully sweet crush." But suppose once more you'd started this story, got down to the middle of the third column when the guessing contest was going good and strong, and then you happened to glance carelessly over on the next page and saw a fine big picture of the crushing kiss with the quoted line under it. Where would the story be? You get my point, don't you? Thanks.

The sixth question: "How far in advance of publication do you have to make and deliver your pictures?" In this connection stories are divided into two sorts: Those scheduled to appear, or, if it is a serial, to start in a certain issue of the weekly, and those not scheduled for any certain issue.

If the story is scheduled, that means you must deliver the pictures on the date written under your name at the top of the first galley sheet or explain why not. This cruel date is the red rag to the bull of temperament. Not bad, that—"bull of temperament." The date is placed long enough before the date of publication so that everything can be properly cared for.

If the story is not scheduled a date will be given you, but it will not be so uncomfortably close, and it will be, up to a certain point in forbearing patience, movable and usually moved. I have often been given an unscheduled story to illustrate, got well into the job, and laid it aside to do a story that came to the weekly after the unscheduled one, but that for timely or other reasons was scheduled for publication at an early set date.

The Question of Models

The time between the delivery of the pictures and the scheduled date of their appearance varies with different magazines. It depends upon whether the magazine is a weekly or monthly, or upon office policy.

Yea, verily and of course, I have often wondered whether that awesome date for delivery of scheduled pictures isn't set a couple of days on the safe side of the strictest truth. I've often wondered, but I've never asked. I don't want to know, really. I opine that if I were running a magazine I'd cheat a little bit on the date question, just enough to cover the average vagaries of that old temperament—if there be such an average—and then I'd stick to the sanctity of that date through all eternity, I would!

The scheduling of a story hinges upon several things. If it is just the usual run of story, has no especial significance as to season, timeliness, or carries no other reason for giving it early publication, it takes its regular turn. If it is a story bearing on a timely question or by an author of importance or much in vogue, or the like, it may be put into the earliest available issue, and the illustrator is in for a period of rush work.

Seventh question: "Do you use living models for your characters?" I do not usually; most illustrators do, however. My kind of work, being for the most part of a serio-comic and decorative sort, with more or less caricature or conventionalizing in the faces and figures, makes the use of models more of a hindrance than a help. I try to draw from imagination and memory.

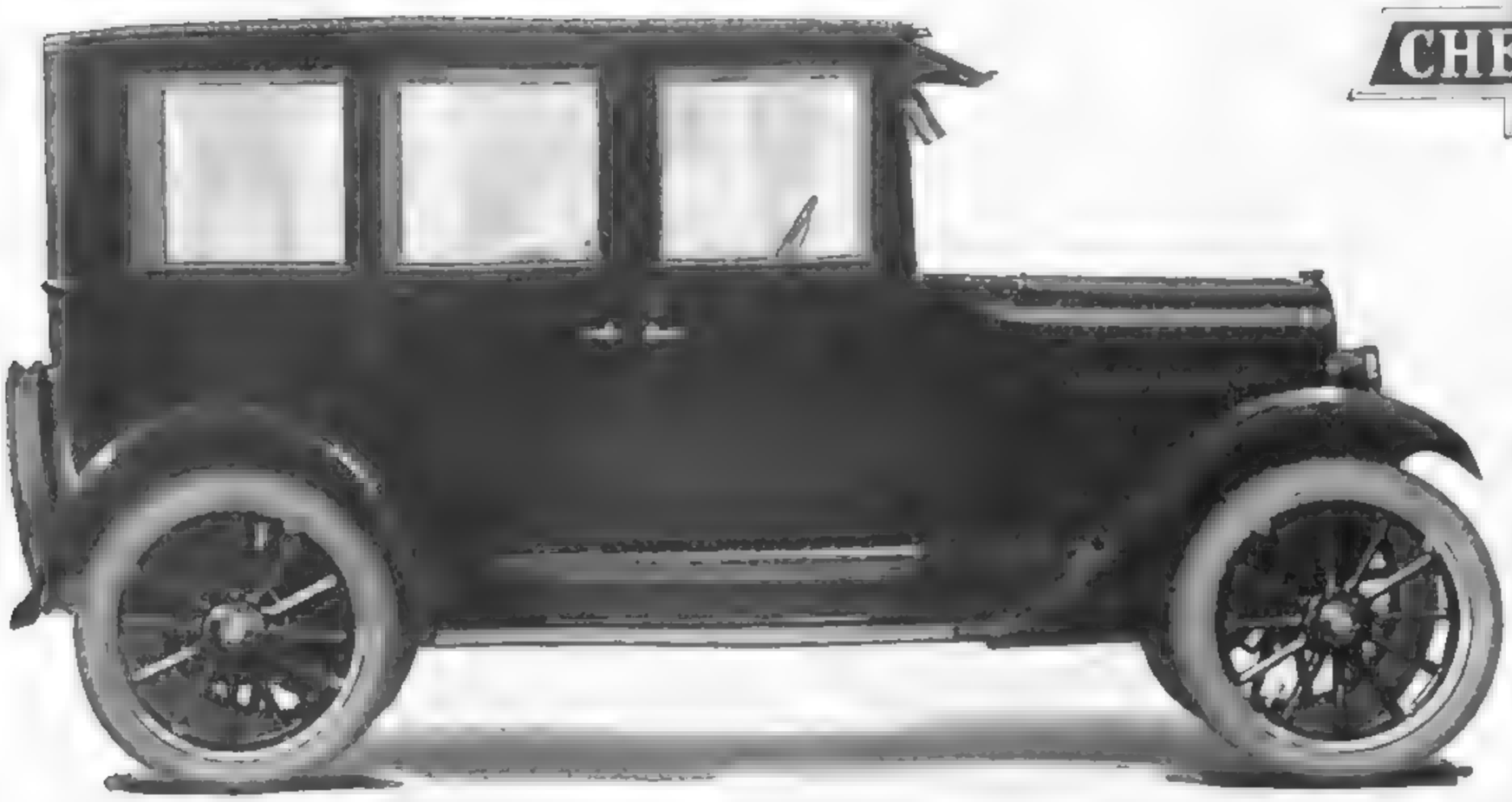
Right here it might be illuminating to roam a little bit afield and try to mark for you the difference between decoration and decorative illustration on the one side and regular naturalistic illustration on the other. Roughly and briefly it is this: Decorative illustration concerns itself more with a symbolical, ornamental embellishment of the pages, and the pictures are done in flat tones to achieve a pleasant artistic spotting rather than a realistic rendering. Decorative illustration, broadly, does not deal with the effects of light and shadow in a scene or composition. Naturalistic or realistic illustration takes into account all the effects of light, shadow and atmosphere, and attempts to visualize for you the scene as real as may be. Perhaps I can better explain by asking you to consider three decorative illustrators such as Guernsey Moore, Ray Rohn and I—although I try to do both sorts—and three naturalistic illustrators such as Harvey T. Dunn, F. R. Gruger and Anton Otto Fischer. I think that will help.

To return to models, their jobs and their ways. The business of being a model is a precarious one; it is hard work, and the monetary return is sparse, to put it mildly. There are ten classes of models—one class of reliable models and nine classes of unreliable models.

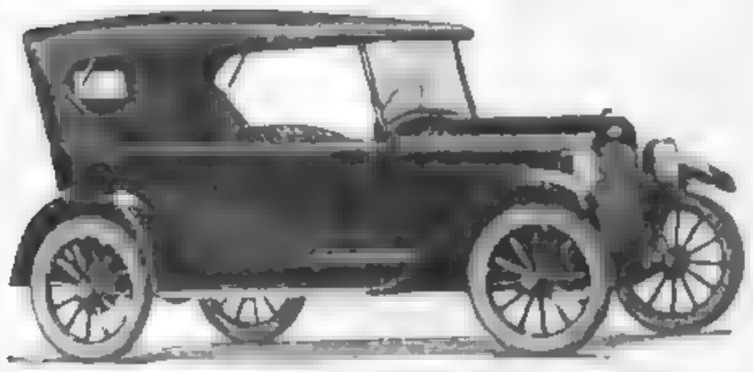
(Continued on Page 42

for Economical Transportation

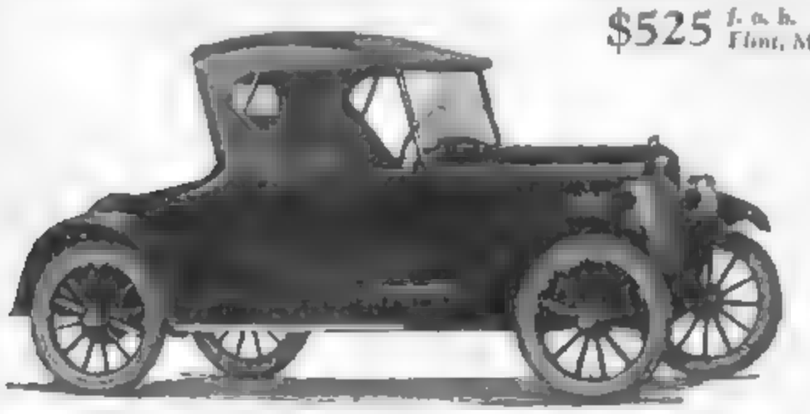
CHEVROLET



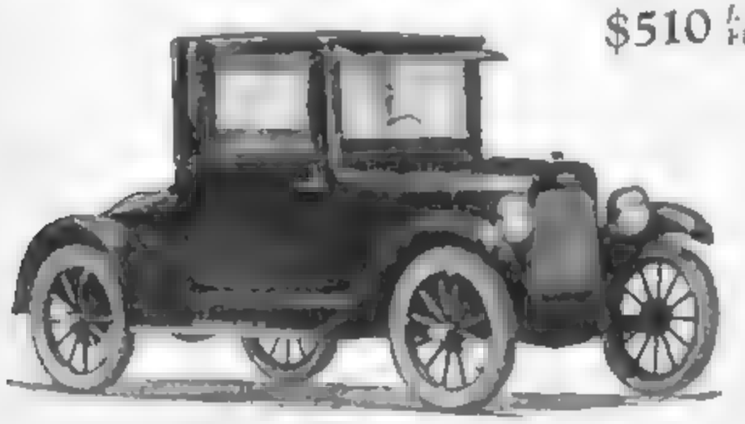
SUPERIOR Model Sedan
$860 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



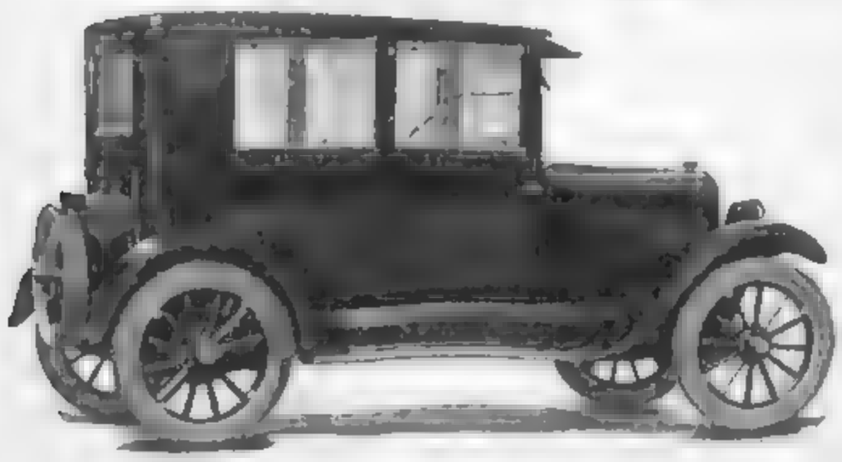
Five Passenger Touring
$525 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Two Passenger Roadster
$510 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Utility Coupé
$680 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Four Passenger Sedanette
$850 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Announcing the new SUPERIOR Models

Again Chevrolet Motor Company has emphasized its admitted leadership as producer of the World's Lowest Priced Quality Automobiles.

The new SUPERIOR models—one of which is here illustrated—represent the most sensational values in modern, economical transportation ever established.

Quality has been still further improved by more artistic design and added equipment.

Economy has been still further increased by engineering refinements and greatly increased facilities: over 10,000 dealers and service stations insure prompt and economical service.

Prices remain the same in spite of added equipment and more expensive construction, which have greatly increased values.

Some Distinctive Features

Streamline body design with high hood; vacuum feed and rear gasoline tank on all models; drum type head lamps with legal lenses. Curtains open with doors of open models. Closed models have plate glass Ternstedt regulated windows, straight side cord tires, sun visor, windshield wiper and dash light. The Sedanette is equipped with auto trunk on rear.

See these remarkable cars. Study the specifications.

Nothing Compares With Chevrolet

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

10,000 Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the World

Applications will be Considered from High Grade Dealers in Territory not Adequately Covered

Watch This Column

PRISCILLA DEAN

in

"Under Two Flags"

PRISCILLA DEAN in the character of "Cigarette" in UNIVERSAL'S screen version of Ouida's celebrated novel, "Under Two Flags," has done the finest work of her career in my estimation. She fairly loved the part and reveled in it. That's the spirit that puts fire into a play.

PRISCILLA DEAN

When Ouida wrote that novel, she "builded better than she knew." It instantly became a play. For years it was a sensation all over the world. And it made great reputations for the principals in the cast. It is going to make even a bigger one for MISS DEAN.

UNIVERSAL'S screen production is of course elaborate. No expense has been spared, and the picture will be ten times more delightful, romantic and picturesque than the stage play. MISS DEAN is supported by JAMES KIRKWOOD, a fine actor, whom most of you know, and an exceptional cast of stars.

My idea is that "Under Two Flags" will be one of the great star productions of the year. Seems to me I *ought* to know because I have been making pictures since the industry was in its swaddling clothes.

Don't forget that you *can't* see all that is best in pictures until you have seen UNIVERSAL'S.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

People take to being models from various and varied urges; mostly, I'm afraid, because they cannot get bread and butter in any other way. Theatrical managers are unappreciative—don't know a good thing when they see it—and Henry Irving Booth Smith, Mary Anderson Bernhardt Simpkins and Maisie Korus go to posing for painters, sculptors and illustrators; a light-hearted or heavy-handed gentleman revokes his marital vows and responsibilities, leaves town, and his pathetic, worn lady, perhaps with her deserted youngsters, takes to posing; old age comes, the usual ways of making a living can no longer be followed, and the poor old fellow trudges from studio to studio looking for a few hours' posing; or, failing in that, just a little temporary loan to make frayed ends meet. Unkind friends tell a pretty good stenographer or an efficient iron molder that she or he is wasting time by not favoring the eager artists with her dainty charms or his cave-man brawn. And they go the route, try posing for a while, and wisely come back to stenography and iron molding.

So, you see, models are made, not born. This is especially true of the nine classes. The one class, the first-class model, is a rare bird; but he or she is a great joy when you find him or her. They make a real business of being models, conduct themselves in a businesslike way and are absolutely reliable, keep themselves in fine physical condition, are gentlefolk and know how to pose.

Posing, as I said, is hard work. The model poses commonly for three hours in the morning, three hours in the afternoon, and sometimes three hours in the evening for a class or school. That makes a terrific day—nine hours of the most arduous kind of work. The model takes a pose or position dictated by the artist and sits or stands rigidly, as the case may be, for twenty-five minutes while the artist draws or paints. Then the artist says "Rest," and the model changes position or walks about to relax for five minutes. Then the artist says "Pose," and then another twenty-five minutes of complete immobility, and so on for three hours. If you think that isn't real hard labor, just hold even the simplest pose for twenty-five minutes and see how you like it.

Before the recent war models were usually paid fifty cents an hour, and some of them posed three hours for a dollar. There were those, the very good ones, who commanded seventy-five cents or a dollar an hour, and when posing for photographers or other millionaires as much as a dollar and a half or two dollars an hour. During the war, when almost everybody made two livings and the poorest fish could get a job running a factory or being mayor, the prices for posing soared and there were few models to be had. Now they're down again, along with the prices of the other things you don't absolutely have to have.

Models in Fiction

Models have been let in for a very great deal at the hands or pens of fiction writers—that is to say, female models have. I don't believe I ever read or heard of a story in which a male model figured. There's a virgin field.

But the lady models have been featured much and mightily. Of course you and I know that almost all of it has been pure buncombe.

You know the lovely old tale of the Paris Quartier Latin in which a grisette—or was it a croquette?—used to collect her few sous for posing for one poor artist and then go and lend them to another so that he could pay her for posing for him, and then she'd take the same few sous, go out and buy a banquet of German sausage—that was before the war—and a bouquet of garlic and feed all the pennilesa comrades, and then the whole bunch would go out and maltreat the grocer from whom the sausage and garlic came and take the few sous away from him so that they—the sous—could again take up their task of supporting the neighborhood. Oh, surely!

And then that nice old weepy one in which Donald P. Goof, ninth in line for the baronetcy, starving and in dire want, nothing on him but his heaven-sent genius, sits in a garret in Soho, London, England, his head bowed in his two poor wasted hands. Before him stands his grand masterpiece, all finished except for the wondrous Wenus, the glorious center of the picture. He had searched London high and low—they always do that—among the usual places and his friends of high degree. He couldn't find the right model and he couldn't have paid her if he had found her. He is all in, down and out, on his uppers, last squeak, and all that sort of thing, y'know, and all ready for the expected high dive into the black waters of the Thames, that mystic stream whose dark depths mask the sad sorrows of the great gripping city of London, England. A timid scratching is heard from back of him, and a thin, piping, tired voice is saying, "Won't I do, sir? Just try me, sir. Hi'd love to 'elp you, sir. Yer so kind, sir, and yer look just like me poor dead mother, sir. Hi'll pose for you, sir, please, sir!" He turns quickly and sees the little slavey who cared for his room and whom he had seen only about a million times before.

"Great Rubens!" he cries, staggering back.

She poses for him. England and the world are all het up about his picture. It wins three prizes and four others it wasn't in competition for. The baronet and the eight who were ahead of Donald in the line for the baronetcy are all killed at cricket. He proudly leads the slavey, who proves to be the long lost Lady Humpshire, to the altar; the band plays and—and ain't it grand?

And then that eighteen-carat bunk about the gent who, happening, unexpected, into his dearest friend's studio, finds his own wife posing in—in nothing but—but—well, anyhow, posing, and grabbing a near-by maulstick runs it through his perfidious pal's heart. 'S'nough!

Even though I do not use models except on occasional jobs and for practice, I have met and still meet a great many of them, and they are funny folks.

Models in Real Life

One of them is a former—very former—captain in the Dutch Army; or was it the Swiss Navy? He is a delightful old gentleman who is in dire straits twelve months of the year and prosperous the rest of the time. He has a carefully manicured beard, wears clothes of his days of affluence in winning combinations, is short and squat and tired, and unless you have to draw a former captain of the Dutch Army or Swiss Navy you simply cannot use him. During the fall and winter, when the models are busy and he finds little posing to do, he teaches French, English, Dutch or any other language, and so pieces out a very uncertain living. He always shows you a wrinkled piece of paper attesting to the fact that just as soon as a long list of relatives passes out he'll come into undisturbed possession of a tulip plantation near Scheveningen, or somewhere, or something. But he's lovable and he's game—over eighty years old and still going along. Once in a while some of us try to find him a nice warm home in an institution for old people. He gets very indignant, and says that as long as he can walk he'll make, or try to make, his bread. He's a love and the illustrator's pet, a gentleman and a scholar. I haven't seen him for a long time, and I don't know but what maybe—maybe—but I certainly hope not.

Another model—a fairly young and a very good one—took fine care of a sizable family by posing for illustrators and acting as professional pallbearer for a large local undertaker. He got five dollars per funeral. Often when I'd call his phone number his wife would say, "I'm sorry, Mr. Blumenthal, but Jack's got a funeral tomorrow morning, one in the afternoon, two on Wednesday, one Thursday afternoon and two on Friday; but he's free the rest of the time." Verily, a gay, lightsome life! He had a shiny tall hat, a Prince Albert coat and the only other property needed for a funeral, a suitably lugubrious cast of countenance. A really fine, affable chap, but so worn was he into the ways of the professional pallbearer that whenever I'd ask him to smile during a pose I could hear the clods of dirt thumping on the polished plate-glass top and the minister saying "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." This model has given up posing and is now an official at a large railroad station.

Then there was a dear old lady—was, I say, because I think she has answered the call of too many years—who was a perfect delight to have around. Sunny and helpful was she, a good model and a perfect old-mother type.

Still another one of the old days was a hulking brute of a fellow, deep chested, six feet three inches tall, muscled like a Sandow and featured like a Gladstone—a good model.

And then he'd speak, and then—and then you'd have sweet visions of a young girls' seminary and just oodles and oodles of chocolate bonbons!

Another model taught swimming in Maine during the summer and posed during the winter, and another—— But there, that'll do! Maybe some day I'll write a whole story called Muddled Models and then try to get it through. It could be done—the writing, I mean, if not the getting through.

The eighth question: "How do your pictures get printed in the magazine? What is the process?" This is a very interesting subject to me, but the process is more or less involved. A full answer to the question would take a long time, and unless you have a technical interest it would bore you. Briefly, the process is this: The photo-engraver photographs the drawing on a sensitized metal plate—zinc for pen-and-ink reproduction, copper for half-tone reproduction.

The plate is etched in an acid bath, the acid bites into the metal, and the lines or tones left unbitten form the printing surfaces.

This original plate, so called, is never used to print from in magazine work. Exact duplicates are made in electrotype metal or other materials, and they are used.

Usually the illustrators make their drawings larger than the size in which they are to be printed, allowing for the refining of the lines and tones in the photographic reduction.

The ninth question: "Who settles the question of how much you are to get for your pictures?" The rate is usually set at a quarrel between the art editor and the illustrator, at which the price is fixed at about one-fifty-sixth of what the illustrator thinks his work is worth, or fifty-six times as much as the art editor thinks it is worth. This is a perfectly happy arrangement.

Different magazines pay different prices, depending upon how rich the magazine is or how cheerfully it gives up.

Of a certainty, the product of the experienced, capable, well-known illustrator will command a higher price than that of his less experienced fellow craftsmen and a return in proportion to the public clamor for his pictures.

At this point it would be such a delightful thing to insert a bit of prose poetry about an illustrator for whose illustrations the people just yammered and yammered and yammered until the management gave him the whole magazine for a single facile smear from his gifted brush. But so far no hokum—just cold facts; so we won't spin that pleasant yarn. But it would be nice, wouldn't it?

The Little Matter of Price

As a matter of loyalty to the union—and particularly Local 248—I can't tell you what I think about the illustrator's pay, but I do think so. Suffice it to mention lightly that so far no illustrator has made John D. Gasoline look to his shekels; but they all seem to be able to afford a bottle of ink, and I heard of one who has reached the eighteenth installment on his flivver.

More often than not the very lowbrow question of price is never mentioned between the art editor and the illustrator. When the art editor receives the first set of drawings from the hands of the illustrator he says—maybe, "Ah, very fine, Penpusher, very fine," or "Oh, heavens!" as the case may be. "A check will reach you in due course."

Then Penpusher hies him back to his studio, sinks back among the cushions and awaits the promised check. Depending upon the magazine, the check does one of three things: It comes on time, it doesn't come on time or it doesn't come. We are portraying ideal conditions, so we'll assume it comes on time.

With the usual trembling fingers Penpusher tears open the envelope.

"For the love o' Mike," he wails, "only this! The beast"—meaning the art editor—"I'll show him! I'll show him!"

He slams his real French *béret* on his head, rushes madly out and over to the beast's cave, muttering as he runs, "The stingy devil! Only this pittance for two days' work! I'll show him! I'll show him!" He is admitted to the art editor, who smilingly asks, "Well, Penpusher, what now?"

(Continued on Page 44)

The
SINGLE-SIX
SEVEN-PASSENGER SEDAN

With the Single-Six, Packard now eliminates the condition which, for so long, assessed a premium against buyers of the finer motor cars.

For the first time in motor car history, Packard is building a car of the very highest quality on a basis never before thought practical for such a product.

Limited production is costly production, simply because it is limited. It operates against a high money-value in the product. It necessitates a higher selling price.

The larger production, as Packard is applying it, accomplishes all that the other must fail to accomplish.

It tends to heighten quality, instead of restricting it. Costs are spread over a larger number of units. The value of the car is increased. Selling price is brought to the point where a vastly widened market is available.

This is exactly what has taken place with the Packard Single-Six.

It represents a revolutionary value among fine cars. It has found the larger market, which is registering an eager demand far beyond our present ability to supply.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six provides a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go. Truck users know there is profit in hauling with Packard Trucks. All Packard upkeep is made still more economical by Packard standardized service

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Ride Easy in a FORD

The Goodrich Pneumatic Auto Seat is a brand new Goodrich creation for the comfort and convenience of the owner of a Ford car.

A softer and more hygienic seat. A real buffer to take up the bumps of a rough road.

A cool and comfortable seat. Firm, though flexible, it gives you a real seat, yet as easy as an easy chair in your home. You ride on air.

Easy to install. Take out your old cushion and put in the Goodrich.

Investigate it. Send for our interesting booklet.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Goodrich Pneumatic Auto Seat

"BLOCKS THE SHOCKS"

(Continued from Page 42)

"Huh?" says Penpusher. "Mr. Scribbla, I I I—wa-want to thank you for your generous check. I hope you'll send me a job very soon again," and so on.

Of course, all that's just an attempt to liven up this occasion. Usually the price is satisfactory all around and everybody is happy about it.

The tenth and last question: "Now, Mr. Blumenthal, not that I want to appear unduly curious, but just as a matter of interest, to settle an argument—I hope you won't think I'm inquisitive—but how much do you make a week?" The answer is, almost enough to live on—some weeks!

So far I have touched only magazine illustrating, making pictures for the periodicals you are used to seeing. Not all the magazines—unfortunately and woe is us—use only drawings for illustrations. Most of them use both drawings and photographs, and others, usually technical magazines, use only photographs as illustrations. These photographs come for the most part from the large news-photograph syndicates. Still other magazines foolishly—yea, foolishly—appear entirely unillustrated. These we may well ignore. You have never heard of them anyhow. Still other magazines illustrate with photographs and with cartoons reprinted—with credit given—from the newspapers or wherever else original cartoons are published. Again this type of magazine is as useful to the illustrator as is an umbrella to a fish—just about!

Newspaper Illustration

Passing along, we come next to the illustration of newspapers by line drawings, cartoons, photographs and the comics. Newspaper illustrations deserve more than a word, especially the cartoons and the amazingly sought-for and influential comics. Cartooning, political and social, is a separate and distinct art, and the really successful cartoonists are few, surprisingly few. The cartoonist wields a tremendous influence upon public opinion, and the aid of a well-known cartoonist in a political battle, for instance, is a very powerful asset. Consider the work of such men of the recent past as Homer Davenport, Lunley Sambourne, Thomas Nast, Sir John Tenniel and the other great ones. Usually the big newspaper cartoonists invent their own ideas for cartoons. Sometimes they are arrived at in editorial conferences.

And now the comics, and some of their creators, who command moving-picture-star salaries. By that I don't mean the moving-picture press agent's dream of what the moving-picture stars get; I mean the actual iron men that are rolled in the star's direction on pay day. I really believe there is a slight difference.

But back to the comics, or the funnies, as the eager youngsters call them. Some comics are, I believe, for the majority of newspaper buyers the sole reason for buying. In popularity they vie only with the column, or little piece of a column—also a comic—headed, "Situations Wanted—Female."

The big and popular comics are, as you doubtless know, not controlled or published solely by any one newspaper. They are syndicated in two ways. In one method a number of newspapers all over the country form an association, pay the comic makers' salaries and control their entire output. All these newspapers use the drawings, or strips, as they are called. In the other way the syndicate pays the artist either a flat salary or royalties, or both, and then sells his work to as many newspapers—only one in each town, however—as will buy it.

It is estimated by the wise ones that the big comic men earn a yearly stipend of a size to make the old-time prince's income look like a poor peasant's collection of marks, rubles or Mexican dollars, and I believe it to be true.

Just a word at this stage for the magazine-cover makers and their work. This again is a specialized branch of periodical graphic art, and the successful cover designers are, of all the magazine-picture makers, best known to the public. As far as subjects for covers are concerned, the pretty-girl ones are away far in the lead, with no second. Whenever a magazine uses a cover portraying something other than the usual gazelle-eyed, bob-tressed, swan-necked lady it feels that it is laying the supreme sacrifice at the altar of Art—spelled with a big A.

Once every thousand years some foolish editor decides to break away from the pretty-girl tradition. A couple of years ago one decided to make the break, and started a series of men's heads and figures as a direct slap at the thrall of feminine beauty. It was a grand success—not! Old Vox Populi bawled right out in meeting. So the repentant editor came back into the warmth of the fold and again showed the usual periodical charmer.

During the last decade a very important branch of illustration has come into its own and forms an exceedingly large field for the picture maker. I refer to commercial illustration, as it is called, or the making of pictures for advertisements. Many of our very best illustrators have turned their talents in this direction and find every opportunity to put just as much careful drawing and painting into the work as they did in the legitimate, so to speak. Look at the really splendid advertisements involving clothing, automobiles, chocolate layer cakes, tires, hams, machinery, canned goods, oranges in full color, and what not in the back pages of the magazines. They, more often than not, are real works of art. Nothing could be finer. It used to be that the real dyed-in-the-wool, crackajack illustrator and his only slightly less crackajack coworkers turned up their noses at advertising illustrating. No longer is such the case. Our very best people are doing it, and I believe it to be true that their pictures are on the whole as carefully handled and reproduced as in the editorial pages of the magazines.

Cheer up! This is almost done! It has been heavy going, I know, and you have been very patient; but I would like to include just a few more phases of the subject, and to answer with, I hope, some measure of information another question that is often asked. It is also a prize. Here it is: "When did you become conscious of your talent for making pictures?" A personal reply to that might help some.

My own little story, and I give it for what it is worth, is this: After going through the unique processes of being born, nursed, spanked, coddled—along with twelve brothers and sisters—publicly schooled and almost completely Sunday-schooled, I found myself at eighteen about to graduate from the Philadelphia Central Manual Training High School, class '97.

The Start of a Career

My ambitions centered upon becoming a physician. Lucky enough that I didn't, for what with the generous spreading of my mob family I would have had a fine large practice and no cash customers. As it is, I have double-crossed them. None of them wants to buy art, so I have no bad debts. I was counting on winning a free university scholarship. Seven of them were given out for the year's best averages. I came in eighth. A would-be medico was nipped because nobody had the price or desire to send me to college.

I remember distinctly that when I was somewhat recovered from not hearing my name as the lucky seventh our free-hand drawing teacher came to me and said, "Blumenthal, why don't you take the free scholarship to the art school?" He said it with a loud, doleful accent on the "you," with a somebody's-got-to-take-it sort of an emphasis. So I replied, "Well, I simply can't go home without a free scholarship of some kind. I'll take it." And that's the curdling tale of how it happened with me.

Every family in the world possesses and loudly boasts some member—a son, a daughter, a niece, a nephew, a cousin—who shows astounding untaught ability to draw. The usual line of patter is this: "Say, I want to tell you about my kid. He's only two years old—never had a lesson in his life, but draw? Say, that kid has real inborn talent. He can sit down and draw right on the edge of a newspaper the best dog-gone likeness of anybody you ever saw. Yes-sir! I'm not kiddin' you! I don't know where he gets it—never heard of it in mine or the wife's family; just comes natural, I guess; but he's a wonder! Now I want you to tell me what to do with a kid like that."

Under my breath I say, "Kill him while he's young and happy." Aloud I say: "Let him alone! If his talent is any good, let him alone until he is about eighteen or twenty. Give him a good, sound general education—through a university if possible, and let him carry his art instruction on subservient to that until his general education is finished. If his urge toward art work is strong you can't kill it; it will live in spite of what you do. If it isn't strong it isn't worth nursing. By forcing it you'll probably develop the youngster into a mediocre illustrator, and goodness knows his competition, as such, will be fierce. The woods are full of them. A second-rate physician or lawyer or dentist can always make a pretty good living, but a second-rate artist is hopeless."

If, however, you want to enter your youngster in an art school just as a means of rounding out a good working education, I say, fine; nothing could be better; but for pity's sake don't force what you fondly think is talent. The chances are dollars to doughnuts that it isn't. If you want to find out definitely take the youngster, with some examples of his original work, to a successful illustrator or artist and he'll put you straight. You take his word for it. I'd a million times rather see a child of mine grow up to be a good cabinetmaker than a poor artist—yes, and far rather a journeyman bricklayer or plumber, if I dare aspire so high.

Beware of Youthful Genius

This business of being buttonholed about the genius son, daughter, nephew, niece or cousin would still be funny if it didn't happen quite so often. Occasionally it's funny, even at that. When I finished this article in longhand I took it up to the factory that furnishes me money to live between stories and gave it to one of the stenographers to type. This done, I strolled out into the shipping room, and the head shipper ran seven-eighths of the way to meet me, his face aflame with excitement.

"Say, Mr. B.," he exploded, "I want your advice. I gotta little nephew over in Camden and y'oughta see that kid draw," and so on.

He is still the head shipper, but only because I didn't have influence enough to get him fired. Needless to say, I have lots of youthful Rembrandts brought to me, and about one in a thousand has a talent that amounts to a hill of beans.

The gentlefolks bring in their hopefuls, together with large bundles of copies of lovely ladies, flower-and-fruit pieces and Christmas cards with real artificial snow on 'em, and that are absolutely worthless.

Anybody can copy, but only the great exception can originate. Anybody who can learn to write can learn to draw, but I think nobody can learn to create. It's a real gift. It can be nourished from little, but the spark must be there.

Illustrating is a pleasant way to make almost a living; I can think of no pleasanter way, unless possibly it is being an editor, art editor, author, professional coupon clipper or permanent champion heavyweight of the world. None the less, it is pretty hard and exacting work, and only the comparative few arrive—the very comparative few. For one illustrator who makes a good living hundreds do not. I write that in all faith, not to be discouraging to the hopeful young illustrators—not at all; but still—at that it might help to keep down competition. You never can tell!

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

Exceptional interest has been aroused by the practical arrangement of the interior.

The entire rear compartment furnishings—seat, seat cushions, back cushions, seat frame, foot rest, carpet and all—can be removed from the car in a few moments.

The front seat is then tilted forward, giving a gross clearance of twenty-two inches through the rear doors.

In this way, a space of sixty-four cubic feet in the rear compartment is made available for loading.

When the rear seat fixtures are back in place, the interior is complete and attractive in appearance. Its convertibility is not apparent to the eye.

Business men, farmers, salesmen, campers, tourists and everyone who has occasion, at times, to carry bulky articles or luggage will readily appreciate the great utility of this construction.

The Price is $1195 f. o. b. Detroit

Patents Pending

Number 130

—one of the twelve most popular pens in the world

A more appropriate name for this pen than "The Easy Writer" could not have been found. With just the right degree of flexibility, and a point neither too fine nor too coarse, it suits the average writer perfectly. Holds enough ink, too, to avoid constant dipping into the well.

Choose from the dealer's display case, order by number for your sake, and look for the box—it is red.

The Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave
Camden, N. J.

Canadian Agents: Brown Bros., Ltd.

Send 15c
for samples of the twelve most popular pens in the little red box

Esterbrook

CREAM COMES TO THE TOP

Continued from Page 34

Out of the corner of an eye she saw with annoyance that Izzy and Gyp were edging close to hear what she was so carefully telling Perry.

"Of course if you're afraid of losing a nine-dollar job ——" She was more than a trifle scornful. "My goodness, there are other stockrooms in town. At this season of year you'd get taken on any other place."

By nature Perry was polite and fond of fruit sundaes, but he was not without pride. He flushed and looked down, as if offended at Amelia, slightly smiling and very wide-awake in her cheap blouse and short skirt.

He ran a hand through his well-cared-for light hair. It was his habit when discomposed.

"If you go out to the salesrooms," said Amelia maternally, "wipe the dust off this side of your face, Perry," and moved on her way.

Presently looking back, she suppressed a smile as she saw Perry's serge shoulders go through a door. She went on to deliver a carbon sheet to an elderly man who would never in his tired life do bigger work than tabulate such sheets.

Later in the day Perry met her—in a side aisle where she had betaken herself to be met, although he did not know that. His eyes were bright.

"Say, I took some chance! But I got patted instead of jawed, so it was all right. Old Ham was mopping his forehead and he said he certainly could use anyone. But d'ye know" with injury—"some of the other boys must watch what I was doing, and rush out in a bunch and spoil a good thing?"

"Some of them would," said Amelia regretfully. "Never mind. You rushed first. Hammerson may not forget."

"He won't, I think."

"I read a newspaper article the other night that said nobody ever got any place without moving himself in that direction or being moved," said Amelia meditatively. "And I happened to think of you, Perry. I wondered why you stick in that stockroom when you could just as well be getting out of it."

"Oh—you did?" Perry spoke uncertainly, as if not sure whether she spoke compliment or stricture.

"But I decided you were just laying a good foundation for your future," she said brightly. "Sort of getting all the bottom training and information you could while you had the chance."

Perry looked at her uncertainly. And Gyp Ferder was passing, to her annoyance.

Gyp always was an intrusive person and several years of acquaintance between him and Amelia had not served as basis for warm friendship.

"Oh, my, what's this?" he now gibed, having caught a word. "A little chat on How Good Stock Boys Become Bad Presidents or Heads of the Silkworms' Union! Oh, boys, come over 'n' listen."

They did not come, being intrigued by a water tank where presently Gyp with one arm knocked Gus Johnson away while with the other he got himself first drink, with more regard for might than right.

Amelia regarded red-haired Gyp and the others with disapproval.

"You're certainly different from some of them, Perry," she murmured.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Perry in a sudden burst of confidence, "I'm not so assertive as other fellows around here. It doesn't come natural to me."

"Of course, in a way, a man's got to be assertive if he's going to die rich or get to be head silk buyer in a wholesale house." Amelia frowned in an effort to remember certain printed paragraphs' wording.

No male, however young, is without a certain instinctive suspicion and wariness. Perry looked curiously at her.

She saw, and disarmed suspicion before it could do harm.

"I've been reading a good deal on how to be successful," she went on briskly. "Because I don't ever intend to marry. I'm going in for business myself."

"Oh, you are?"

"I'd like to be silk buyer for a big house like this," she said musingly. "Some snap! Some job! European trip every few months—stop at best hotels—tip bell boys—big salary—my!"

"Yes. It's a peach of a life," said Perry with quickened breath.

Jewell happened to be strolling within their vision. Perry's eyes followed Amelia's after the thin, dapper, assured silk buyer.

"I'd certainly like to wear his shoes," she said absently. "Or Hammerson's."

"Of course," said Perry with a hint of reserve, "there are some—a few women buyers."

"I couldn't be one," she said mournfully and truthfully. "I'm color-blind."

"Are you?"

"Not all. But I can't tell a lot of shades apart."

"In that case you couldn't be a textile buyer," he said. His tone was mildly consolatory. "Still, there are lots of other things a woman can do. Ledger work—and stenography."

"Yes, I know," she said briefly, and went on her way.

The stunt of that day could not be repeated often. For one reason, Perry's initiative had compelled too much imitation. From higher up there presently bellowed down loud command that stockrooms be not again deserted. But Amelia Woolem, calmly attending with facility to her own tasks, regarded Perry with content. Was he not more alert of eye than formerly?

In the course of time green apples redden, and stock boys outgrow or outlast their niche. Perry was promoted in time to the floor. Not alone. There were others. But he was the youngest.

"And Hammerson let me take care of J. F. Jelby while he went out for early lunch," the first week he elatedly told Amelia. "Gyp Ferder had shoved right up—you know that redhead! Hammerson waved him back—'No; I recall once this chap showed pep.' Gyp was sore." Perry smiled happily.

Amelia's eyes danced. The Jelby brothers, of Omaha, were prize retailers. When she met red-haired Gyp she was smug with triumph. Already she had sensed that, among a diverse ambitious young crowd, Gyp might prove a most serious rival to Perry.

There was nothing childish in this triumph. Nor was there gaminish hint to the answering glint in Gyp's sharp eyes. Cool keen rivalry—vicarious, of course, in a way, on her part—was indicated. A race was on. No childish race. But the sober race of adults—adults out for heavy stakes. Life stakes, using broadest meaning; food and shelter, stripping away verbiage.

Later that same day Amelia wore an oddly satisfied look as she sat at her desk in the credit office on the main floor. Glass partitions were the rule on that floor, which was given over to offices. Any desk worker had a clear view of the street doors. A telephone instrument stood handily near her inkwell. It was perhaps ten days later that, somewhat surreptitiously, Amelia took up the instrument and got the salesrooms. Carefully, through an errand boy who was not garrulous—being indeed in Amelia's opinion a comfortably stupid boy—she got Perry. Her voice was mysteriously low but distinct as she passed up to him the information that Hammerson and the salesman next in rank had both gone home with colds—which Perry already knew—and in the Blarincky front door, very important in her black satin skirt and expensive imported jet earrings, was waddling one Mme. Stogan, from Springfield, to buy midseason stock.

"You know she doesn't like the shy-violet type of salesman. Grab her as she steps out of the elevator, before anyone else has a chance. Ask her where she finds her classy jewelry. You'll get a fat slice of commission."

Then Amelia put up her receiver with calm satisfaction and turned her chair so as to give herself, bent over her ledger, even a better view of street doors and the wide center aisle leading to the elevators which connected with the sales floor.

Into every life fall certain years that are dangerous in that they are a specious standard by which to measure less hopeful, less illusive-pink years. There came two such to Amelia Woolem: busy, optimistic years filled to overflowing with daily work and reading and sage conversation.

To an outside eye the months might have seemed the patent progress of a leisurely, matter-of-fact, American-city courtship. Amelia and Perry lived on the same side of town, and so there were eliminated for them the long street-car rides which are an unpleasant and discouraging factor in the courtship of a young city man whose means and hours—are limited.

It was convenient for Perry to walk the blocks between his home and Amelia's and spend an evening playing rummy or the phonograph. And when the living room was deserted by others of the Woolem household, for motion pictures or something else, the two young people held long interesting talks on such subjects as success, ambition and Hammerson's successor.

Amelia was well posted. Nearly always she had a brand-new book or article tucked in her coat pocket.

"You read a lot," said Perry once when she pressed on him the loan of a book just off the press—on pep and punch. "I can't remember half these authors' names."

"You don't have to," she said absently. "I'll—I mean I read 'em to kill time. And I always know what authors to buy."

Perry pocketed the small valuable volume—or so it was blurbed—and admitted this was convenient for him.

But Helen Woolem, Amelia's eldest sister, once made amused comment. "My goodness, Amel, what a weighty evening! I couldn't help overhearing some. Doesn't jazz ever tempt you two?"

Amelia explained patiently that Perry didn't make enough money to spend in riotous entertainment.

"And I wouldn't let him spend a lot. I want him to save."

Helen was not unpractical. "Well, of course. But how about the parks? They're cool and green this month." Inquisitively: "One would think ——"

"Um-m—yes," said Amelia.

Helen laughed softly. "Is Perry too demonstrative? Or is he careful of his kisses as well as his dollars?"

"He is not one or the other," said Amelia with dignity and a flush. "We are not really engaged, you know. We're just friends."

"Um-m." Helen gave advice. "There are two kinds of young men a girl has to watch out for, you know—the ones who are too free with their arms, and the ones who are too cautious, Amelia!"

Amelia considered questions and advice in bad taste. She was indeed annoyed, although she was fond of Helen and admired her. Helen had soft dark eyes, earned twenty-five hundred dollars a year and had a very pleasant love affair of her own in the handling. But Amelia did not confide to anyone her private affairs.

It was about this time—and perhaps this was one reason that Helen's interest was not more welcome—that Amelia had recognized herself, Perry and Gyp Ferder as a tacit, tenacious if silent triangle.

Not the usual, the love triangle. Oh, not that! But Gyp and Perry patently were neck to neck in desire and plans. It might have been any one of thirty-odd young fellows who became Perry's chief competitor. But Amelia had seen some time back it would be Gyp. Even physically he seemed one of those individuals who serve as basis for stories of errand-boy success. His hair was set off by his sharp eyes. And for some reason as he had grown older, and more serious, he had acquired a cool amused way of looking at Amelia herself that annoyed her.

Once or twice he had stepped in front of Perry and got a bit of luck or credit that should by rights have been Perry's. Thus he worried her. She compared him with Perry—to Gyp's disadvantage. He had somewhat the same dapper taste in clothes, as his earnings, too, had increased; but he was not good-looking. However, not being unintelligent, Amelia readily enough traced a part of her dislike for him back to one day when he had caught her marking passages in a book for Perry to read. The book was Inspirational Incidents for Insecure Salesmen, and it was a very worthwhile book indeed in her opinion.

"Oh, Amelia," said Gyp, apparently serious, "I like good literature too. Let me come up to your house some night and tell you what authors I like best?"

Having known Gyp long enough, she was able to treat this remark with silent dignity. And indeed her attention within the hour was otherwise engaged, because she saw Lilly Holstadt's blond head pause beside Perry's neat light head in a somewhat

(Continued on Page 48)

This pipe covering saves more heat

HERE is a heat insulation that saves more heat and costs no more than ordinary pipe covering. Its name is Improved Asbestocel.

Improved Asbestocel has an important construction difference. Most coverings are merely built-up rolls of corrugated sheets forming hundreds of open tunnels along the covering. Through these the heat gets away.

Improved Asbestocel, on the other hand, is a honeycomb of thousands of closed cells which confine the heated air, prevent its free circulation and so save heat. The "closed cell" construction makes a stronger, more lasting, more efficient and better looking material.

So that you may be able readily to dentify Improved Asbestocel, we will henceforth mark every length of this material with a red band on the inside of each end. For maximum economy look for the red band.

Look for the red band

Send for this book

It tells how Improved Asbestocel helps to keep steam temperatures up and coal bills down

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HEAT
Automatically Regulated

Comfort The "Minneapolis" Heat Regulator makes homes more livable. It keeps them cosily warm without overheating; provides a uniform temperature at all times; maintains a steady low fire at night, automatically changes the temperature to day-time warmth while you sleep so you can dress and breakfast in comfort.

Convenience The "Minneapolis" banishes the work and worry which are part of hand-regulation of heating plants. This modern convenience asks a minimum of your time. You set it for the day and night temperatures and wind the clock once weekly, the only attention it requires. Saves trips to the basement. Saves many steps each day.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

safeguards *health*. Those of old age and tender years are extremely sensitive to changes in temperature. Chilly or overheated rooms are detrimental to anyone's health. Keep the temperature uniform. Install the "Minneapolis." Protect your greatest asset—health.

Economy By saving one-fifth to one-third on fuel the "Minneapolis" soon pays its cost. After that it pays cash dividends. You get all its other benefits in the bargain. Half a million users know this to be a fact. Ask your heating man.

Quickly and easily installed in old or new homes on any type of heating system burning any kind of fuel.

Write for booklet, "The Convenience of Comfort."

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2803 Fourth Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.
Service branches in 40 principal cities.

(Continued from Page 46

deserted salesroom. Starting from the same station and stature at early teens, Amelia and Lilly had developed differently. And Lilly—Amelia knew Lilly's facile nature. But she was not really disturbed. It was true that Perry's eyes, following Lilly and pretty Ina Booth at times, held a male's natural admiration. Natural enough. They were pretty persons, with fluttery gestures and eyes and silky hair to set off Blarincky hats—or they would not have been Blarincky hat models. But that same evening Perry confided his real opinion of them to Amelia—he had alluded to it before.

"You have to have money to interest 'em. They're not a bit bashful about letting you know it. Today I heard"—in disgust—"Ina telling Lilly about a fellow she'd been out with the night before. 'Nerve!' that's what she said. 'Over to the L steps he walks me! I said to him, "Well!"' Believe me, Amelia, I don't care for either girl."

Amelia was not regretful that the two were candor itself in talking to each other at the top of shrill young voices in any salesroom or showroom. Men need certain information handed to them on a large platter. And presently the Surcom order was taken and she and Perry jubilantly forgot all else.

The order ran into ten thousand dollars. Abe Surcom was a malcontent customer from another wholesale house. Perry had chanced to grasp his hand first, and successfully. Perry got great credit from his superiors. Gyp Ferder, contrary to his usual good-natured flippancy, had been almost sulky for a week. To celebrate, Perry took Gyp out to lunch.

"I wanted to rub it in," he laughed to Amelia.

"You needn't have bothered. Gyp already was rubbed. It was some order—and it practically walked up to you," said Amelia comfortably.

"Well, I practiced the art of salesmanship a little, too, after it walked up," protested Perry.

"Oh—of course. I didn't mean—you see, I was thinking it puts you in line to be offered the next good road vacancy," mused Amelia. "With a road job"—brightly—"you can afford—afford taxicabs when it rains."

"Sure I can." Perry was emphatic in agreement.

"Can what?"

"Afford taxicabs. I don't mind telling you, Amelia, that sometimes on the income I make I feel darned cheap."

She was quick to proffer comfort:

"Oh, Perry! That's foolish! You're not so very old, you know. And there are lots who can't make it on tires yet."

In salesroom or on prairie, in city or field, the months run their twelvefold course—white January, pale green April or heart-of-gold September.

In a January Amelia sorted the records of the house salesmen and laid them neatly on a general manager's desk. Gyp Ferder strolled by the desk within the hour and, being a cheeky young man, cast his eyes down on what was not meant for them.

"Gramwell's on top? Why? Ah! So, I dare say, it will first impress itself on managerial records and memory."

Coolly, with a hint of vicious resentment, he put his own atop.

"Please don't interfere in my department!"

Really, some red-haired people are intrusive!

"Oh, I suppose you'll put it back." He shrugged in annoyance.

Youth is evanescent—like mist, like evening's rose veil. Even while it exists it is a threat to pass. The two faced each other with a curious anger of humor which somehow was not youthful. Then Gyp laughed. It was evident that he strove to make the laugh good-humored.

But he was not a self-important door boy. He was a self-collected and ambitious young man. Long acquaintance confers its own sense of intimacy, whether two people like or dislike. Amelia was angered and at the same time she felt aggrieved, as if anyone ought to understand that she was within her rights. This mixture of feeling marked something childish in her nature, of course, for all that her years had increased. The incident was small. Gyp walked away whistling.

But some months later a bigger one came. While passing a glass-incased private office Amelia happened to see a general sales manager with horror wave a telegram at a vice president. Three minutes later she had eager hold of Perry's gray coat lapel.

"Listen! I just heard! You know Hammerson dashed to St. Louis, Monday, to nab Freimen, who unexpectedly decided to start a chain of stores through the Middle West? Oh, Perry, Caldwell's just got a telegram Hammerson's broken his leg in a taxicab crash from the depot to his hotel and he's flat in bed. Caldwell's simply wild—he says a broken leg would mean nothing to Freimen, and he doesn't know who to send except Jaber, who's in New York, and Harry Newells, who's fishing somewhere in Minnesota—and neither could get there within forty-eight hours." She paused involuntarily to take a necessary mouthful of breath and went on impetuously: "And Caldwell told Newman that neither is the right man to handle Freimen, who's a crab for disposition. Listen, Perry! Freimen kept it quiet that he was going to start the chain because he didn't want to be deluged with salesmen, so Hammerson practically had the field, and this is your chance! Perry, it's some chance!"

She ended with a small squeal of pure joy.

"My chance? Amelia, you're some little adviser at times," protested Perry, not greatly impressed, "but I don't see myself hurrying down to inform Caldwell." He laughed. "And besides, my ——"

"Wait till I finish! Of course not. Caldwell would fix his old iron-colored eyes on anyone in the house and silently motion you to run away. But your vacation starts tomorrow."

"Yes, I've bought my ticket."

"To your uncle's farm—I know. But, Perry, why can't you go to St. Louis instead, and pretend you're vacationing there with relatives and drop around as a matter of course to call upon Hammerson, who'll be tickled to death to tell you how maybe to keep Freimen in tow?"

"Oh!" He was half intrigued, half hesitant. "I don't know about this, Amelia. Jaber would get there about the same time I did."

"He couldn't. You can get a train in two hours. I know most of the time-tables from copying salesmen's routes. You'd be there ahead ——"

"I haven't got a grip packed. I couldn't get out home."

"Perry, I'll take a taxicab out for your grip and meet you at the depot. On your way across town you can buy a clean collar or two and your ticket."

She darted off on the word.

Ten days later Perry returned to Chicago, vacationless but as filled with verve as an explorer returning gumdropless but with a new degree of latitude. There was one fly in his ointment. Strangely enough, Gyp Ferder also had happened to be spending his vacation in St. Louis. The two young men had reached Hammerson's bedside simultaneously.

"Gyp would." Amelia was more annoyed than astonished, she discovered. "I'm stupid. Not seeing him around here for two weeks, I supposed he really was off on his vacation."

Hammerson had been amused, Perry related. From his pillows he had slapped the two on the back, given them the keys to his sample trunks, called in porters to take their orders and introduced them, by telephone, to Freimen as two of the brightest stars in the Blarincky sales firmament. And now they were getting the honorable mention which he had ardently promised them back home.

"I wish you'd not had to divide it with Gyp," sighed Amelia.

Perry did not reply. He seemed discomposed about something, though.

"You know, Amelia, Hammerson's no fool," he said finally.

She opened her black eyes.

"Of course he isn't," she said promptly. "He makes eighteen thousand dollars a year, commissions and all. I've helped add ledger columns in this place a few years."

"Well"—Perry seemed to bring it out uncomfortably—"to tell you the truth, Amelia, I didn't feel any too sweet when he began to pump me as to how I happened to blow down there to his bedside. And—I guess I'm not a very good liar."

"Well?" She was puzzled. "I don't think Hammerson ——"

"He got it out of me. Your share, I mean."

He may have misunderstood her steady gaze

"Really, I couldn't help it, Amelia. You see, he seemed to guess that there must have been some snooping around or listening · Well, I don't mean that exactly, Amelia. But"—earnestly—"I couldn't let him think I was standing outside a door listening to Caldwell's private conversations, could I?"

"N-no. Perhaps not," she said slowly.

"I didn't want him to think I'd do a thing like that." Perry did not look straight at her. "So I simply had to tell him it was ——"

"Me?"

"I just said a girl. He didn't press for your name."

"What did he say then?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, he laughed. You know how loud he laughs—got the habit, I suppose, from jollying customers all these years—and said he got married young himself but he guessed I didn't need any advice on that subject. And I told him I had no intention of marrying until my salary would stand it. He laughed again."

She was silent.

"I didn't mention your name, Amelia. I hope you don't think I acted shabbily toward you. But you see"—rather injured—"Gyp Ferder was right there, really visiting relatives or with a straightforward reason for his presence."

"I don't suppose Gyp Ferder has a relation south of Hammond, Indiana," she said shortly. "And he probably got his information the same way I did—snooping. I wouldn't put it past Gyp to open the firm's mail or hide inside a roll-top desk to hear."

"Now, Amelia, if you're ——"

"Oh, it's all right." She abruptly recovered her good nature. "You're a little unexpected at times, Perry. Sometimes I wonder ——"

"Wonder what?"

"Oh, nothing."

Whatever her feeling over Perry's attitude, she was reassured later in the summer. Hammerson's leg was repaired and he got back. He was a good guesser. One morning he saw her with Perry in an aisle and he smiled in passing them. Amelia flushed scarlet. After all, to eavesdrop is not exactly laudable, even when it is done for the great god Success' sake.

But later she was pleasantly surprised. Hammerson paused beside her desk and mopping the perspiration from his full face said irrelevantly:

"Go to it, little one. That's the kind my wife was, and I've never been sorry she got me. At fifty-four she's still got her temper and her figure."

Amelia reflected soberly that a young man and an old one did not seem to have the same breadth of understanding. She sighed, as if half looking forward to the decline of life—when a husband has been made and is old, stout, successful and comfortable of understanding.

All this in summer. The summer was ending in a swirl of colored leaves in parks and a whirl of tailored suits on streets when Amelia, who had been a lean, wiry, reflective small girl, mused somewhat pensively that years have a way of passing too swiftly. Lilly Holstadt had just said so.

"I don't know what you think, Amelia, but, believe me, I don't like to look over the top of my twentieth birthday and see twenty-five gaping up at me. Misses' models aren't supposed to grow old, you know"—touchily.

She fluttered off in bobbed blondness, white Canton crepe and a faint frown. Not a heavy frown, because a salesman was waiting for her to exhibit a line of tams, and tams don't go with frowns.

But it was that same month that there crept round the establishment, like a murmur of storm, the rumor that Hammerson was going to retire and spend his sixties on five acres of oranges in California. He said he had worked long enough. Amelia agreed with him, although secretly she regarded his loud jovial laugh as much the sword of a soldier of fortune as any metal blade hanging at gold-and-scarlet belt. She promptly forgot Lilly Holstadt's pessimistic remarks; she promptly forgot some private weariness with life of her own.

Into every life fall occasional weary hours, dissatisfied hours, be the life brimming with good plans or stoically empty of that fatuous hope which invites the gods to inflict disappointment. Amelia heard and decided that life was pleasantly exciting, like a game. Perry stood in line—oh, he

Continued on Page 50

PAIGE

The interior of the New Series Paige 6-66 Coupé suggests the comfort and convenience of a well appointed home. The broad rear seat is a delightful invitation to relax and the upholstery and general appointments are worthy of any drawing room. This is a car designed and built for five full grown adults, with ample arm and leg room for each passenger.

When you first see the Coupé you will be amazed at its roominess and luxurious comfort. And remember that underlying and supplementing this rare artistic achievement is a mechanical foundation that assures complete command of the highway. One ride behind the mighty 70 horsepower engine will prove a revelation in terms of strictly modern motoring.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

Not Mere Oats

But queen oats—the rich, flavory flakes

Consider this when you order oats.

One brand has won dominance all the world over. Oat lovers everywhere send here to get it. Mothers of some fifty nations serve it to their children.

That brand is Quaker Oats. The reason for preference lies in its flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Millions send overseas to get it. You find it at your store. And you always get this premier brand when you specify Quaker Oats.

You will not forget if you consider what that means to you and yours.

The kind they love

The oat is the food of foods. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food—rich in 16 needed elements.

As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame. Then make this dish a joy.

Quaker Oats

The food of foods made delightful

The purpose of this super-flavor is to foster the love of oats.

Mothers want their children to eat oats in plenty. The way to insure this is to serve the oats they love. The way to get them is to ask for Quaker Oats.

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago

(Continued from Page 48)

plainly stood in line to succeed Hammerson. She was not sure of the length or the thickness of the line, but he stood there.

And she was seeking him one end of day, when customers were trickling from mid-season crowds to end-of-season thin line, to discuss the prospect with him. Her own work for the day was over.

Finding him she was again eavesdropper, this time not intentionally. She was not a large person. In her straight blue satin one-piece dress, with her black hair waved back as was the prevalent mode, she was one of many similarly attired young woman workers in a large establishment.

Aisles and corridors were marked with them, vivaciously passing to and fro in multiple. Anyhow Perry was very much absorbed in talking to Lilly Holstadt, in the bright incloaure of a group of mirrors which faced outward, and he did not see her approach.

She narrowed her glance slightly as she approached him and Lilly. She knew Lilly. And the rumor of Perry's advancement might have ——

And then she heard Perry, not Lilly.

"Oh, I'm practically certain of it," he was confiding smilingly, one hand smoothing back his well-kept light hair. "And it means eighteen thousand dollars for me soon enough."

"I always had an idea you'd come to the top," put in Lilly with conviction. "Even when you were a stock boy."

"Cream comes to the top," said Perry thoughtfully. "I can't help saying so. By the way, Lilly—got a date tonight? There's a peach of a show at the Grand." In sudden burst of confidence: "I'll say I like to take out a classy girl like you and Ina, Lilly—but you know how it is when your income's limited."

Expertly, on small silent soles, Amelia Woolem backed. She backed step by step carefully; using as protective screen some last leaves of the season in the persons of four large, brightly gowned retail ladies from Des Moines. Step by step, back, back.

Floated another deprecating sentence from Perry: "Nothing serious, you know. I'm a free man."

Oh, Perry, how could you? Amelia was self-possessed enough, having heard, to render small deserved tribute to Lilly, who evidently was not all sex traitor. Perry was brushing away Lilly's scruples. Amelia turned this over dully while she gained a haven in the angle of two bright racks of velvet show hats.

By that time she was rather pale and she had the hurt, dazed look of a person who has unexpectedly broken a toy, a limb, a fancy or a heart. The shock is more than the hurt at first. She wet her lips with a small inefficient tongue, as if she wished to use them to go over a very strange case to herself. A most strange case! Surely after the years, the happenings ——

She stared down dazedly at her bare third finger—which Perry had never been able to afford a white ring for. It was not an unpretty white finger. It trembled a little now.

Gyp Ferder's face must have appeared to her indistinctly. It suddenly became visible at the wide end of the racks' angle. Staring, it did not surprise her at first; she was used to seeing Gyp somewhere on sales floors most of the time. She braced herself to return his nod naturally—oh, Amelia had her pride!

And then almost at once she read in his expression that he knew; he must have heard too. She saw that in the sharp inquisitive inspection he gave her.

Over Amelia's face the scarlet flowed—flowed fast and warm. Oh, this was mortifying! That Gyp Ferder—anybody, but Gyp most of all—should have heard too! Gyp, who did not like her, whom she did not like—Gyp of the always ready tongue, of the sharp, jeering eyes.

She faced him hotly, as one faces an enemy.

Gyp was not a person to refuse any challenge.

"Sure. I heard. I was standing right behind you. You nearly stepped on my one corn getting away."

"Oh—you—I ——"

"And I'm glad I heard. And I'm glad you know I heard. I certainly wouldn't have missed," said Gyp coolly, "hearing ——"

Ordinarily Amelia had her share of self-control. But this was too unexpected, too cruel.

"Oh, I hate you!" she cried furiously. "I hate all men anyway. And if I hadn't been slightly color-blind in the beginning I'd never bothered ——"

"I knew you were color-blind, Amelia. And my hair isn't real red. It—it's auburn!"

"I don't care what color your hair is! Go away—and quit talking to me—go away!"

Gyp glanced around. The end-of-day trickle of customers had disappeared to the last drop, as it does often at that time. Salespeople and others had left that corner of the room in solitude. With a swift movement he caught one of Amelia's arms so that she could not get away.

"Amelia, quit screeching and listen to me!"

"What do you mean, Gyp Ferder! Let me go! You have nothing to say that I care to hear."

"You're nothing but a kid, after all, Amelia. I'll say it anyway. I'm darned glad you've found out at last what a dub you've been wasting your time and wits on!"

Well, that was not what she had expected. In surprise Amelia ceased to pull furiously from his hold, and over the pain and mortification in her black eyes flickered wonder. She stared up at him.

"Yes, I said a dub!"

There was the familiar jeering note to his voice. But even in her emotion Amelia was caught by something in his eyes.

"He wasn't worth it, Amelia! He wasn't worth it! I knew this was coming to you. Many's the time I've felt like telling you so, and trying to make you see ——" He paused.

"Make me see what?"

"Me!"

"If you're trying to be funny ——"

Furiously she again tried to pull away. The salesroom was quite empty and fast taking on the shadows of nonoccupancy. He retained his hold of her arm.

"I'm not trying to be funny, Amelia. But I hate to see you mooning over something like Perry in his nice clothes and conceit."

"I'm not mooning over him! I'll let everybody know that. But I—I ——"

"Sure you did! You made him what he is today. If you didn't make him what he could never be, that isn't your fault. Honestly, Amelia, I'm not trying to be funny. I never was more serious in my life!"

Against her will, against her judgment, Amelia was impressed. She looked at Gyp oddly, as if she were seeing a new individual. And since in any comfortless state one graspa at straws for comfort, poor humiliated Amelia grasped, too, and yielded to an irresistible impulse to state her case. Remarkably Gyp seemed a friend.

"I don't care! It's not that I liked Perry so very well—there were a lot of times I wondered—oh, well ——" She gulped for pride. "It's like building a house that topples over. I—I ——"

Gyp interrupted her. He not only interrupted. He let go his hold of her one arm. He took hold of her two hands. Tight, masterful hold.

"I'll tell you what you did, Amelia. You took a fellow and maneuvered him up from nine dollars a week to where hundreds plus are in sight for him."

With a catch in her voice: "Oh, I don't care a l-lot. And of course he has a right to fall in love with a prettier girl."

"Pretty? That china-eyed putty-face?"

"Oh, do you think so, Gyp?" Obviously she was slightly comforted by unbiased opinion. "I don't care. I'm not narrow."

"Of course you're not!"

"And he's got a perfect right—I'm really not a bit narrow—but—I—I really did ——"

"Sure you did! I'll say you shoved a chap up a ladder till ——"

"And he might be just fair enough to give me a little cred ——"

"He gives you credit!"

"I didn't hear him"—bitterly. "And if you're trying to be f-f——"

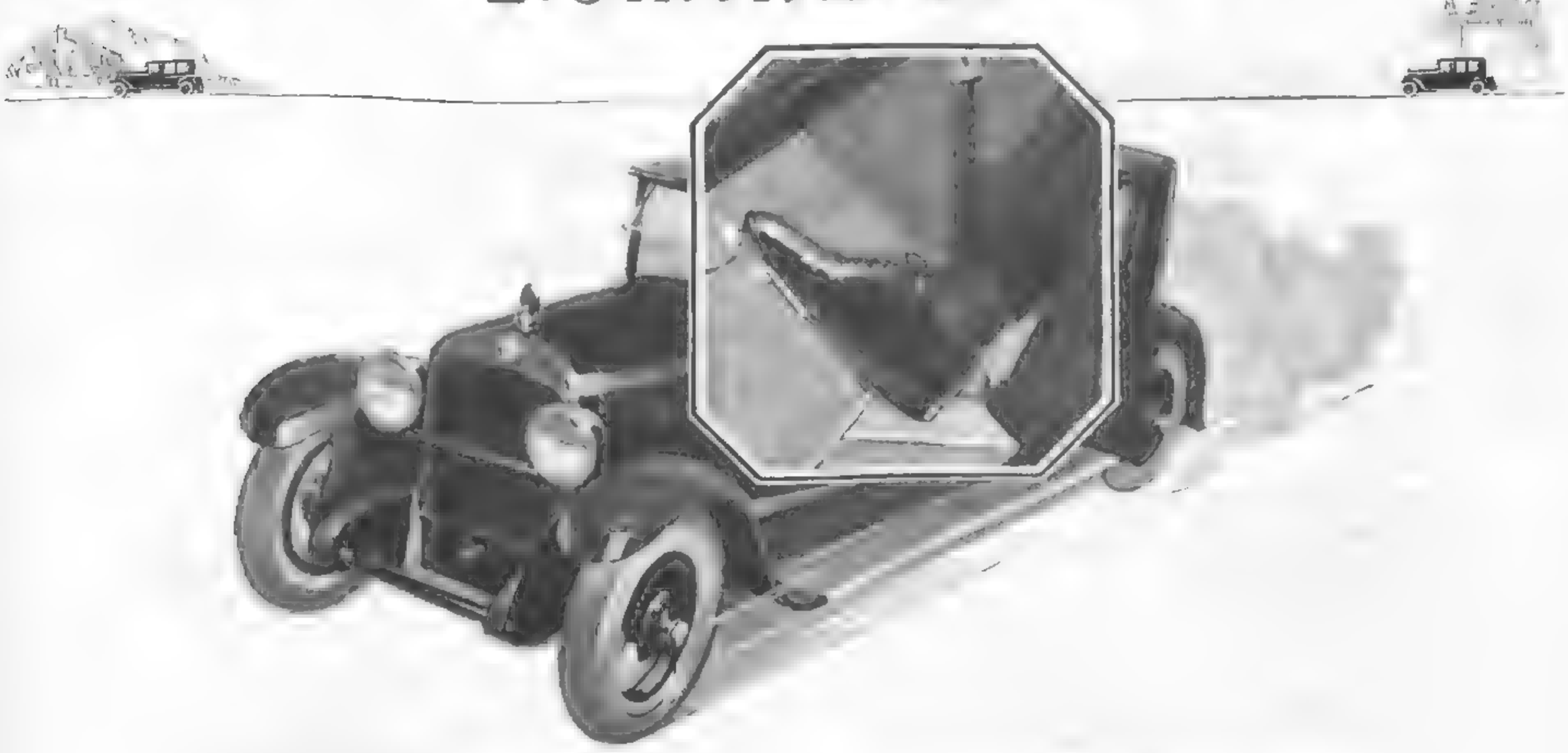
"Say, can't you forget that dub even after he hands you a black eye?" demanded Gyp in exasperation. "I wasn't trying to be funny. I wasn't talking about him! I wasn't even referring to him. I said you shoved an ordinary fellow up the ladder and he gives you credit. But I didn't mean sissy Perry. I meant myself! And I'm no person to deny credit where credit is due! Amelia!"

He shook her violently. But she saw no meaning to his words and was incensed at what might be meaningless chaff.

(Continued on Page 53)

2 tons - 1 mile

1⅘ minutes —



The next time you seat yourself at the wheel of your automobile make this interesting, almost miraculous experiment.

Realize first that this inexpensive mechanism you call an automobile may weigh more than 2 tons (4,000 pounds).

Realize also that the fastest a man has ever run the distance of a mile—has ever moved his own weight a mile—is 4⅘ minutes.

Then start your motor, go noiselessly, rapidly through the gears, and keep depressing the accelerator. In such manner can you move—from a dead start—2 tons 1 mile in 84 seconds.

Several ounces of foot pressure and this miraculous mechanism called the automobile has done work 66 times greater than the best man has ever done by himself, even by expending thousands of times more energy—moved 22 times the weight the same distance in one-third the time, with no apparent exertion.

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An unseen Something, under your easy control, moves 2 tons 1 mile in 84 seconds.

It is Power.

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DU PONT

In the same test-tubes that insure the Nation's safety, Peace finds myriad blessings!

IN 1802, Eleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours, at the invitation and with the assistance of Thomas Jefferson, built on the Brandywine River the first du Pont plant . . . . the first powder mill to be erected in America. Jefferson had seen the vital necessity to the country's safety of insuring its supply of explosives, and so du Pont became powder-maker to the United States Government.

For the 120 years following, from 1802 to 1922, the du Pont Company has been a manufacturer of explosives . . . . *today*, explosives are but one of the family of du Pont products.

And the reason is . . . . The Chemical Engineer!

* * *

THE Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities — a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the chemist's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that have revolutionized industry in the past generation

The du Pont Company was one of the pioneers in developing the Chemical Engineer. Since its founding by E. I du Pont de Nemours, who was himself a chemist, it has been building on the foundations of chemistry, for the manufacture of explosives called for increasingly higher forms of chemical knowledge. And in the early years of this century, the du Pont Company had come to have one of the finest research staffs in the country, and in addition a staff of *Chemical Engineers*, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry.

This staff was essential, for since 1802 the du Pont Company's larger service has been to be *ready* to supply the Government with whatever explosives it might need for the country's defense. And for the same reason, the company had acquired sources of supply for the large quantities of the raw materials that it might one day need—acids, nitrates, coal-tar products and other materials that were absolutely essential to the production of explosives.

In war, immense quantities of such materials are desperately needed; in peace, very little—yet the supply of materials has to be kept open, for who knows when they may be *instantly* needed?

But how? The Chemical Engineer found the answer. And in the answer lies the key to the du Pont Company's family of products. For the products that du Pont makes are *not* unrelated products. Each of them has its root in one or another of the materials used in making explosives.

It may be another use of the same materials, as in the manufacture of dyes. It may be a variation in process, as in the case of Pyralin and Fabrikoid. It may be a product like paints, varnishes, enamels, etc., in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer is needed, and the colors produced in dyes may be used It may be a product like ether, or a long list of chemicals that other industries use, which the du Pont Company produces in manufacturing its other products

THUS, the seemingly unrelated products that carry the du Pont Oval are not strangers, but brothers in the same family. They are not merely the diversions of peace, but the peace uses of materials that the country's emergencies may require the du Pont Company to have at hand in overflowing abundance.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

FABRIKOID

Scuff proof, stain-proof and waterproof. For upholstering furniture and automo- [illegible]

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For every household and industrial use. Enamels, stains, [illegible] automobile fin- [illegible] etc.

LITHOPONE

Lithopone and dry colors. Used by paint, rubber, linoleum, paper, ink and other manufacturers.

EXPLOSIVES

For every requirement of civilization: mining, quarrying, land-clearing, tree-planting, irrigation, construction shotgun and rifle powders.

PYRALIN

For toilet articles, automobile windows, novelties of many kinds. Transparent or in any color combination

CHEMICAL PRODUCTS

Ether and other pharmaceuticals, pyroxylin lacquers and enamels. Solutions for coating leather. Bronze [illegible]

ACIDS & HEAVY CHEMICALS

For varied uses by practically every industry

DYESTUFFS

An ever-expanding line of dyestuffs for all purposes.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

Continued from Page 50

"Let me go!"—her hands pulling. "If you're trying to be fu——"

"I've said several times I'm not trying! Don't pull. I'm going to hold you until I've said all I want to. Amelia, do you want to listen to a tale? Do you remember a day several years back when you tiptoed into the stockroom—on high heels that could be heard two floors above!—and slipped him the tip?"

"Yes," Amelia replied tonelessly, "I remember. But ——"

"Well, that was my tip. I didn't beat him out to the salesroom, but I followed him all right. And after that ——" He paused as if in agreeable retrospection.

"After that?" she repeated wonderingly, amazed

"Soon after that we were both put on the floor. And one day I happened to be on a cross wire when you passed him up word about some heavy customer making her way to the elevator. Also the style of talk to hand her. Perry got her. But, believe me, every time afterward I saw Perry leave a desk phone and head for the elevator doors I was right at his heels. And often ahead of 'em! Therefore I got my share."

"Oh—oh, you are making this up!"

Amelia must have partly forgotten that she had just received a humiliating shock. Wide-eyed, much interested, her hands lax in his hold as if she had forgotten that he held them, she gazed up at the speaker.

"Make up nothing! And afterward I hung around, hung around. Just around Perry! Or—you. I ——"

"You never did!" Her eyes were wide to their capacity.

"I may say without undue immodesty," he went on, "that I'm a brighter chap than Perry Gramwell. I can see, swallow and digest a tip while he's smoothing his hair to walk toward it. I listened ——"

"You listened on the phone?"

"Plenty. Say, I'd know your voice even when you put a fountain pen down your throat to disguise it. Sometimes I merely pumped Perry. Sometimes I couldn't find out what you'd told him; but having seen a certain glow in your eyes while you were talking to him, I guessed something was in the wind, so made deductions."

"You—you made ——"

Tenaciously he retained the floor.

"Which sometimes were wrong"—cheerfully—"but more often right. 'Nother thing: I used to read all those books and articles—How to Succeed, and such—that you kept him supplied with. He didn't read 'em much; always left 'em in his overcoat pocket, and I'd sneak out to the coatroom ——"

"Oh, Gyp! Surely you didn't!"

"Just at first," he hastily explained, "while my income was young and weak. Of course after I got a raise or two, so that board and shoes didn't strip me, I simply looked at the titles and went out and bought my own copies. Once or twice you caused me to throw away good money, Amelia! One or two volumes weren't worth resting in an overcoat pocket!"

Wide-eyed, she guessed something else.

"And St. Louis! You were listening on the wire that day?"

"No, not that day. But I got a glimpse of your cheeks, red as apples, as you scooted off the sales floor. I knew something was up. So I chased Perry. I was half a block behind him when he got to the depot. I didn't take even a clean collar, just my hat; had enough money in my pocket for mileage, not for supper. I had to get my hotel bill and return fare from Hammerson. But he was willing to lend it. Said he liked a chap who'd take a chance on no eats. By the way, Perry didn't see me back of him in the day coach on the way down, and he flirted impudently with a pretty girl across the aisle."

"Did he?" sadly.

"He sure did."

For full three minutes Amelia Woolem, slim, pale, serious, digested what she had heard. Gyp looked down affectionately at her. Then she shook her dark head soberly.

"No, Gyp. I don't think I had anything to do with it. Perry was r-right." She gulped. "Cream comes to the top—by itself. You would have found some other inspiration to rise."

"Some cream is terribly thin," he told her. "No—it was all you, Amelia. I give you credit."

She shook her head again stubbornly. He still held her hands. He took tighter hold.

"Were you very fond of him?" Pause. "Too fond?"

"Oh—it wasn't that I was so very fond ——" With a forlorn burst of candor: "Sometimes I got sort of tired of spurring him up and on—it was such steady work. And—and the years were dull a little. But after I'd got well started ——"

"Sure. I see," he said comfortingly. "Once or twice I suspected that, Amelia. And it must have been a strain on you. He was pretty ordinary material."

"Oh, I realized he wasn't the best," she admitted, as if seeking any comfort for blasted plans and labor. "I can't help saying it."

"Mighty ordinary. I don't mind telling you, Amelia, he isn't going to get Hammerson's territory when the old boy goes out to California for his health. I'm the individual—but Perry doesn't know it yet."

"How—how"—breathlessly—"did you do it?"

Gyp regarded her quizzically, still holding her hands

"Am I confiding in his girl or my own?"

Her raised face was proud and flushed

"You heard him say I'm not his, but ——"

"But?"

"Why, Gyp, please don't think I'm the kind of girl to fall"—forlornly—"into any pair of arms."

"I don't think that."

"How did you do it?"—naively.

"Well"—he had a belated attack of modesty and reddened—"I've been at Hammerson quite a while to recommend me. You know he has only to say the word as to who shall wear his shoes. And he said yesterday he guessed he'd have to do it to get rid of me and save what little failing health he had."

"Oh—I see."

As secluded as a wooded nook, a conservatory's corner or a country lane may be a salesroom at end of day. But presently a porter complained, "Lissen, white folks, have a heart! Day's done and I got to wet-sawdust and sweep this green velvet floor before I tackles po'kchops."

Amelia said irrelevantly: "I—why, it was an escape, Gyp! If he'd actually asked me any time to get married, I'd thought it was the thing for me to do. And ——"

"Oh, say!" Gyp was amused. "Do you think I'd have let that piece of underdone pie crust hang a marriage license on you?"

"How would you have—have stopped him?" Amelia smiled faintly. "If—if ——"

"Oh, I'd have found a way. Poisoned him. Or pushed him down an elevator shaft. Or hit him with a piece of lead pipe. Or told him I was going to. I don't think I would have had to do anything but tell him. Some fellows are quick to take a physical hint."

Amelia stared. And then: "It certainly will be a relief," she sighed—somewhere in the angle of two hatracks.

"What?"

"Not to have to do any more spurring and up-and-on-ing. For a man." Voice came smothered, while a porter sighed. "It'll be nice to know a man can do his own spurring—and listening."

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

Mrs. Holcombe's Boarder

LAST winter a lady from the city was employed by Hardwick & Simmons. She was unable to obtain lodging with either of the two widows who keep regular boarders, and after one night in the hotel she went about town to find refuge in some private home. She was taken in by Mrs. Ed Holcombe, who has no children and does her own housework and has convictions concerning the duty of hospitality. She remained in the Holcombe home four months and three days.

When she went away without giving the public an opportunity to discuss her intentions or plans a few of the neighbor women called on Mrs. Holcombe to get the particulars.

"I have always held," Mrs. Holcombe told them, "that one who has had experience earns the right to express an opinion. And my opinion is that there is no house big enough to hold two women and one man. I have had my lesson, and now I am through. I wouldn't keep a female boarder for a thousand dollars a month, not while Ed and I live in the same house, and their looks wouldn't influence me a particle either. If they were young and pretty I would turn them away without waste of words, and if they were old and ugly I would do the same thing. A woman never gets too old and ugly to be a woman.

"I took my boarder as a matter of duty to the community, but I have discovered that my duty to Ed is a matter of much greater importance. It is my opinion that no man on earth has sense enough to take care of himself in the presence of a woman who takes an interest in him, and Ed is no exception.

"Ed is a good man and means no harm, but good intentions won't keep a man from worrying the life out of the wife of his bosom. If another woman lets him know she thinks him smart or handsome he will forget that his wife has been telling him the same things for years, and neglect her to feed his conceit on flattery from a new source.

"I don't say that Ed was in love with our boarder. I know him inside and out, and my honest opinion is that no part of him was affected except his vanity.

"When our boarder first moved into the front bedroom she was a demure and retiring little thing, as most old maids are, and after the first day with her I concluded that she was harmless. She was skinny, and she used too much face powder, and she had a way of putting on airs and using words a lot bigger than the occasion demanded. I had heard Ed express his opinion of women of that sort, and I was so afraid that he would be annoyed by her that I cautioned him to remember that she was a sort of guest and to make things as pleasant as he could. I might have saved myself the effort.

"He didn't thaw out for a week or two, but acted so polite that he seemed a sort of stranger. The boarder probably suspected that he wasn't being his natural self. Maybe his coldness was a kind of challenge to her. Anyway she began to pay attention to him.

"There wasn't anything brazen or bold about it, and I confess that I rather sympathized with her at first. She asked his opinion concerning a number of things he didn't know anything about, and even went so far as to get up when he came into the room and offer her chair, as though he was a great man of some kind.

"All of this was harmless enough, and when I saw that it was serving to make Ed more human I began to look forward to a pleasant winter, with Ed the same comfort he had always been, and a woman companion for myself during the afternoons before Ed got home from the bank.

"But she carried her campaign a little too far. She began to intimate that Ed was intellectual. She didn't come right out and say that she was intellectual, but she talked of intellectuals in a familiar way, as though she was conscious of having something in common with them, and managed to give the impression that people who were not intellectual didn't amount to very much.

"One night as we were sitting by the fire, Ed reading his paper and me working on a piece of embroidery, she looked up from her magazine and asked Ed if he didn't find that brain work was more fatiguing than physical labor. I glanced at Ed out of the corner of my eye, and I was actually shocked to see how much the question pleased him. Ed's work consists mainly in adding up columns of figures. Of course that is brain work, but it had never before occurred to me that he might be an intellectual. I had noticed that lack of exercise was making him a little too fat, and when his face was unusually red after a good Sunday dinner I sometimes felt a little uneasy about his heart, but I had never suspected that he needed sympathy on account of brain fatigue.

"She noticed the effect of her question, too, and I suppose she knew then that she had accomplished what she set out to do. At any rate, she pushed her advantage, and after that there was seldom an evening when I had a part in the conversation. Ed and the boarder sat there and talked about their minds and the intellectual life and that sort of thing, and half the time I couldn't make heads or tails of what they were saying.

"As a matter of fact, I doubt if Ed knew every time. It was all a pose with him, as it was with the boarder. If she had been a man Ed's common sense would have condemned the whole thing as silly. But as it was, he thought he was interested in the higher spheres of mental existence when he was simply interested in a woman whose flattery puffed him up and made him feel important.

"I don't blame the boarder. She was just a lonesome old maid, unconsciously hungering for a man of her own, and the free and easy atmosphere of our home got her into the habit of thinking she had about as much right to Ed as I had. And I don't blame Ed either.

"He is just a man, and did what any other man would have done under the circumstances.

"I noticed that he got into the habit of calling her Jenny, as I did, and once she got interested in an intellectual argument with him and called him Ed. She didn't seem to notice it, and neither did he, and so I pretended that I hadn't noticed it. But I got into the habit of watching them pretty close. I didn't doubt Ed a bit, but I couldn't help feeling uneasy. When there is lightning in the air a body never knows where the next bolt will strike.

"One Sunday afternoon when we were all at home I stepped over to the neighbor's to borrow a little buttermilk to make biscuit for supper, and left them on opposite sides of the fire. The first neighbor I called on didn't have the milk to spare and I had to go another block. That was the reason I happened to come home the back way and come in by the dining-room door. As soon as I opened the door I saw them. They were standing at a front window, where they could see me returning and guard against surprise, and Ed had his arm round her. She was leaning against him, like a sick kitten to a hot brick, and the sight of them standing that way, courting behind my back, made me so mad I couldn't speak. I slammed the door and they broke apart.

"My husband was so scared and shamed looking that I felt sorry for him, but the boarder looked me in the eye in a cool and tantalizing way, as though proud of the fact that she had won Ed away from me and feeling inclined to ask me what I was going to do about it.

"I didn't do anything for a while. I went on out to the kitchen to put away the milk and cool off. And then as soon as I felt able to talk sarcastic without losing my temper and making a fool of myself I went back into the room where they were. They were sitting on opposite sides of the fireplace, and I could see at a glance that they were not in a good humor with each other. When folks get into trouble the feeling of comradeship is usually sacrificed to a desire to shift responsibility and dodge punishment.

"I looked at the boarder and smiled, and I said to her: 'Jenny, the intellectual life doesn't seem to be good for Ed's morals. It seems to give him strange notions about the privilege of hugging creatures of the opposite sex. Now I don't especially object to his hugging unmarried females who advertise the fact that they desire hugging, but I'm afraid his character isn't strong enough to stand the wear and tear of association with women of that sort. I have only the kindest of feelings for you, and I'm not the least bit jealous. If you could win Ed away from me I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. But I know you can't.

"'He is just interested in you because you are a new kind of female. If you should stay on here Ed would probably get tired of you before Christmas, but I wouldn't enjoy the experiment a great deal, and I have an idea it will be best for all of us if you find another place to board.'

"She has been gone a week now, but Ed hasn't got to feeling respectable yet. It wasn't that he had done anything bad, but he felt that he had made a fool of himself, and he knew that I knew it.

"He loves me now just as he always did, and is a little more easily managed, being humble and affectionate almost past belief when I happen to speak of Jenny, which I frequently do.

"I got through this experience without a scandal, but one time is enough for me. Hospitality is one thing, and daring a woman to win your husband away from you is a horse of another color."

POBBLE & CO.

(Continued from Page 21)

"Why, the lecture in Governor Bradford Hall," Ellean explained. "About The Pobble Perfect Memory System. Hurry up! We'll be late!"

Ellean laid firm fingers round Mr. Manning's wrist.

"But I'm not going," Mr. Manning objected.

"Yes, you are," said Ellean, pulling him after her across the sidewalk. "There aren't any tickets now, but I reserved the front row for friends, and I know we can squeeze you in somehow. You can pay me afterwards."

"But ——" said Mr. Manning.

"Come on!" said Ellean again, and drew him after her through the door of the Governor Bradford Hall.

Mr. Manning thought that never had a decent middle-aged lawyer been so hustled about. Then he reflected that after all he didn't have anything that he needed to do that evening. At the thought of the front row, however, he rebelled. He tiptoed down the aisle for a little way behind Ellean, and then catching sight of a row that seemed somehow not quite so crowded as most of the rows, he suddenly deserted her, and stepping across the feet of a lady who might, by her air, have been the empress over all the western isles, pressed himself firmly down between her and a pale young man on the other side. Ellean, unconscious of his absence until it was too late, sank panting between Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker in the front row that had been reserved for friends.

Mr. Manning whispered to the stout imperial presence at his side.

"Who's lecturing?" he asked her.

"Sh-h-h!" said she helpfully. "He's coming."

Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., looked up. The door at the back of the stage swung

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54.

open, and through it, tall and slender and very much at ease, appeared J. Scott Manning, Jr. For a single well-calculated instant he stood framed there in the opening; then he stepped quickly forward to the edge of the platform. There was a little gust of well-bred approval, from very well-gloved hands.

Mr. Manning, Sr., did not join in the applause. He puffed his cheeks several times in and out according to his custom when he was angry or nervous or excited, and glared at all whom it might concern.

In the row behind him a woman leaned across and whispered to her neighbor

"Isn't he good-looking?" she said.

Her neighbor admitted that he was. Mr. Manning was not prepared to admit anything. Presently, however, he allowed himself to look at Scott to see what he did look like. He remembered that people often used to say how much Scott resembled his father.

At the moment when he looked, Scott was smiling, and the smile made delightful little crinkles round his eyes. At another time Mr. Manning would have been rather glad to own Scott as his son. But here—now —— Mr. Manning puffed his cheeks in and out again, and hunched himself about in his seat until the portly presence at his left and the pale young man at his right wriggled too—partly in sympathy, and partly because the row was too well filled for anyone to wriggle by himself.

Meantime Scott, entirely unconscious of his father's presence, had begun to lecture. With a pleasant mixture of humor and seriousness he told an interested audience how it could learn poetry, and spell, and make speeches, and remember telephone numbers.

Mr. Manning decided that after all he wouldn't get up and leave—it would be so conspicuous.

Scott went on. He mentioned Mr. Cheever, and Mr. Baer, and the hat the size of a cathedral trimmed with the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He said that they could remember the name of Bowser & Son, the dealers in men's clothing, by recollecting that

The Bowsers
Sell trousers.

Entirely without volition on his part Mr. Manning found himself thinking that this was not so bad, and that if it weren't for mixing up the name of Manning with any such tomfoolery—and for—everything else —— But of course you couldn't get away from that. He noticed that Scott was carrying his audience with him. When he wanted them to laugh, people laughed.

Then Mr. Manning said to himself that after all it was a very ordinary performance. Anybody, he said, could think up a few clever things in advance, and then stand up and say them. It didn't show that Scott was particularly fitted to be a lawyer.

Mr. Manning crossed his right knee over his left knee and folded his hands on top of the pile; then he crossed his left knee over his right knee and put his hands down at his sides; then he set both his feet firmly on the floor and glared at Scott and was very uncomfortable

The lecture was more than half over before Scott saw his father. Perhaps it was the very intensity of Mr. Manning's glare that drew his eyes that way; perhaps he was conscientiously trying to look somewhere besides at Ellean. However that may have been, the glare of J. Scott Manning, Sr., and the pleasant conversational glance of J. Scott Manning, Jr., met For the barest perceptible moment Scott paused.

Then he looked full down at his father again—and smiled. There was a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

Scott began a new paragraph.

"The Pobble Perfect Memory System," he said, "is of untold value to the professional man. No matter how good a doctor or lawyer or merchant chief he may be, he will be a better doctor or lawyer when he has constructed in his mind the hundred perfect Pobble pigeonholes, and is able to place safely within them the store of information of which he must constantly be master."

Mr. Manning snorted

"Think what it would mean to the physician," said Scott, "to be able to remember with ease and promptness all his patients, all their symptoms, all the diseases with which these symptoms are connected, all the epidemics which these diseases have occasioned, all — "

Mr. Manning snorted again. He snorted out loud. Miss Aurelia Pennington in the front row leaned forward a barely perceptible fraction from the line of the perpendicular and tried to see who had done it. In Miss Pennington's experience people were not accustomed to snort in the Governor Bradford Hall.

"Think what it would mean to the lawyer," said Scott with relish, "to have constantly at hand complete information in regard to all the cases he is handling, all the cases he has ever handled, and all the cases in all the law books. Because of the intricate masses of detail with which he is concerned, no lawyer should be without The Pobble Perfect Memory System. He can do anything by means of association. He can, for instance, fix in his mind the details of a revolting criminal case by saying to himself:

'The victim of a murder foul,
Estelle was hanged with a roller tow'l.'

Or he may recall the situation in a divorce suit by reciting

'Mr. Fair
Hit Mrs. Fair
With a chair
And pulled her hair.
Mrs. Fair
Wants to tear
Apart the pair.'"

Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., recognized the outlines of two of the cases with which he was at that very time engaged, and he could bear no more. He snorted again. He not only snorted out loud but he snorted as loud as he could. And as he snorted he sprang violently to his feet. His face wore the purplish hue of one about to burst. Then he did burst.

"Bosh!" he shouted into the sacred silence of the Governor Bradford Hall. "Rubbish! Rot! You don't know what you're talking about!"

There was a kind of quiver through the atmosphere of the Governor Bradford Hall; in less well-bred assemblies it would have been almost a murmur. Everywhere well-bred heads strove for a manner of adjustment that would make it possible to see behind them without really turning round, the corners of well-bred eyes angled for a glimpse of the outrage. Ellean turned herself round and stared frankly. Then she half rose, and made a violent gesture indicative of her wish to have Mr. Manning sit down and keep still. No single member of the well-bred audience failed to take note of this maneuver.

But Scott was apparently unmoved by the interruption.

"No," he said in a supremely reasonable tone that filled Mr. Manning with fresh fury—"no, it is not bosh. It is not rubbish It is not rot. And I know perfectly what I am talking about. I am talking about The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I have gone into it thoroughly. I —"

Mr. Manning lost control of himself as thoroughly as if he had never been a lawyer in his life.

"I don't care what you're talking about!" he bellowed.

"No," said Scott reasonably, "I don't suppose you do. I wish you did."

He did not raise his voice in the least, and as a result Mr. Manning's voice sounded even louder than it was really. The whole thing was unfair. If Scott had grown angry his father could have shouted him down in a minute; if he had argued his father could have outargued him. But Scott did not argue; he stated. Mr. Manning descended to feeble repetition.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said

"Yes," said Scott gently, "I do. I wish you did. I wish you knew as much about The Pobble Perfect Memory System as I do."

It was the one thing too much.

Mr. Manning suddenly hurled himself across the broad imperial lap, and into the aisle. His cheeks were puffed out as far as they would go, and his face was apoplectic. He strode down toward the front of the hall, and he shook both fists in the air over his head and shouted as he strode.

"Look here!" he shouted. "Look here! I won't stand this! Who do you think I am anyway?" He addressed himself to the

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"This Episode Was Prearranged for the Purpose of Giving a Practical Demonstration of the Advantages of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. My Father Has Very Kindly Consented to Assist Me in Carrying Out My Plans"

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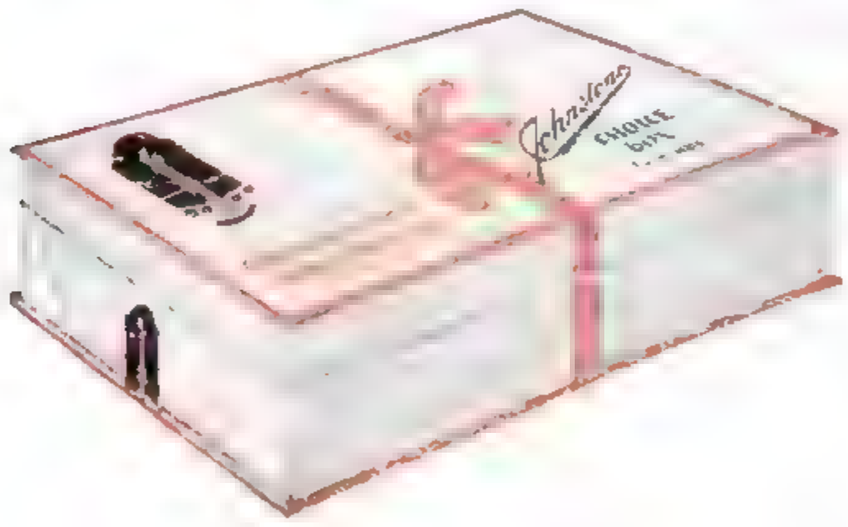

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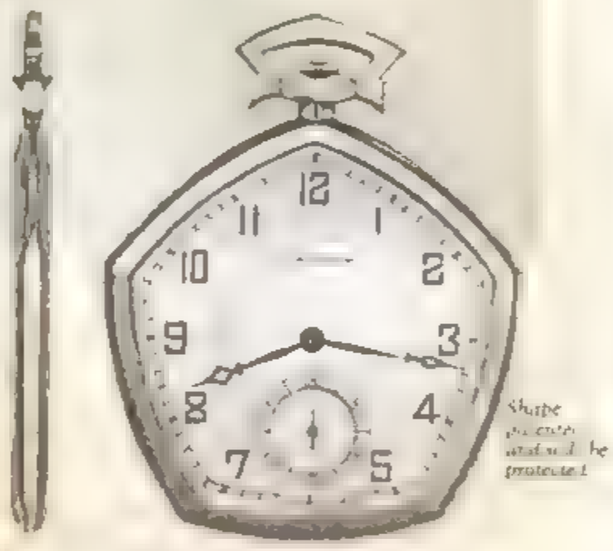

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(Continued from Page 56)

audience. "I'm J. Scott Manning, the lawyer, and I don't care who knows it, and I'm a good lawyer if I do say so. How many cases do you think I handled last year? What? A good many cases I handled. And how many do you think I lost?" Mr. Manning brandished himself in his son's face. "One! One, I tell you! One! And you talk to me about your system! You want me to study your Perfect Piffle System! You ——"

"Pobble," Scott corrected him gently.

Mr. Manning, who might soon have shown signs of stopping for a minute, was roused to fresh efforts. He pulled himself together and turned toward the primly breathless audience. He appealed to them all in the name of reason and of the law. He said that he never forgot a name, that he never forgot a face, that he never forgot anything that he wanted to remember.

Scott let him finish everything that he had to say before he spoke. It was characteristic of Scott's method to make what he had to say seem so important that it could afford to wait.

"I know you're a good lawyer," he said at last when his turn came. "I'm proud of you."

Mr. Manning had sufficiently recovered his legal wisdom to be aware that he had no possible ground of attack, and was wisely silent.

"What I say," Scott went on, "is that you might have been a better lawyer with the help of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I may be a better lawyer because of my acquaintance with it. If you had been familiar with it you might have won that other case."

Then he leaned forward confidentially over the reading desk.

"I'll bet you, dad," he said, "that you can't tell me right now all the details of that case and wherein lay the fatal flaw."

"Yes, I can," said Mr. Manning.

He opened his mouth to begin—to tell them the whole thing from the beginning—to prove once for all that he didn't need any kind of system for his memory. And then amazingly he found himself unable to say a word. He fumbled for his handkerchief and mopped his face. He tried again. Then the truth crashed down upon him; he had forgotten.

"That case ——" he said.

But he knew all the time that it was no use

"Ah," said Scott reasonably, "you see you can't. I can." He turned to the audience. "That is the way it always is," he explained. "People think that they know things, but in a moment of excitement—of great emotional stress—they may slip entirely from the memory. Such accidents are provided for by the one hundred perfect Pobble pigeonholes. Let me tell you briefly about that case. It was, I believe, the Cutter case."

He turned back to his father for confirmation.

Mr. Manning was at last reduced to silence. He nodded.

"The Cutter case," Scott repeated. "I remember Mr. Cutter's name by associating it with his profession. Mr. Cutter is a barber. Mr. Cutter left his automobile beside the road in the evening and it was run into and wrecked. Mr. Cutter claimed damages. The suit was lost because it could not be proved that the red tail light on Mr. Cutter's car was lighted. Now the whole thing turns round a point of memory. If Mr. Cutter had accustomed himself by the use of The Pobble Perfect Memory System to say whenever he alighted from his car:

'Never fail
To light the tail'

one of two things would have happened: Either he would have lighted it and his car would not have been hit; or he would have lighted it, and would have remembered that he lighted it, and would have been able to collect damages. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Manning mopped his face again.

"Well, by Jove!" he muttered. "Well, by Jove!"

Scott turned again to his father.

"Isn't that so?" he repeated.

"Well, by Jove!" said Mr. Manning again.

This was understood by all present to indicate assent.

And then while Mr. Manning still stood gasping and mopping his forehead, and the others sat rigid with their well-bred attempt not to miss anything and yet not to seem too interested, Scott addressed himself again to his audience.

"Probably most of you have already guessed," he said amazingly, "that this episode was prearranged for the purpose of giving a practical demonstration of the advantages of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. My father has very kindly consented to assist me in carrying out my plans."

Scott bowed in the direction of his father. Mr. Manning, before he was aware, found himself bowing back in the direction of his son. Once done, it was too late to help it.

Members of the audience, too, nodded to one another brightly, with the air of those who had of course known it all the time.

Scott closed his speech with a few well-chosen sentences. He discussed briefly the psychology of excitement and its effect on the memory; mentioned the ever-present need of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, and summed up its advantages. While he talked Mr. Manning still stood at the front of the Governor Bradford Hall, exactly as his bow had left him. He had never spent a more utterly dazed ten minutes. By the time it was over he was almost ready to believe that he had, in very truth, as Scott said, kindly consented to assist. Perhaps if he had not been a lawyer himself he would have believed it entirely.

And then at last the lecture was over, and there was a great burst of applause. It was evident that many people had removed their gloves in order to make more noise. Such a thing had not happened in the Governor Bradford Hall since before the Civil War.

Scott bowed in reply, and smiled—his bewildering smile. And then somehow, in the most natural way in the world, Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., was standing beside him, bowing, too, and beaming on everyone at once. It had occurred to Mr. Manning that his son was a success.

"By Jove!" he kept muttering to himself over and over. "What a lawyer he will make. By Jove!"

Ellean, of course, was the first member of the audience to reach the little flight of steps that led to the stage.

She arrived just in time to see Mr. Manning shaking Scott violently by the hand, and to hear him saying, "Well, my boy, if you're bound to succeed at something it might just as well be at the law. I guess I can still afford to see you through the last year at law school."

"You don't need to," said Ellean beside him.

Scott took a slip of paper from his pocket. At the top it said "Profits." Under "Profits" it said "General, brass, nails, cake." Ellean peeped at it over his shoulder.

"Did you really make all that?" she cried. "Isn't that wonderful?"

Mr. Manning caught the slip of paper out of Scott's fingers and looked at it. Then his smooth legal-looking face began to grow fairly mottled with excitement.

"Do you mean to say," he shouted, "that you made any such amount?"

"Yes," said Scott. "Do you mean to say that you can read it?"

Mr. Manning looked sheepish. Then he reached into his pocket and drew out a de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

"She sold it to me," he said, and indicated Ellean.

Scott turned to her accusingly.

"You never told me," he said.

"I didn't know it," said Ellean. "At least I knew I sold him one, but I didn't know that he was your father. I thought he was Mr. Shipman."

"I said my name was Manning," he objected.

He began to puff his cheeks in and out a little; no one had ever accused Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., of appearing under a false name.

And then suddenly Ellean laughed—her high, clear, pealing laugh.

"Oh, I know now what's the matter," she said. "I remembered your name by The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I associated Manning with manning a ship, and then when I wanted to remember it I thought of Shipman." Then she laughed again. "Do you remember," she said, "that I sold you that copy for your son?"

VII

MISS AURELIA PENNINGTON had them all out to the Pennington place at Brandlewaite for a supper party in Scott's honor. Scott drove Mr. Manning and Miss Aurelia out in his car; Ellean took Gib and Stan with her. Once Mr. Manning leaned over and said to his son that he had been a great success. But Scott, with his eyes fixed gloomily on the whiz of dust that indicated the whereabouts of Miss Ellean Pennington with Gib and Stan, muttered something about his not being so successful as he wished he was—not by a darned sight.

After the supper they all gathered again on the huge brick terrace at the side of the house. Miss Aurelia Pennington sat perpendicularly in a straight-backed chair. Mr. Manning sat opposite her. He was telling her that of course sometimes in the past Scott had been a little bit willful and independent, but that he had the makings of great things in him.

Miss Aurelia Pennington was waiting with a respectable degree of patience for him to finish in order that she might say that of course sometimes Ellean had been a little bit impetuous, but that lately she had been more settled in her demeanor, and that she would make someone an excellent wife.

At the other end of the terrace Ellean had flounced down on a quaint upright settle built against the wall. Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker were ranged in front of her. Scott lingered uneasily in the middle distance.

"And now," said Ellean gleefully, "I'm going to award the Grand Prize. Stan, how many copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System did you sell?"

Mr. Stanley Barker made the curious upward gesture with his hands.

"Four thousand," he said with conscious pride.

Ellean was visibly impressed.

"Good and faithful servant," she said. "Gib, what about you?"

Mr. Gibson Mylls touched his small mustache with an affectionate forefinger.

"I sold four thousand too," he said.

There was a sensation. Ellean, of course, recovered first.

"It's a tie," she said. "All we can do is to divide the Grand Prize."

Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker and Mr. J. Scott Manning, Jr., all looked at one another; they were shocked.

"Oh, I say," said Mr. Mylls uneasily, "that isn't done, you know."

"It's got to be," said Ellean. "And that makes me think—I haven't told you yet what the Grand Prize is. It's the business and goodwill and agency and everything for The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I forgot to ask you if I could, Scott, but you said yourself you didn't know what to do with it. Stan, you and Gib'll have to be partners."

"But, look here," said Stan the dauntless. "You said that you'd marry the one that sold the most copies of The Pobble System."

Ellean waved him away, half laughing, half angry.

"Look here, Stan," she said. "That joke's worn out."

"But you said so," he persisted.

Two pink spots appeared in Ellean's cheeks.

"I didn't say so," she flashed at him. "I never said so. You said so. And I told you that I didn't mean anything of the kind and asked you if I was a pony to go to the highest bidder. Didn't I, Gib?"

"Yes," said Gib. "But, Ellean—listen—we always had an understanding ——"

"We didn't," Ellean contradicted him. "I never had an understanding in my life. I can't help what my aunt and your father may have understood while you and I were shaking rattles in our cradles."

"Then you mean," said Scott huskily, "that you're not going to marry either of them?"

"Of course I do," said Ellean. "I never was going to marry either of them."

Scott took an uncertain step forward.

"Then you mean," he said, "am I—do you ——"

"Of course I love you," said Ellean rather crossly. "I thought you knew it. Do you suppose I'd stay in the city all summer and sell your silly old books if I didn't love you?"

Scott gave a little stifled cry.

"Ellean!"

But she slipped away from the hands that he put out to her, and ran across the terrace toward the steps.

"Oh, Scott," she cried, "not here before all these people! Come on down in the rose garden."

THE END

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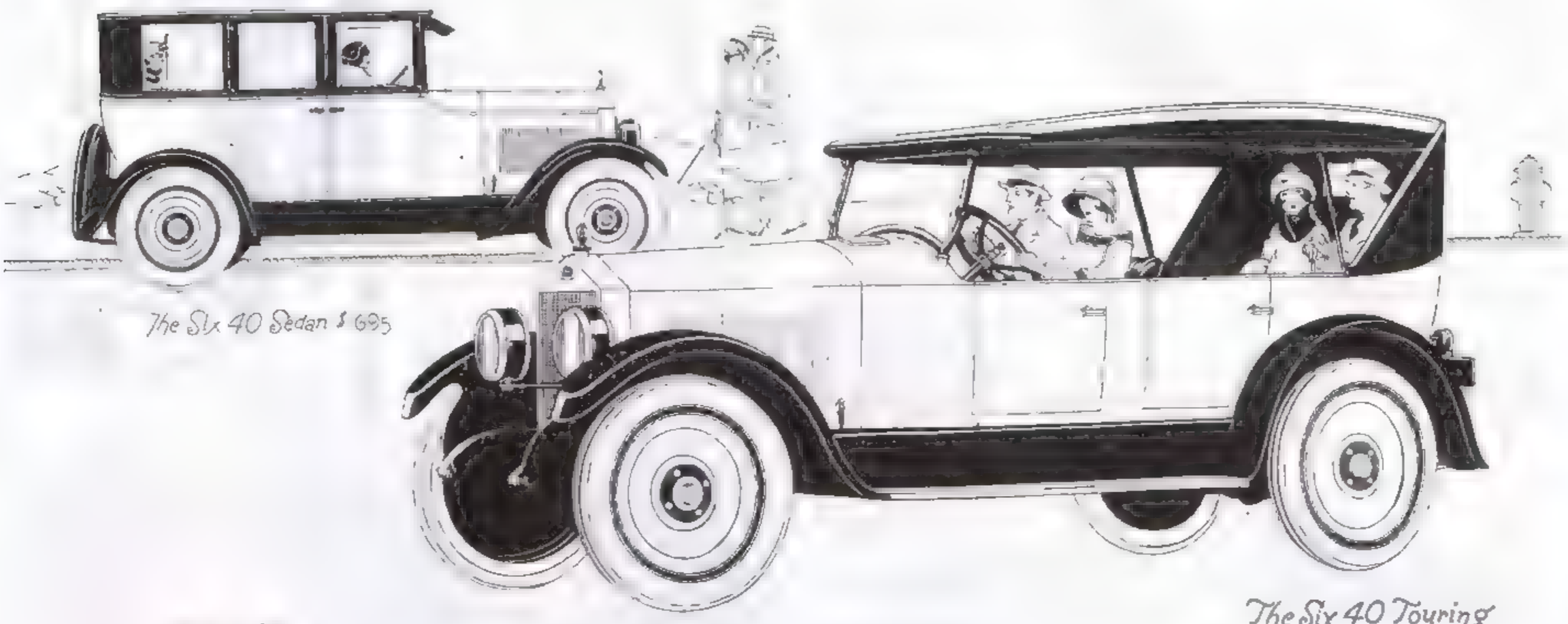

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THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

Continued from Page 19

transactions, but to suggest a tax that I as an experienced stock operator felt was neither unfair nor unintelligent. I didn't want Uncle Sam to kill the goose that could lay so many golden eggs with fair treatment. Possibly my lack of success not only irritated me but made me pessimistic over the future of an unfairly taxed business. But I'll tell you exactly what happened.

"At the beginning of the bull market I thought well of the outlook in both the steel trade and the copper market, and I therefore felt bullish on stocks of both groups. So I started to accumulate some of them. I began by buying five thousand shares of Utah Copper, and stopped because it didn't act right. That is, it did not behave as it should have behaved to make me feel I was wise in buying it. I think the price was around 114. I also started to buy U. S. Steel at almost the same price. I bought in all twenty thousand shares the first day because it did act right. I followed the method I have described to you.

"Steel continued to act right and I therefore continued to accumulate it until I was carrying seventy-two thousand shares of it in all. But my holdings of Utah Copper consisted of my initial purchase. I never got above the five thousand shares. Its behavior did not encourage me to do more with it.

"You know what happened. We had a big bull movement. I knew the market was going up. General conditions were favorable. Even after stocks had gone up considerable and my paper profit was not to be sneezed at, the tape kept trumpeting 'Not yet! Not yet! Not yet!' When I arrived in Washington the tape was still saying that to me. Of course I had no intention of increasing my line at that late day, even though I was still bullish. At the same time, the market was plainly going my way and there was no occasion for me to sit in front of a quotation board all day in hourly expectation of getting a tip to get out. Before the clarion call to retreat came—barring an utterly unexpected catastrophe, of course—the market would hesitate or otherwise prepare me for a reversal of the speculative situation. That was the reason why I went blithely about my business with congressmen.

"At the same time, prices kept going up, and that meant that the end of the bull market was drawing nearer. I did not look for the end on any fixed date. That was something quite beyond my power to determine. But I needn't tell you that I was on the watch for the tip-off. I always am anyhow. It has become a matter of business habit with me."

Turning Paper Profits Into Money

"I cannot swear to it, but I rather suspect that the day before I sold out, seeing the high prices made me think of the magnitude of my paper profit as well as of the line I was carrying, and, later on, of my vain efforts to induce our legislators to deal fairly and intelligently by Wall Street. That was probably the way and the time the seed was sown within me. The subconscious mind worked on it all night. In the morning I thought of the market and began to wonder how it would act that day. I naturally went down to the office, and there I saw not so much that prices were still higher and that I had a satisfying profit, but that there was a great big market with a tremendous power of absorption. I could sell any amount of stock in that market; and, of course, when a man who is carrying his full line of stocks has a big profit he must be on the watch for an opportunity to change his paper profit into actual cash. He should try to lose as little of the profit as possible during the swap. As I have told you several times, experience has taught me that a man can always find an opportunity to make his profits real and that this opportunity usually comes at the end of a move. That isn't tape reading or a hunch.

"Of course when I found that morning a market in which I could sell out all my stocks without any trouble I did so. When you are selling out it is no wiser or braver to sell fifty shares than fifty thousand; but fifty shares you can sell in the dullest market without breaking the price, and fifty thousand shares of a single stock is a different proposition. And though seventy-two thousand shares of U. S. Steel may not seem a colossal line to sell, you can't always sell that much without losing some of that profit that looks so nice on paper when you figure it out, and that hurts as much to lose as if you actually had it safe in bank.

I had a profit of about one million five hundred thousand dollars and I grabbed it while the grabbing was good. But that wasn't the principal reason for thinking that I did the right thing in selling out when I did. The market proved it for me, and that was indeed a source of satisfaction to me. How? This way: I succeeded in selling my entire line of seventy-two thousand shares of U. S. Steel at a price which averaged me just one point from the top of the day and of the movement. It proved that I was right, to the minute. But when, on the very same hour of the very same day, I came to sell my five thousand Utah Copper, the price broke five points. Please recall that I began buying both stocks at the same time and that I acted wisely in increasing my line of U. S. Steel from twenty thousand shares to fifty thousand and equally wisely in not increasing my line of Utah from the original five thousand shares. The reason why I didn't sell out my Utah Copper before was that I was bullish on the copper trade and it was a bull market in stocks and I didn't think that Utah would hurt me much, even if I didn't make a killing in it. But as for hunches, there weren't any. I sold out for a reason that I have always found to be a mighty good reason. My entire business career has been nothing but education—that is, training to fit me for doing some of the very things that my friends call hunches and find so difficult to explain because they think they come out of a clear sky."

Cashing In on Experience

"The training of a stock trader is like a medical education. The physician has to spend long years learning anatomy, physiology, materia medica and collateral subjects by the dozen. He learns the theory and then proceeds to devote his life to the practice. He observes and classifies all sorts of pathological phenomena. He learns to diagnose. If his diagnosis is correct—and that depends upon the accuracy of his observation—he ought to do pretty well in his treatment, always keeping in mind, of course, that human fallibility and the utterly unforeseen will keep him from scoring 100 per cent of bull's-eyes. And then, as he gains in experience, he learns not only to do the right thing but to do it instantly, so that many people will think he does it instinctively. It really isn't automatism. It is that he has diagnosed the case according to his observations of such cases during a period of many years; and naturally, after he has diagnosed it, he can only treat it in the way that experience has taught him is the proper treatment. You can transmit knowledge—that is, your particular collection of card-indexed facts—but not your experience. A man may know what to do, and lose money—if he doesn't do it quickly enough.

"Observation, experience, memory and mathematics—these are what the successful trader must depend on. He must not only observe accurately but remember at all times what he has observed. He cannot bet on the unreasonable or on the unexpected, however strong his personal convictions may be about man's unreasonableness or however certain he may feel that the unexpected happens very frequently. He must bet always on probabilities—that is, try to anticipate them. Years of practice at the game, of constant study, of always remembering enable the trader to act on the instant, both when the unexpected happens and when the expected comes to pass.

"A man can have great mathematical ability and an unusual power of accurate observation and yet fail in speculation unless he also possesses the experience and the memory. And then, like the physician who keeps up with the advances of science, the wise trader never ceases to study general conditions, to keep track of developments everywhere that are likely to affect or influence the course of the various markets. After years at the game it becomes a habit to keep posted. He acts almost automatically. He acquires the invaluable professional attitude, and that enables him to beat the game at times! This difference between the professional and the amateur or occasional trader cannot be overemphasized. I find, for instance, that memory and mathematics help me very much. Wall Street makes its money on a mathematical basis. I mean, it makes its money by dealing with facts and figures.

"When I told you that a trader has to keep posted to the minute and that he must take a purely professional attitude toward all markets and all developments, I merely meant to emphasize again that hunches and the mysterious ticker sense haven't very much to do with success. Of course it often happens that an experienced trader acts so quickly that he hasn't time to give all his reasons in advance—but, nevertheless, they are good and sufficient reasons, because they are based on facts collected by him in his years of working and thinking and seeing things from the angle of the professional, to whom everything that comes to his mill is grist. Let me illustrate what I mean by the professional attitude.

"I keep track of the commodities markets always. It is a habit of years. As you know, the government reports indicated a winter-wheat crop about the same as last year, and a bigger spring-wheat crop than in 1921. The condition was much better and we probably will have an earlier harvest than usual. When I got the figures of condition and I saw what we might expect in the way of yield—mathematics—I also thought at once of the coal miners' strike and the railroad shopmen's strike. I couldn't help thinking of them because my mind always thinks of all developments that have a bearing on the markets. It instantly struck me that the strike, which had already affected the movement of freight everywhere, must affect wheat prices adversely. I figured this way: There was bound to be considerable delay in moving winter wheat to market by reason of the strike-crippled transportation facilities, and by the time those improved the spring-wheat crop would be ready to move. That meant that when the railroads were able to move wheat in quantity they would be bringing in both crops together—the delayed winter and the early spring wheat—and that would mean a vast quantity of wheat pouring into the market at one fell swoop. Such being the facts of the case—the obvious probabilities—the traders, who would know and figure as I did, would not bull wheat for a while. They would not feel like buying it unless the price declined to such figures as made the purchase of wheat a good investment. With no buying power in the market the price ought to go down. Thinking the way I did I must find whether I was right or not. As old Pat Hearne used to remark, 'You can only tell after you bet.' Between being bearish and selling there is no need to waste time."

Market Symptoms

"Experience has taught me that the way a market behaves is an excellent guide for an operator to follow. It is like taking a patient's temperature and pulse or noting the color of the eyeballs and the coating of the tongue.

"Now ordinarily a man ought to be able to buy or sell a million bushels of wheat within ¼ cent. On this day I sold 250,000 bushels to test the market for tumeliness. The price went down ¼ cent. Then, since the reaction did not definitely tell me all I wished to know, I sold another quarter of a million bushels. I noticed that it was taken in driblets—that is, the buying was in lots of ten or fifteen thousand bushels instead of being taken in two or three transactions, which would have been the normal way. In addition to the homeopathic buying the price went down 1¼ cents on my selling. Now I need not waste time pointing out that the way in which the market took my wheat, and the disproportionate decline on my selling, told me that there was no buying power there. Such being the case, what was the only thing to do? Of course, to sell a lot more. Following the dictates of experience may possibly fool you now and then. But not following them invariably makes an ass of you. So I sold two million bushels, and the

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price went down some more. A few days later the market's behavior practically compelled me to sell an additional two million bushels, and the price declined further. Still a few days later wheat started to break badly and slumped off six cents a bushel. And it didn't stop there. It has been going down, with short-lived rallies.

"Now, I didn't follow a hunch. Nobody gave me a tip. It was my habitual or professional mental attitude toward the commodities markets that gave me the profit, and that attitude came from my years at this business. I study because my business is to trade. The moment the tape told me that I was on the right track my business duty was to increase my line. I did. That is all there is to it.

"I have found that experience is apt to be a steady dividend payer in this game, and that observation gives you the best tips of all. The behavior of a certain stock is all you need at times. You observe it. Then experience shows you how to profit by variations from the usual—that is, from the probable. For example, we know that all stocks do not move one way together, but that all the stocks of a group will move up in a bull market and down in a bear market. This is a commonplace of speculation. It is the commonest of all self-given tips, and the commission houses are well aware of it and pass it on to any customer who has not thought of it himself; I mean the advice to trade in those stocks which have lagged behind other stocks of the same group. Thus, if U. S. Steel goes up, it is logically assumed that it is only a matter of time when Crucible or Republic or Bethlehem will follow suit. Trade conditions and prospects should work equally with all stocks of a group and the prosperity should be shared by all. On the theory, corroborated by experience times without number, that every dog has his day in the market, the public will buy A. B. Steel because it has not advanced while C. D. Steel and X.Y. Steel have gone up.

"I never buy a stock, even in a bull market, if it doesn't act as it ought to act in that kind of market. I have sometimes bought a stock during an undoubted bull market and found out that other stocks in the same group were not acting bullishly, and I have sold out my stock. Why? Experience tells me that it is not wise to buck against what I may call the manifest group tendency. I cannot expect to play certainties only. I must reckon on probabilities—and anticipate them. An old broker once said to me: 'If I am walking along a railroad track and I see a train coming toward me at sixty miles an hour, do I keep on walking on the ties? Friend, I sidestep. And I do not even pat myself on the back for being so wise and prudent.'"

The Lame Duck Among the Motors

"Last year, after the general bull movement was well under way, I noticed that one stock in a certain group was not going with the rest of the group, though the group with that one exception was going with the rest of the market. I was long a very fair amount of Blackwood Motors. Everybody knew that the company was doing a very big business. The price was rising from one to three points a day and the public was coming in more and more. This naturally centered attention on the motor group, and one after another the various motor stocks began to go up. One of them, however, persistently held back, and that was Chester. It lagged behind the others so that it was not long before it made people talk. The low price of Chester and its apathy were contrasted with the strength and activity in Blackwood and other motor stocks, and the public, logically enough, listened to the touts and tipsters and wiseacres and began to buy Chester on the theory that it must presently move up with the rest of the group.

"Instead of going up on this moderate public buying, Chester actually declined. Now it would have been no job to put it up in that bull market, considering that Blackwood, a stock of the same group, was one of the sensational leaders of the general advance. The other motor stocks were following Blackwood and we heard of nothing but the wonderful improvement in the demand for automobiles of all kinds, and the record output.

"It was thus plain that the inside clique in Chester were not doing any of the things that inside cliques invariably do in a bull market. For this failure to do the usual thing there might be two reasons. Perhaps the insiders did not put it up because they wished to accumulate more stock before advancing the price, but this was an untenable theory if you analyzed the volume and character of the trading in Chester. The other reason was that they did not put it up because they were afraid of getting stuck if they tried and therefore would not buy it at prevailing prices, notwithstanding the upward tendency of the entire list in general and of the motor group in particular.

"When the men who ought to want a stock don't want it, why should I want it? I figured that no matter how prosperous other automobile companies might be, it was a cinch to sell Chester short. Experience has taught me to beware of buying a stock that refuses to follow the group leader.

"I easily established the fact that not only there was no inside buying but that there was actually inside selling. There were other symptomatic warnings against buying Chester, though all I required was its inconsistent market behavior. It was again the tape that tipped me off, and that was why I sold Chester short. One day not very long afterward the stock broke wide open. Later on we learned—officially, as it were—that insiders had indeed been selling it, knowing full well that the condition of the company was not good. The reason, as usual, was disclosed after the break. But the warning came before the break. I don't look out for breaks; I look out for the warnings. I didn't know what was the trouble with Chester, but neither did I follow a hunch. I merely knew that something must be wrong because the tape said, 'Sell it!'"

Ups and Downs of Guiana Gold

"Only the other day we had what the newspapers called a sensational movement in Guiana Gold. After selling on the curb at 50 or close to it, it was listed on the Stock Exchange. It started there at around 35, began to go down and finally broke 20.

"Now I'd never have called that break sensational, because it was fully to be expected. If you had asked you would have learned the history of the company. No end of people knew it. It was told to me as follows: A syndicate was formed consisting of half a dozen extremely well-known capitalists and a prominent banking house. One of the members was the head of the Belle Isle Exploration Company, which advanced over ten million dollars cash and received in return bonds and two hundred and fifty thousand shares out of a total of one million shares of the Guiana Gold Mine Company. The stock went on a dividend basis and it was mighty well advertised. The Belle Isle people thought it well to cash in, and gave a call on their two hundred and fifty thousand shares to the bankers, who arranged to try to market that stock and some of their own holdings as well. They thought of intrusting the market manipulation to a professional, whose fee was to be one-third of the profits from the sale of the two hundred and fifty thousand shares above 36. I understand that the agreement was drawn up and ready to be signed, but at the last moment the bankers decided to undertake the marketing themselves and save the fee. So they organized an inside pool. The bankers had a call on the Belle Isle holdings of two hundred and fifty thousand at 36. They put this in at 41. That is, insiders paid their own banking colleagues a five-point profit to start with. I don't know whether they knew it or not.

"It is perfectly plain that to the bankers the operation had every semblance of a cinch. We had run into a bull market and the stock of the group to which Guiana Gold belonged was among the market leaders. The company was making big profits and paying regular dividends. This together with the high character of the sponsors made the public regard Guiana almost as an investment stock. I was told that about four hundred thousand shares were sold to the public all the way up to 47.

"The gold group was very strong. But presently Guiana began to sag. It declined ten points. That was all right if the pool was marketing stock. But pretty soon the Street began to hear that things were not altogether satisfactory and the property was not bearing out the high expectations of the promoters. Then, of course, the reason for the decline became plain. But before the reason was known I had the warning and had taken steps to test the market for Guiana. The stock was acting pretty much as Chester Motors did. I sold Guiana. The price went down. I sold more. The price went still lower. The stock was repeating the performance of Chester and of a dozen other stocks whose clinical history I remembered. The tape plainly told me that there was something wrong—something that kept insiders from buying it—insiders who knew exactly why they should not buy their own stock in a bull market. On the other hand, outsiders, who did not know, were now buying because, having sold at 45 and higher, the stock looked cheap at 35 and lower. The dividend was still being paid. The stock was a bargain.

"Then the news came. It reached me, as important market news often does, before it reached the public. But the confirmation of the reports of striking barren rock instead of rich ore merely gave me the reason for the earlier inside selling. I myself didn't sell on the news. I had sold long before, on the stock's behavior. My concern with it was not philosophical. I am a trader and therefore looked for one sign—inside buying. There wasn't any. I didn't have to know why the insiders did not think enough of their own stock to buy it on the decline. It was enough that their market plans plainly did not include further manipulation for the rise. That made it a cinch to sell the stock short. The public had bought almost a half million shares, and the only change in ownership possible was from one set of ignorant outsiders who would sell in the hope of stopping losses to another set of ignorant outsiders who might buy in the hope of making money.

"I am not telling you this to moralize on the public's losses through their buying of Guiana or on my profit through my selling of it, but to emphasize how important the study of group behavior is and how its lessons are disregarded by inadequately equipped traders, big and little. And it is not only in the stock market that the tape warns you. It blows the whistle quite as loudly in grain or cotton.

"I had an interesting experience in cotton. I was bearish on stocks and put out a moderate short line. At the same time I sold cotton short, fifty thousand bales. My stock deal proved profitable and I neglected my cotton. The first thing I knew I had a loss of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on my fifty thousand bales. As I said, my stock deal was so interesting and I was doing so well in it that I did not wish to take my mind off it. Whenever I thought of cotton I just said to myself, 'I'll wait for a reaction and cover.' The price would react a little, but before I could decide to take my loss and cover, the price would rally again and go higher than ever. So I'd decide again to wait a little, and I'd go back to my stock deal and confine my attention to that. Finally, I closed out my stocks at a very handsome profit and went away to Hot Springs for a rest and a holiday."

A Million to the Bad

"That really was the first time that I had my mind free to deal with the problem of my losing deal in cotton. The trade had gone against me. There were times when it almost looked as if I might win out. I noticed that whenever anybody sold heavily there was a good reaction. But almost instantly the price would rally and make a new high for the move.

"Finally, by the time I had been in Hot Springs a few days, I was a million to the bad and no let-up in the rising tendency. I thought over all I had done and had not done and I said to myself, 'I must be wrong!' With me, to feel that I am wrong and to decide to get out are practically one process. So I covered, at a loss of about one million.

"The next morning I was playing golf and not thinking of anything else. I had made my play in cotton. I had been wrong. I had paid for being wrong and the receipted bill was in my pocket. I had no more concern with the cotton market than I have at this moment. When I went back to the hotel for luncheon I stopped at the broker's office and took a look at the quotations. Just habit. I saw that cotton had gone off fifty points. That wasn't anything. But I also noticed that it had not rallied as it had been in the habit of doing for weeks. I think I told you how,

(Continued on Page 65)

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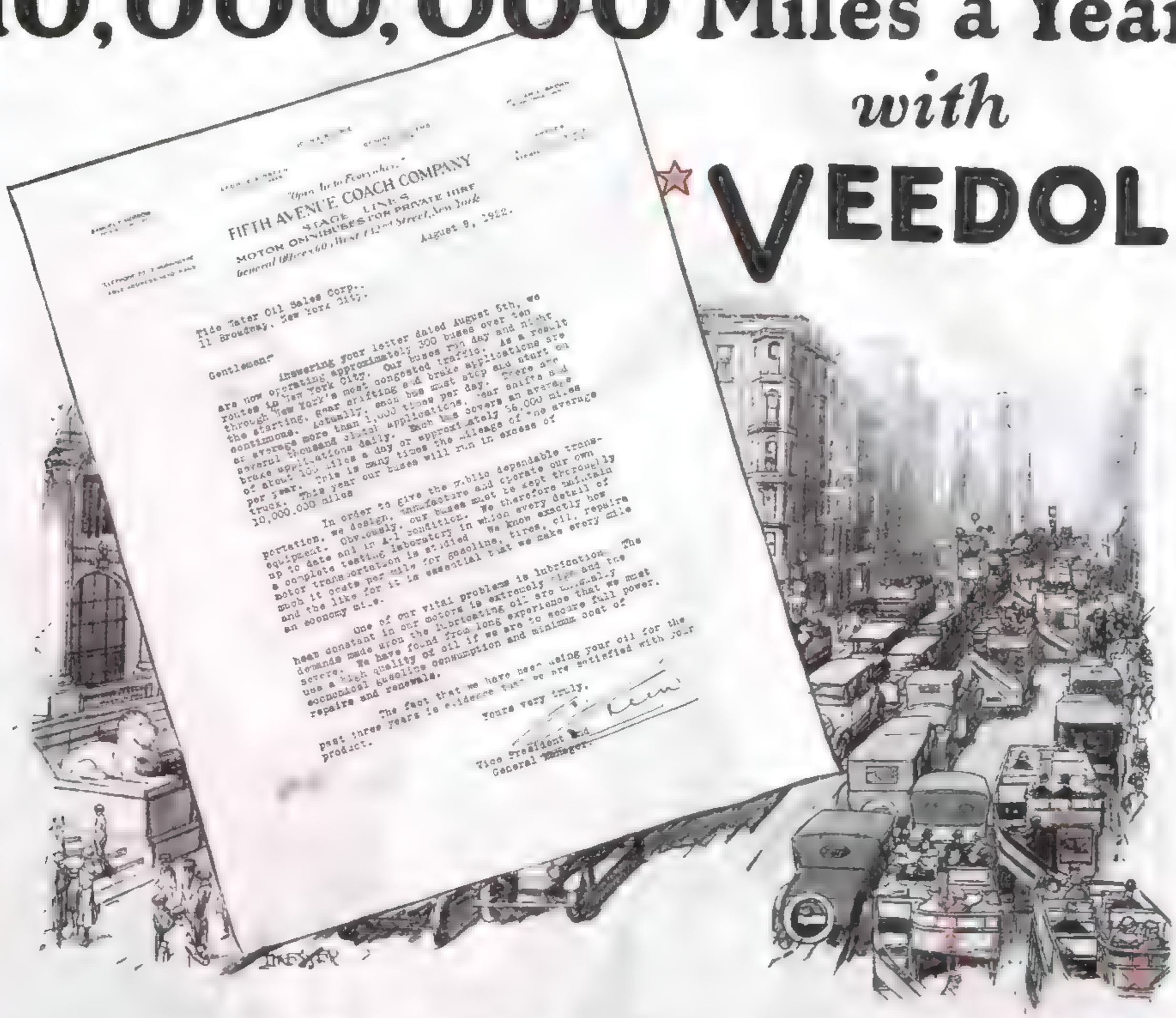
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Continued from Page 62

when I was short of it, it would react only to rally as soon as the pressure of the particular selling that had depressed it eased up. It indicated that the line of least resistance was upward. That was true for weeks and it had cost me a million to shut my eyes to it.

"Now, however, the reason that had made me take my big loss and cover was no longer a good reason, since there had not been the usual prompt and vigorous rally. So I sold ten thousand bales and waited. Pretty soon the market went off fifty points. I waited a little while longer. There was no rally. I had got pretty hungry by now, so I went into the dining room and ordered my luncheon. Before the waiter could serve it I jumped up, went to the broker's office, saw that there had been no rally and so sold ten thousand bales more. I waited a little and had the pleasure of seeing the price decline forty points more. That showed me I was trading correctly, so I returned to the dining room, ate my luncheon and went back to the broker's. There was no rally in cotton that day. That very night I left Hot Springs.

"It was all very well to play golf, but I had been wrong in cotton in selling when I did and in covering when I did. I simply had to get back on the job and be where I could trade in comfort. The way the market took my first ten thousand bales made me sell the second ten thousand, and the way the market took the second made me certain the turn had come. It was the difference in behavior.

"Well, I reached Washington, went to my brokers' office, which was in charge of my friend Tucker. While I was there the market went down some more. I was more confident of being right now than I had been of being wrong before. So I sold forty thousand bales, and the market went off seventy-five points. It showed that there was no support there. That night the market closed still lower. The old buying power was plainly gone. There was no telling at what level that power would again develop, but I felt confident of the wisdom of my position. The next morning I left Washington for New York by motor. There was no need to hurry.

"When we got to Philadelphia I drove to a broker's office. I saw that there was the very dickens to pay in the cotton market. Prices had broken badly and there was a small-sized panic on. I didn't wait to get to New York. I called up my brokers on the long distance and covered my shorts. As soon as I got my reports and found that I had practically made up my previous loss I motored on to New York without having to stop en route to see any more quotations."

Milking the Market

"Some friends who were with me in Hot Springs talk to this day of the way I jumped up from the luncheon table to sell that second lot of ten thousand bales. But again, that clearly was not a hunch. It was an impulse that came from the conviction that the time to sell cotton had now come, however great my mistake had been before. I had to take advantage of it. It was my chance. The subconscious mind probably went on working, reaching conclusions for me. The decision to sell in Washington was the result of my observation. My years of experience in trading told me that the line of least resistance had changed from up to down.

"I bore the cotton market no grudge for taking a million dollars out of me and I did not hate myself for making a mistake of that caliber any more than I felt proud of covering in Philadelphia and making up my loss. My trading mind concerns itself with trading problems, and I think I am justified in asserting that I made up my first loss because I had the experience and the memory.

"History repeats itself all the time in Wall Street. Do you remember a story I told you about covering my shorts at the time Stratton had corn cornered? Well, I used practically the same tactics in the stock market. The stock was Tropical Trading. I have made money bulling it and also bearing it. It always was an active stock and a favorite with adventurous traders. The inside coterie has been accused time and again by the newspapers of being more concerned over the fluctuations in the stock than with encouraging permanent investment in it. The other day one of the ablest brokers I know asserted that not even Daniel Drew, in Erie, or H. O. Havemeyer, in Sugar, developed so perfect a method for milking the market for a stock as President Mulligan and his friends have done in Tropical Trading. Many times they have encouraged the bears to sell T. T. short and then have proceeded to squeeze them with business-like thoroughness. There was no more vindictiveness about the process than is felt by a buzz saw—and no more squeamishness either.

"Why do the room traders who have suffered so often from the loaded dice of the insiders continue to go up against the game? Well, for one thing they like action, and they certainly get it in Tropical Trading. No prolonged spells of dullness. No reasons asked and none given. No time wasted. No patience strained by waiting for the tipped movement to begin. Always enough stock to go around except when the short interest is enough to make it worth while. One born every minute!

"It so happened sometime ago that I was in Florida on my usual winter vacation. I was fishing and enjoying myself without any thought of the markets excepting when we received a batch of newspapers. One morning, when the semiweekly mail came in, I looked at the stock quotations and saw that Tropical Trading was selling at 155. The last time I'd seen a quotation in it, I think, was around 140. My opinion was that we were going into a bear market and I was biding my time before going short of stocks. But there was no mad rush. That was why I was fishing and out of hearing of the ticker. I knew that I'd be back home when the real call came and that nothing that I did or failed to do would hurry matters a bit."

The Bear Raid on T. T.

"The behavior of Tropical Trading was the outstanding feature of the market according to the newspapers I got that morning. It served to crystallize my general bearishness because I thought it particularly asinine for the T. T. insiders to run up the price in the face of the heaviness of the general list. There are times when the milking process must be suspended. What is abnormal is seldom a desirable factor in a trader's calculations, and it looked to me as if the marking up of that stock were a capital blunder. Nobody can make blunders of that magnitude with impunity; at least not in the stock market.

"After I got through reading the newspapers I went back to my fishing, but I kept thinking of what the insiders in Tropical Trading were trying to do. That they were bound to fail was as certain as that a man is bound to smash himself if he jumps from the roof of a twenty-story building without a parachute. I couldn't think of anything else, and finally I gave up trying to fish and sent off a telegram to my brokers to sell two thousand shares of T. T. at the market. After that I was able to go back to my fishing. I did pretty well.

"That afternoon I received the reply to my telegram by special courier. My brokers reported that they had sold the two thousand shares of Tropical Trading at 153. So far so good. I was selling short on a declining market, which was as it should be. But I could not fish any more. It was too far away from a quotation board after I began to think of all the reasons why Tropical Trading should go down instead of going up on inside manipulation. It was worse than useless for me to stay in my fishing camp, so I returned to Palm Beach; or, rather, to the direct wire to New York.

"The moment I got to Palm Beach and saw what the misguided insiders were still trying to do, I let them have a second lot of two thousand T.T. Back came the report and I shot another two-thousand-shares selling order at them. The market behaved excellently—that is, it declined on my selling. Everything being satisfactory I went out and had a chair ride. But I wasn't happy. The more I thought the unhappier it made me to think that I hadn't sold more. So back I went to the broker's office and sold another two thousand shares.

"I was happy only when I was selling that stock. Presently I was short ten thousand shares. Then I decided to return to New York. I had business to do now. My fishing I would do some other time.

"When I arrived in New York I made it a point to get a line on the company's business, actual and prospective, and I was thereby strengthened in my belief that the insiders had been worse than reckless in jacking up the price at a time when such an advance was justified neither by the tone of the general market nor by the company's earnings. I had begun to sell the stock short because experience told me that the insiders were doing an unwise thing. I continued my short selling because the company's condition must make the price go down.

"The rise, illogical and ill-timed though it was, had developed some public following and this doubtless encouraged the insiders to pursue their unwise tactics. Therefore I sold more stock. The insiders ceased their folly. So I tested the market again and again, in accordance with my trading methods, until finally I was short thirty thousand shares of the stock of the Tropical Trading Company. By then the price was 133.

"I had been warned that the T.T. insiders knew the exact whereabouts of every stock certificate and the precise dimensions and identity of the short interest, as well as other facts of tactical importance. They were able men and shrewd to advise. Altogether it was a dangerous combination to go up against. But facts are facts and the strongest of all allies are conditions.

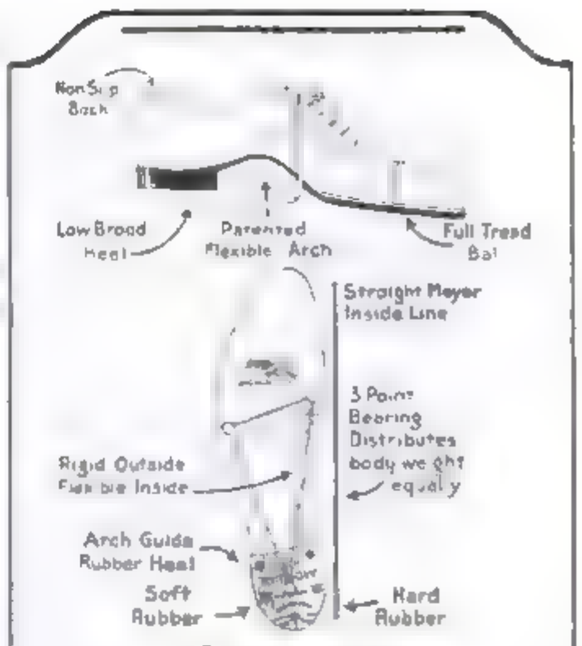
"Of course, on the way down from 153 to 133 the short interest had grown, and the public that buys on reactions began to argue as usual: That stock had been considered a good buy at 153 and higher. Now twenty points lower, it was necessarily a much better buy. Same stock, same dividend rate, same officers, same business. Bargain!

"The public's purchases reduced the floating supply, and the insiders, knowing that a lot of room traders were short, thought the time propitious for a squeezing. The price was duly run up to 150. I dare say there was plenty of covering, but I stayed pat. Why shouldn't I? The insiders might know that a short line of thirty thousand shares had not been taken in, but why should that frighten me? The reasons that had impelled me to begin selling at 153 and keep at it on the way down to 133 not only still existed but were stronger than ever. The insiders might desire to force me to cover, but they adduced no convincing arguments. Fundamental conditions were fighting for me. It was not difficult to be both fearless and patient. I have told you that a speculator must have faith in himself and in his judgment. The late Dickson G. Watts, ex-president of the New York Cotton Exchange, and famous author of Speculation as a Fine Art, says that courage in a speculator is merely confidence to act on the decision of his mind. With me, I cannot fear to be wrong because I never think I am wrong until I am proved wrong. In fact, I am uncomfortable unless I am capitalizing my experience. The course of the market does not necessarily prove me wrong. It is the character of the advance—or of the decline—that determines for me the correctness or the fallacy of my market position. I can only rise by knowledge. If I fall it must be by my own blunders."

Livingston's Tactics Analyzed

"There was nothing in the character of the rally from 133 to 150 to frighten me into covering, and presently the stock, as was to be expected, began to decline. It broke 140 before the inside clique began to give it support. Their buying was coincident with a flood of bull rumors about the stock. The company, we heard, was making perfectly fabulous profits, and the earnings justified an increase in the regular dividend rate. Also, the short interest was said to be perfectly huge and the squeeze of the century was about to be inflicted on the bear party in general and in particular on a certain operator who was more than overextended. I couldn't begin to tell you all I heard as they ran the price up ten points.

"The manipulation was not particularly alarming to me, but when the price touched 149 I decided that it was not wise to let the Street accept as true all the bull statements that were floating around. Of course there was nothing that I or any other rank outsider could say that would carry conviction either to the frightened shorts or to those credulous customers of commission houses that trade on hearsay tips. The most effective retort courteous is that which the tape alone can print. People will believe that when they will not believe an affidavit from any living man,



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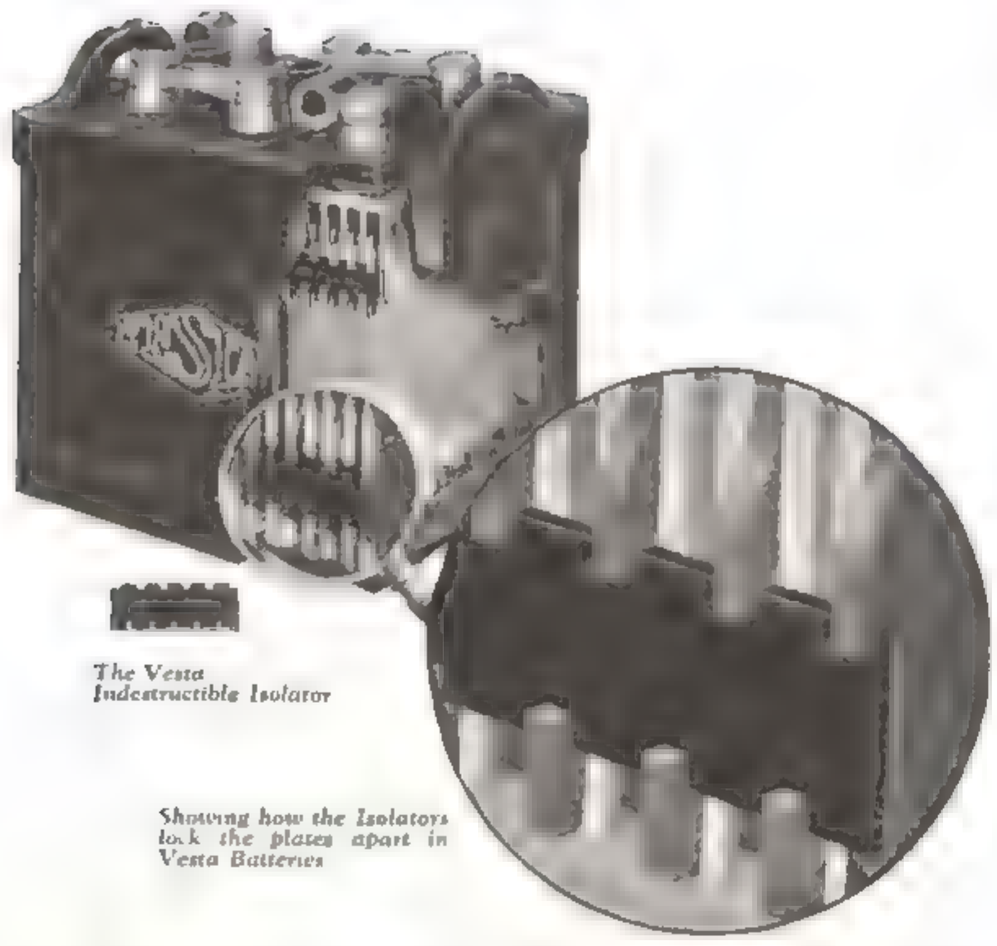

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Showing how the Isolators lock the plates apart in Vesta Batteries

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STORAGE BATTERY

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much less one from a chap who is short thirty thousand shares. So I used the same tactics that I did at the time of the Stratton corner in corn, when I sold oats to make the traders bearish on corn. Experience and memory again.

"When the insiders jacked up the price of Tropical Trading with a view to frightening the shorts I didn't try to check the rise by selling that stock. I was already short thirty thousand shares of it, which was as big a percentage of the floating supply as I thought it wise to be short of. I did not propose to put my head into the noose so obligingly held open for me; the second rally was really an urgent invitation. What I did when T. T. touched 149 was to sell about ten thousand shares of Equatorial Commercial Corporation. This company owned a large block of Tropical Trading stock.

"Equatorial Commercial, which was not as active a stock as T. T., broke badly on my selling, as I had foreseen, and of course my purpose was achieved. When the traders—and the customers of the commission houses who had listened to the uncontradicted bull dope on T. T.—saw that the rise in Tropical synchronized with heavy selling and a sharp break in Equatorial, they naturally concluded that the strength of T. T. was merely a blind, a smoke screen, a manipulated advance obviously designed to facilitate inside liquidation in Equatorial Commercial, which was the largest holder of T. T. stock. It must be both long stock and inside stock in Equatorial, because no outsider would dream of selling so much short stock at the very moment when Tropical Trading was so very strong. So the wise traders seeing the significant inside selling in Equatorial Commercial promptly sold Tropical Trading and checked the rise in that stock, the insiders very properly not wishing to take all the stock that was pressed for sale. The moment the insiders took away their support the price of T. T. declined. The traders and principal commission houses now sold some Equatorial also, and I took in my short line in that at a small profit. I hadn't sold it to make money out of the operation, but to check the rise in T. T.

"Time and again the Tropical Trading insiders and their hard-working publicity man flooded the street with all manner of bull items and tried to put up the price. And every time they did I sold Equatorial Commercial short and covered it when T. T. reacted and carried E. C. with it. It took the wind out of the manipulators' sails. The price of T. T. finally went down to 125 and the short interest really grew so big that the insiders were enabled to run it up twenty or twenty-five points. This time it was a legitimate enough drive against an overextended short interest; but though I foresaw the rally I did not cover, not wishing to lose my position. Before Equatorial Commercial could advance in sympathy with the rise in T. T. I sold a raft of it short—with the usual results, and gave the lie to the bull talk in T. T., which had got quite boisterous after the latest sensational rise.

"By this time the general market had grown quite weak. As I told you, it was the conviction that we were in a bear market that started me selling T. T. short in the fishing camp in Florida. I was short of quite a few other stocks, but T. T. was my pet. Finally, general conditions proved too much for the inside clique to defy, and T. T. hit the toboggan slide. It went below 120 for the first time in years, then below 110, below par; and still I did not cover. One day when the entire market was extremely weak Tropical Trading broke 90, and on the demoralization I covered. Same old reason! I had the opportunity—the big market and the weakness and the excess of sellers over buyers. I may tell you, even at the risk of appearing to be monotonously bragging of my cleverness, that I took in my thirty thousand shares of T. T. at practically the lowest prices of the movement. But I wasn't thinking of covering at the bottom. I was intent on turning my paper profits into cash without losing much of the profit in the changing.

"I stood pat throughout, because I knew my position was sound. I wasn't bucking the trend of the market or going against basic conditions, but the reverse; and that was what made me so sure of the failure of an overconfident inside clique. What they tried to do, others had tried before and it had always failed. The frequent rallies, even when I knew as well as anybody that they were due, could not frighten me. I knew I'd do much better in the end by staying pat than by trying to cover to put out a new short line at a higher price. By sticking to the position that I felt was right I made over a million dollars. I was not indebted to hunches or to skillful tape reading or to stubborn courage. It was a dividend declared by my faith in my judgment, not on my cleverness or on my vanity. Knowledge is power, and power need not fear lies—not even when the tape prints them. The retraction follows pretty quickly.

"A year later T. T. was jacked up again to 150 and hung around there for a couple of weeks. The entire market was entitled to a good reaction, for it had risen uninterruptedly and it did not bull any longer. I know because I tested it. Now the group to which T. T. belonged had been suffering from very poor business and I couldn't see anything to bull those stocks on anyhow, even if the rest of the market were due for a rise, which it wasn't. So I began to sell Tropical Trading. I intended to put out ten thousand shares in all. The price broke on my selling. I couldn't see that there was any support whatever. Then suddenly the character of the buying changed.

"I am not trying to make myself out a wizard when I assure you that I could tell the moment support came in. It instantly struck me that if the insiders in that stock, who never felt a moral obligation to keep the price up, were now buying the stock in the face of a declining general market there must be a reason. They were not ignorant asses, nor philanthropists, nor yet bankers concerned with keeping the price up to sell more securities over the counter. The price rose, notwithstanding my selling and the selling of others. At 153 I covered my ten thousand shares and at 156 I actually went long, because by that time the tape told me the line of least resistance was upward. I was bearish on the general market, but I was confronted by a trading condition in a certain stock and not by a speculative theory in general. The price went out of sight, above 200. It was the sensation of the year. I was flattered by reports spoken and printed that I had been squeezed out of eight or nine millions of dollars. As a matter of fact, instead of being short I was long of T. T. all the way up. In fact, I held on a little too long and let some of my paper profits get away from me. Do you wish to know why I did? Because I thought the T. T. insiders would naturally do what I would have done had I been in their place. But that was something I had no business to think, because my business is to trade—that is, to stick to the facts before me, and not to what I think other people ought to do."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 23)

ordinary conversation with the Oriental must be prefaced by many polite platitudes, so must the examination of China invariably have a prelude.

The reason is, to quote the effective American phrase, that she refuses to "stay put."

It is not because she is an enormous inchoate mass, waiting to be molded by a master hand, but for the reason that the near-order of today is usually out of gear almost before you can chronicle it.

Let me illustrate with a concrete instance bearing directly on this series. Exactly four weeks ago, when I wrote the article on the Chinese Civil War, what appeared to be the new and definite line-up was revealed. Chang Tso-lin had been overwhelmed in battle by Wu Pei-fu, and the Manchurian war lord's grip on the Peking Government was broken. President Hsu Shih-chang was forced out of office and Li Yuan-hung took his place. A new cabinet dictated by Wu Pei-fu, and including men of force and character, came into being. The old Republican Parliament, the only legal legislative body in the republic, was summoned for assembly after a five years' recess. Sun Yat-sen's Canton

(Continued on Page 68)

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It would delight you to watch her at work, and to know that the 57 Varieties not only taste good but are prepared from the choicest materials and with a skill and care and cleanliness that would please you in your own kitchen at home.

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H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties

(Continued from Page 66)

government had collapsed, Sun was a fugitive aboard one of his warships, and Chen Chiung-ming, the ablest figure in South China, was momentarily master. Unification, and with it stabilization, apparently lurked just around the corner. The optimist would have said that China's great hour had struck.

At the time I write this article, which is early in August, considerable milk has already been spilled. Sun Yat-sen has mobilized a new army and begun a trench warfare that may last for many months. Chang Tso-lin has reaffirmed the independence of Manchuria and notified the foreign ministers at Peking that all diplomatic questions concerning Manchuria must be referred to him and that he would not recognize any agreements concluded by the Peking Government. Moreover, Chan Tso-lin is said to be plotting with dissatisfied *tuchuns* in the Yang-tse, with the view of eventually linking himself again with Sun Yat-sen. In addition, the *tuchun* at Che-kiang has to all intents and purposes seceded from the northern government; civil war rages in Szechuen, the richest and most populous province of China, and there are mutinies in Anhwei and Kiang-si. The Minister of Finance has been forced to put up his shutters because the national treasury is absolutely empty. The first session of the resuscitated Republican Parliament developed a fierce row between the northern and southern delegates, which shows that the breach is not yet healed. At this juncture our friend the optimist would throw up his hands in despair and say "It beats me," with the same fervor that he acclaimed unity and progress a month before. I present these contrasts in the events of a single month to indicate the obstacles that lie in the way of appraisal of China as she is.

Chinese Traits

The same paradoxes exist in other directions, all making for trouble for the historian. One of them grows out of the fact that China is not one country but a continent or a group of countries, each differing from the others in climate, natural resources, language and economic conditions. Not so long ago, for instance, a dreadful famine spread over an area in the north exactly six times the size of Great Britain. Although it affected more than 30,000,000 people it did not prevent export of wheat and flour from China to foreign countries. Again, a series of typhoons of almost appalling violence which devastated the crops in one part of a province had little effect on the business done at a treaty port in the same province.

Even when you have only the most superficial knowledge of China you realize that just as the Chinese invariably become more urbane as anxieties press the hardest, the nation itself moves serenely, if ponderously, along, and somehow not only exists but develops in its own way. This brings me to what is perhaps the most illuminating index to China, and one that explains many things. During the past ten years, which have been marked by almost incessant civil war, political strife, ravaging of treasuries and a continuous carnival of graft, China has advanced. The basic reason is that the people themselves have taken little interest in government. Until the birth of the republic, government, as such, existed with the average Chinese for no other purpose than to maintain officialdom. Peking, as I pointed out in an earlier article—and it is worth repeating—was simply a giant hopper into which was poured unending tribute of rice, silk and bullion. So long as the Chinaman is let alone, he perseveres. Famine, flood and politics, which have long been the curses of China, surge around him in vain.

The small Chinese merchant is perhaps the best philosopher in the world. Every year for many years, and sometimes twice within the twelve months, his shop is looted by soldiers, whose only pay is through theft. Yet, when the dust and din have subsided, Ah Sing calmly gathers together the remnants of his belongings and starts all over again.

I was in Peking at the outbreak of the most recent civil war. On the day that hostilities began, and when you could hear the firing plainly in the capital, I walked outside the Ch'ien Men Gate to the street of the same name, which is the Broadway of the city. Hundreds of shopkeepers were hiding away what they could of their stocks and getting ready for what they believed to be the inevitable brigandage. When I asked one of them how he felt about the chronic looting he merely replied, "It will soon be over and I will open my shop again."

It was only when a foreign nation like Japan sought to infringe upon the sovereignty of the country with a possible loss of territory, such as obtained in Shantung, that the people rose in their wrath. This happened in the so-called Student Movement of 1919, which brought about the boycott on Japan. This movement was fostered by returned students, mostly from America, and it is this body of students that represents the hope of the nation today

The big point that I want to make, however, is that in the face of all the internal strife and government dislocation China's business has progressed. In 1910 her total imports and exports aggregated only 843,798,222 haikwan taels. For 1920, the latest statistics available, it had increased to 1,303,881,534 haikwan taels. The haikwan tael is not a coin but a weight of silver of a given fineness. There are various other taels, such as the Shanghai tael, but the haikwan tael is employed by the maritime customs and is the official symbol of foreign trade value. At the present time it is worth about eighty cents.

So, too, with what might be called the general inland prosperity, which expands in spite of governmental inefficiency. The largest industrial group in China is the textile group. In 1912, the first year of the republic, there were only 841,894 spindles throughout the whole country. In 1921 there were 3,165,546 spindles, of which 2,000,000 were in mills entirely owned by the Chinese. The Chinese-owned oil mills have increased during the last nine years from 31 to 119, while the flour mills have grown from 40 to 103. Chinese coal production has doubled, while the value of money orders cashed in the post offices has expanded from $6,000,000 in 1911 to approximately $60,000,000 last year. In a later article China's economic resources will be fully presented. These scattering facts are shown here merely to emphasize the point that the Mother of the East is not losing weight, even though the cancer of graft and maladministration has eaten at her breast.

When you analyze what is commonly called China's plight in the light of the evolution of other nations, especially republics, you find that history in the making is a slow business. Like the writing of plays for the speaking stage, it is remade—not made. Take our own country. No one can deny, as has often been pointed out, that the American Revolution did not really complete itself until 1865, when the United States became a unified entity. Thus nearly ninety years were required to realize the dream of the forefathers of the republic. Moreover, the real era of American reconstruction and the birth of America as a world power did not begin until the war with Spain. It took that to wipe out, once and for all, the sectional lines between North and South and figuratively merge the gray of the Confederacy into the blue of the Union.

The Rock of China's Morrow

Knowing these facts, you can see that China's prospects are far from hopeless. On the contrary, she has kept herself going and even made fiscal strides; this, too, with a national illiteracy that is nearly 100 per cent. She has been a republic for exactly ten years and although she has had six presidents during that time—the fixed term is five years—there is reason to believe that she will not take so long as the United States to achieve her destiny

In fact, she got a flying start after the overthrow of the Manchus, but it crumpled up, for reasons that were pointed out to me by an American who has long resided in China and knows the Chinese better than almost any alien I have met. This is what he said:

"Two factors made for speed in the first decade of the history of the Chinese Republic. One was the fear of foreign aggression and the desire for foreign economic support. The second was the aspiration of Young China to produce a model government which would be in a position to secure for the country international recognition in some proportion to the size, population and inherent wealth of the country. But speed has failed and reformation from above has failed, and China does not stand in fear of foreign aggression to any great extent any longer. Therefore the process of change must become slow, normal, fundamental. It must begin with the family and work through the village upwards until the national government is reached."

When you mention the family you get at the key of Chinese life and character. As in Japan, everything radiates from it. The village is merely the larger domestic group. Therefore all reform in China must begin in the small community. From these villages there have lately streamed the young men who have been, or are being, educated in the Western universities. They and their sons are the rock of the Chinese tomorrow. Nothing moves swiftly in the Orient, hence you can expect no boom evolution in China.

Republican progress in China has also been blocked by the selfish rivalry and aggression of the foreign powers.

A Page of Secret History

I could give innumerable examples. Railway construction—or, rather, the lack of it—will illustrate. Everybody knows that China needs communications more than almost anything else except honesty in public office. Her steam mileage is 7000, when it should be 100,000. Szechuen Province produces enough wheat to supply the whole country, but the cost of transporting it to an eastern province is higher than the cost of conveying grain from America to China. A merchant in Hankow can get cheaper wheat from Chicago than from Taiyuanfu, the capital of Shansi.

In the face of this imperative need of railways the foreign powers have done their best, or worst, to keep that need unsatisfied. A group of enterprising Americans secured a contract for the construction of the important railway from Cheng-tu, in Szechuen, to link up with the Kianhan line. It would have tapped the great wealth of Western China. Neither the British nor the French were in a position to build it, yet they claimed priority of national rights in this section, and the plan was frustrated. Most of the powers in China, with the sole exception of the United States, have acted on the dog-in-the-manger theory.

It was this kind of performance that made the Washington Conference absolutely necessary if the integrity of China was to be maintained. Now that we have reached the historic event which, so far as it is humanly possible to predict, will change the face of the East, we can proceed with an analysis of what it specifically did for the Celestial Republic. Such an examination must constitute the real approach to any estimate of the nation's economic resources, to American trade opportunities, and to the bigger drama of commercial competition in the Orient.

Before we go into the specific details let me present a little piece of unwritten Conference history. I do this for two reasons: One is to show that underneath all the corruption and domestic conflict in China there is a deep-seated desire for progress, and with it a sense of national loyalty; the other is to emphasize how curious a thing is circumstance. That well-known enigma, the long arm of coincidence, is not so mysterious after all. What I am about to reveal did not, of course, appear in any official document or, so far as I am aware, in any other form. The way of it was this:

Shortly before the Conference convened two well-known Chinese came to Washington as representatives of the guilds, the banks and the educational institutions. They were merely observers and were charged with the responsibility of offering the Chinese delegation every possible assistance. As soon as the Conference proved its friendship to the Chinese in the terms of the Nine Power Treaty, the resolution to withdraw from Shan-tung, and sympathetic support in the matter of foreign troops and a revision of the tariff, these two observers got busy

They said to the Chinese delegation and to other influential Chinese, in substance: "The powers have put it up to China to clean house. We must do this if we are to continue to have the great moral support that we received from the American people."

The result was the framing of a drastic program, which included the elimination of Chang Tso-lin as dictator of the Peking Government, the retirement of Hsu Shih-chang as President, in favor of Li Yuan-hung or a representative of Young China, such as Dr. W. W. Yen; the abolition of the *tuchun* system; the disbandment of the present huge army and the formation of a smaller but more mobile and efficient military body commanded by honest and trustworthy soldiers of the type of Wu Pei-fu and Feng Yu-hsiang; and the reorganization of the central government on a business basis, using foreign experts and not the old type of advisers, who specialized in sinecures at big salaries. In the matter of the presidency, it was later determined that Li Yuan-hung would be more suitable to the older order than a younger man like Doctor Yen.

It was further decided that if this constructive program could be carried out the Chinese banks—there is a consortium which includes all the leading financial institutions of the republic—would finance the government for a year and even longer. The plan was to intrust the execution to Wu Pei-fu and the men about him whom he could trust.

The hard knot in the project was Chan Tso-lin, for at the time of the Washington Conference he seemed to be securely intrenched not only as uncrowned monarch of Manchuria but as boss of the Peking Administration.

He had a well-equipped army of 150,000 men and it was well known that the Japanese were friendly to him, and he to them. How to eliminate him, therefore, was the problem.

Now for the almost uncanny feature. While the two observers were on the way home Chang Tso-lin himself precipitated the very crisis that had been talked over at Washington, for he walked into the noose. Without waiting for Peking to smoke him out he invaded the Province of Chi-li, and met his Waterloo. In other words, he eliminated himself from the situation, for the present at least. In consequence Wu Pei-fu was able to persuade Hsu Shih-chang to retire, and bring about the succession of Li Yuan-hung precisely according to program.

China Concession Mongers

We can now get down to the results of the Washington Conference in their concrete relation to China's economic and political future. The average American newspaper reader believes that China's principal dividends at Washington were the new Nine Power Treaty safeguarding her sovereignty, and the Japanese decision to retire from Shan-tung. Though the Nine Power Treaty gave China an almost unassailable Bill of Rights, and though Japanese withdrawal from the "Holy Province" constituted a great victory for justice and fair play, these two acts were merely part of a larger program of ultimate emancipation that affects every phase of Chinese life and labor.

First and foremost comes the Nine Power Treaty, which applies, to use its own phrase, "the principles of the open door and equality of opportunity" in China. It means that the signatories pledge themselves not to take advantage of conditions in China to seek special rights and privileges that would curtail the rights of other nationals.

Clearly to understand the real significance of this sweeping reform you must know that the favorite foreign pastime in China for many years has been concession hunting. I venture to say that more financial and political sins have been committed in the name of concession than through the manipulation of any other word in the English language.

Whenever a man wanted to put something over on Wall Street—and the performance was no stranger to the City in London—he made mysterious gestures and a noise that resembled easy money. The bait was usually a concession in China. The China concession monger was able to get away with murder. Certainly he got away with a good deal of money. Dozens of aliens have maintained large establishments in Peking and lived in princely fashion under the guise of concession fixers. Most of them spoke Chinese. Each had a favorite cabinet officer, or *tuchun*, who usually shared in the proceeds.

Until the beginning of the European war the fight for concessions was keen. The rights to build many important railway lines were conceded to one country or another, although actual construction was never intended. The tragic truth has been that most of the railways built in

(Continued on Page 72)

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In these circles we have attempted to show the changes that take place.

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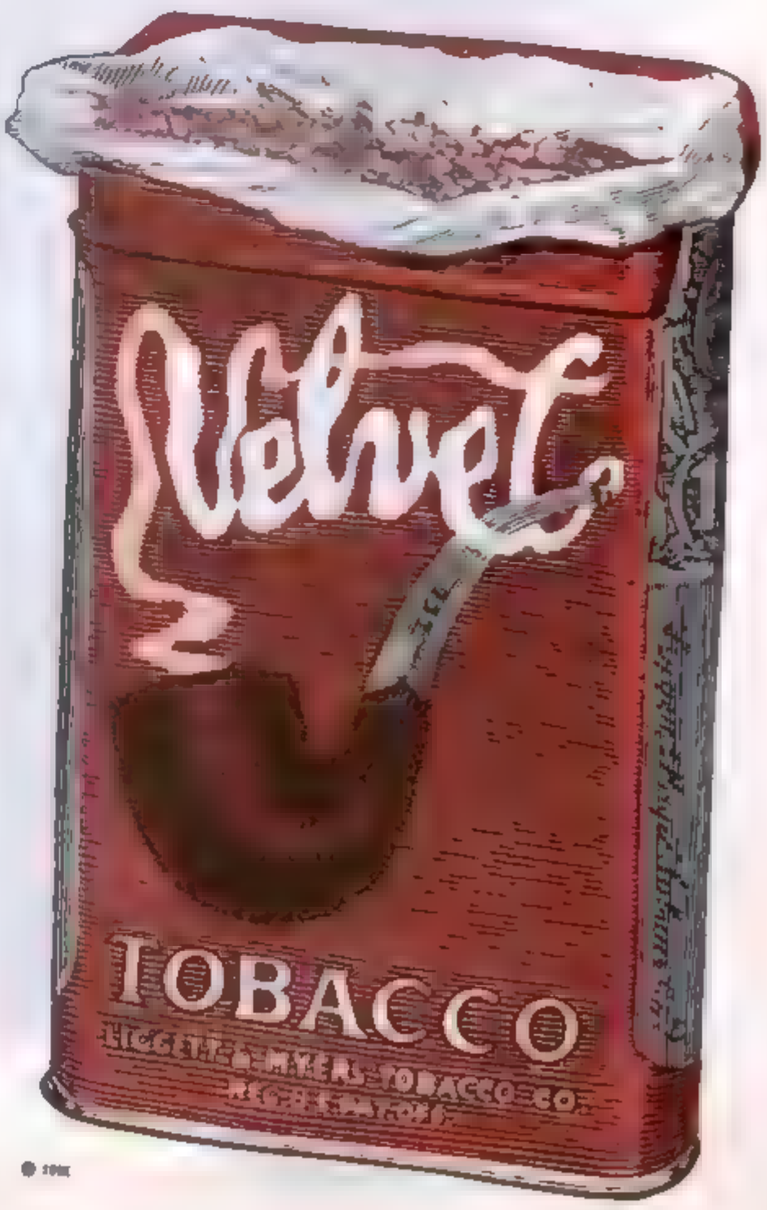
Aged 18 *months*

During the second Spring "*sweat*" in May and June—the tobacco really begins to mellow

Aged 2 YEARS harshness and bitterness all gone Mild and Mellow—*just right for smoking*

The aged in the wood smoking tobacco



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Up hill—traffic jam—anywhere, I've got POWER at my beck and call. No more lost compression for me. I've just installed No-Leak-O Piston Rings.

"*They* 'Won't leak because they're sealed with oil.'"

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(Continued from Page 68)

China were for purely political purposes. Instead of consolidating the country they have tended to disunite it. These railway concessions—and they were typical of other similar rights—not only prevented China herself but other countries that did not get the concessions from building railways in or near the zones thus demarcated. Here you have in a nutshell the principal reason for the slow development of steam transport in China. The formation of the old international consortium merely resulted in the division of certain lines equally among the group, as, for example, the Hukwang Railway. But it did not improve the situation created by these monopolistic concessions.

During the great war Japan gained a preponderant influence in certain regions of China and many lines were reserved for construction by her. It is well known that she has no intention whatever to build the four projected railways in Manchuria and Mongolia. It got down to the alternative that all the other countries secure more concessions and have railway construction in China entirely conceded to foreign nations, or that the concession business cease.

The Washington Conference wisely took the latter course because it abolished the old and much-abused system of spheres of influence, and discountenanced trade preference for certain countries in certain regions. If the Washington Conference had done nothing more than to open the door to China it would have been justified.

But the real advance in this matter is the appointment of an international board of reference for investigating questions affecting the open door, railways and concessions in China. All the nine powers will be represented on it and violations of the principles of the Nine Power Treaty will be referred to it. This body makes certain that violations in the open door will be examined and promptly exposed. It means the ending of the nefarious secret agreement, which was a gumshoe obstacle operating against real development. In establishing the board of reference to defend the open door—or, rather, to keep it open—the conference set up the twin safeguards of definition of right and of publicity.

Now you can understand what I meant when I said that China stands today, as never before, at the crossroads of her destiny. With her territory and her rights abused by the powers on the one hand, and with her finances shackled by loans from aliens on the other, she remained impotent. Figuratively speaking, she was in leading strings. Now these embarrassments are being relieved. The leading strings have been cut. China stands face to face with the tremendous problem of self-help. It is up to her to make good on her own.

The Open-Door Policy

There has been so much discussion of the open-door policy since John Hay first promulgated it—it is one of the first aids to the platitudinous stump speaker—that, as I have already indicated, the casual newspaper reader regarded it together with Shan-tung, as the principal business of the Washington Conference with reference to China. Of almost equal importance, so far as giving China an aid to fiscal stabilization, was the resolution for the revision of the Chinese tariff. Here you encounter what has been for some years a little-known handicap on the Celestial revenues.

Under an old arrangement entered into by the foreign powers, imports into China have hitherto paid a 5 per cent duty on fixed valuation. If cotton sheeting, for example, was valued at five dollars a piece in 1910, the Chinese got only 5 per cent on this five-dollar valuation in 1920, despite the fact that the value of this sheeting as expressed on the invoice, was eight dollars a piece. In other words, the Chinese tariff has been so inflexible that it could not take advantage of the war inflation of prices or any other increases. The natural result was that during the past twelve years the customs have been deprived of many millions of dollars of revenue.

The Washington Conference provided for a tariff revision, and a commission is now sitting at Shanghai. It is charged with the task of creating a schedule that will give China an effective 5 per cent *ad valorem* tariff. It is also proposed eventually to add a surtax of 2½ per cent, which will make a total of 7½ per cent. In the new schedule there will be specific tariffs, but based on new and contemporary valuations. It is estimated that the present tariff revision will add at least $25,000,000 Mexican to the Chinese Treasury.

The Washington Conference further provided for a maximum tariff of 12½ per cent on imports if China will abolish her internal taxes. Chief among these taxes is the so-called *Likin*, which is pronounced as if spelled "leaking," and it does not belie the term, for it is not only the greatest hindrance to Chinese industrial development but a monumental source of graft. The syllable "*li*" in Chinese means a percentage, because the word was originally used to signify the hundredth part of a cash—that is, the ancient coin with a hole in it, which was carried on a string. *Likin*, therefore, means a percentage tax.

This tax was introduced during the Taiping Rebellion, when it was first applied to Hsien-lu-chang—near Yang-chau—by a military officer, Lui I-hsian, as a temporary measure, to be abolished as soon as peace should be restored. The system has, contrary to the original intention, remained to this day, and has become so deep-rooted that its abolition is attended by the greatest difficulty. Besides, the amount of revenue collected from the source is so large—it aggregates nearly $50,000,000—that it cannot be abolished without incurring heavy financial loss to the government.

Extraterritorial Rights

The *Likin* is imposed on all Chinese goods in transport. The principal difficulty with it is that there is no fixed schedule. The Chinese official in charge of its administration can make it as high or as low as he chooses. If he happens to be interested in a certain product he can make the tax on the importation of a competing article so prohibitive that it is put out of business. I have outlined only one of the many abuses. In seeking to abolish it the Washington Conference took a definite reconstructive step.

In connection with the Chinese tariff is the somewhat unusual condition that there can be no reciprocity, since all the so-called treaty powers come within the scope of the most-favored-nation clause. As a consequence they benefit from any arrangement made between China and the favored nations. If Japan, for example, should make a reciprocity agreement with China, relating to the tariff on certain specific commodities, the helpful features of this agreement would be nullified by the fact that America, Great Britain, France and all the other treaty powers would automatically enjoy the same privileges.

Then, too, there is the vital question of extraterritoriahty, a difficult word to spell and pronounce, and equally troublesome, as the Chinese see it, in operation. Much of China's future depends upon how this problem is solved. The Washington Conference therefore adopted a resolution stipulating that the powers involved name a commission of one member from each government to inquire into extraterritorial jurisdiction, as well as the administration of justice by China, and to recommend whatever reforms seem advisable. This resolution was in response to China's request that extraterritoriality be abolished within a reasonable time. The Chinese maintain that it imposes a strangle hold, and that not until it is revoked can the country progress in advance. It was originally decided to organize the commission within three months after the conclusion of the Conference, but on the suggestion of the Peking Government the first meeting will not be held until the autumn of next year.

Not one in ten thousand persons knows what extraterritoriality means. Until I visited China it merely represented something that sounded complicated and which I frankly did not understand. When you go to China, however, you soon learn it. You read in your newspaper about the United States court or a British supreme court for China; you hear about a Chinaman convicted of theft in a mixed court before a Chinese magistrate sitting alongside an American assessor. You then discover that in the treaty ports the foreigner is tried by the laws of his own country. This is the simplest definition of extraterritoriality.

It grew out of the cruelty of so-called Chinese justice, coupled with the bitter antiforeign feeling that existed in the early period of alien intercourse with China. Neither residence nor trade would have been possible if jurisdiction over foreigners had been conceded to purely Chinese courts. The punishments imposed were brutal and barbarous, and the experiences of unhappy outsiders haled before a Chinese magistrate were little less than appalling.

Perhaps it may be worth while to recall two of the many cases that led to extraterritoriality. The discharge of a gun while saluting on a British vessel caused the accidental death of a Chinese at Canton. The surrender of the man who fired the gun was demanded. When this was refused the supercargo was arrested and detained as a hostage. To obtain his release a gunner was handed over, and he was promptly strangled to death on orders from Peking. An Italian sailor on an American ship threw an earthenware jar overboard. It struck a woman in a sampan, causing her to fall into the water. The Italian was given a farcical trial and subsequently executed by strangulation within twenty-four hours.

This inhuman trait in the Chinese extends to their own people. Under the old emperors torture became a fine art, and the amiable process called a thousand slices, in which the culprit was sliced exactly a thousand times before he was permitted to die, was one of the favorite methods of wreaking vengeance upon the politically unfaithful. In recent civil wars Chinese soldiers have accompanied their looting with almost indescribable mutilations of their prisoners as well as of innocent victims.

I talked with many representative Chinese about extraterritoriality. Though to a man they agreed that it should be abolished they freely admitted that it could be only through a slow process of evolution. Though the average Chinese is reasonably honest in his private business dealings he has a somewhat distorted sense of justice when it applies to a malefactor. Up to the present time the military, which is the curse of the country, has stood above the law. It can do no wrong. One old idea of Chinese justice was to mete it out under what might be called private auspices. If a man wanted to do away with his enemy he employed what we should call a gunman, or did the job quietly himself.

Illiteracy in China

That the Chinese are practically incapable of immediately assuming complete control of the judiciary is shown by the present plight of the courts at Harbin. Until the overthrow of the Romanoffs the Russians had their own courts and exercised extraterritorial rights. With the collapse of a decent Russian Government these rights were revoked and the Chinese assumed control of the former Slav tribunals.

The general impression among men who know China best is that it would be a great mistake to transfer the courts to the Chinese without long years of training under foreign supervision. That China must eventually administer the law goes without saying, for no nation can function without assuming full responsibility for its legal as well as other acts. But she must grow up to it.

In legal administration, as elsewhere, the fundamental need of China, after the abolition of militarism, is education. Few Chinese officials have thought in terms of the people. They still quote the beautiful theories of the great philosophers like Confucius, Mencius and Lao-tze, while the mandates that have streamed from palaces are couched in obsolete and high-sounding phrases. Why has Japan had such a remarkable rise from seclusion to a place among the great powers? Simply because the little schoolhouse is everywhere. Moreover, everybody reads books and newspapers. In China the exact reverse is true.

Chinese desire for the abolition of extraterritoriality is only one phase of what has come to be a nation-wide movement against foreign control. The anti-Christian crusade which developed during the recent World's Christian Student Congress was not so much an agitation against the religion as it was against the alien influence. Many Chinese were irritated because this congress was held in their midst, arguing that England would have been equally irked if a Buddhist convention had convened in London.

Even the most antiforeign Chinese contend that the control of the customs must remain under foreign supervision, certainly until the loans which are secured by customs receipts and the salt tax are paid. In one respect, however, a definite victory was scored at Washington, for all foreign

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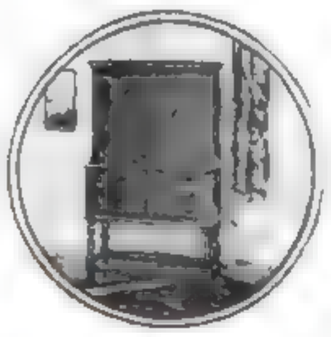
Starts Nov. 1st Red Seal Battery Contest Closes Nov. 15th



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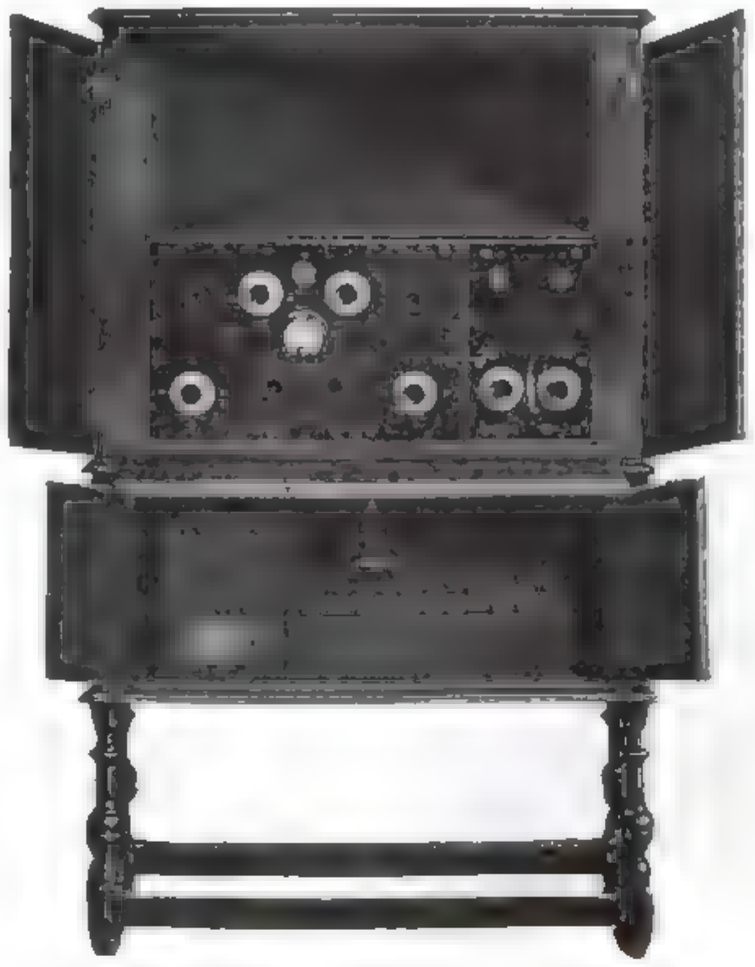

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Important:—Only those answers written on the official Contest Blanks furnished by dealers will be considered.

All entries must be mailed before midnight, Nov. 15th, to:—

Red Seal Battery Contest, Manhattan Electrical Supply Co., Inc., 17 Park Place, New York City.

Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display
Look for it in Dealers' Windows Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. It identifies Dealers who will give you free Contest Entry Blanks

How Red Seal Batteries are Used

Red Seal Batteries furnish ignition for cars, motor boats and farm engines. They operate bells, telephones, telegraph systems, burglar alarms, time clocks, etc. Red Seal Batteries light your Christmas tree; "Red Seals" make Tommie's electric train whirl around the tracks; "Red Seals" are the Batteries usually specified for radio receiving sets. Wherever dependable electrical power in handy compact form is demanded, there you will find Red Seal Batteries on the job.

The Judges

The winners will be selected by the following Judges: Mr. Llew Soule, Editor of "*Hardware Age*," New York; Mr. Howard A. Lewis, Manager of "*Electrical Merchandising*," New York, and Mr. Joseph A. Richards, President, *Joseph Richards Co., Inc.*, Advertising Agents, New York.

Announcement of Winners

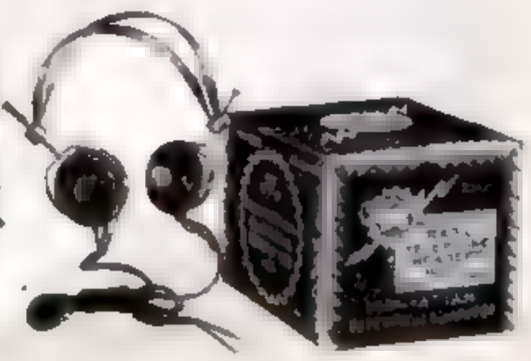
The names of the winners will be published in ***The Saturday Evening Post*** as soon as possible after the contest closes.

In case two or more persons submit winning answers of equal merit, prizes identical in character with those offered will be given to each successful contestant.

Important to Dealers

Duplicates of the 53 Radio prizes are to be given to dealers having the BEST CONTEST WINDOWS. Write us at once for full information and free window display material if you haven't already done so.

MANHATTAN
ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO., INC. NEW YORK
Makers of the Famous Red Seal Dry Batteries and Manhattan Head Sets



Make Your Car's Water System

Leak-Proof

Before the First Freeze

First, pour Warner Liquid Solder in your radiator. It will stop all leaks anywhere in the water system. If there are no leaks now, it will seal the cooling system leak-proof and prevent leaks developing. Do this at once. Then, expensive alcohol or other *safe* anti-freeze solution will not be lost and wasted.

You should not drive your car a single mile with the water leaking out. It will ruin the engine and depreciate the value of your car quicker than anything else. Stop it! Get a can of Warner Liquid Solder at once. It is *guaranteed* not to clog the circulation, or cause any injury. Refuse substitutes. Order today. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon.

16-oz. can, $1.00; in Canada, $1.25. Ford size, 75c; in Canada, 85c.

WARNER

LIQUID SOLDER

Finds Leaks and Stops Them in Radiators, Hose and Pump Connections, Gaskets, Etc.

BOILER leaks of all kinds, in hot water and steam heating systems, stopped quickly with Warner Liquid Solder. Will hold 200-pound pressure. For this purpose sold in quart, gallon and 5-gallon cans. Attractive dealer proposition for Plumbers, Steamfitters, etc. Write us.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PATTERSON LENZ

Legal Everywhere. Standard Equipment on 72 Makes of Cars.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Makers of Famous Patterson Lens, Legal Everywhere

914 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find ( ) for a can of Warner Liquid Solder

*Name*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

*Street*_____

Continued from Page 72

post offices are to be closed on January 1, 1923. At the present time you can go to an American post office in Shanghai, buy American stamps and have your letter or parcel registered in the American language, as it were.

One more detail dealing with foreign control remains to be disposed of. At the Washington Conference the Chinese, who were not at all modest in their requests, asked that foreign troops be removed. It was decided to institute an exhaustive inquiry with the view of relieving this situation. That the Chinese had some ground for their request is evidenced by the fact that in various parts of China foreign soldiers are maintained without authority of treaty or agreement. This is notably true of Hankow, where the Japanese have kept a considerable force. Due to the publicity of the conference, these soldiers have lately been evacuated.

No man can go through a Chinese civil war, as I did, without realizing that hasty withdrawal of foreign troops would be a very grave mistake—that is, until a stable central government has been established and the present army of uniformed looters is disbanded. Although there were nearly 5000 Allied soldiers at Tientsin last May, it was necessary to swear in a volunteer force of Anglo-Saxons to help patrol the streets and intimidate Chang Tso-lin's barbarians from the north during the strife at that time. By the same token, the foreign areas such as exist in Tientsin, Shanghai and elsewhere afford the only real sanctuary for the foreigner, as well as the native, in times of civil upheaval.

Thus the Washington Conference not only bulwarked China's sovereignty, which has been suspended, as the phrase goes, for a considerable time, but pointed the way toward an economic rehabilitation from within. The vast domain with its tremendous possibilities of production and consumption cannot be permanently salvaged by a superimposed structure of foreign control, but, as so many authorities have contended, complete emancipation cannot be achieved until the Chinese prove themselves trustworthy custodians of alien life and property.

Meanwhile America has already aided and abetted the Chinese resolve for self-guidance. For one thing, Congress has adopted a resolution enabling the President to bar shipments of war munitions to China whenever he finds that conditions of violence exist there. Although China is not specifically mentioned in the resolution, the document gives the President the right to take action in the case of any country "in which the United States exercises territorial jurisdiction." China is such a country. This resolution was inspired by the war between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin.

Constructive Reforms

Another real first aid to China—and it will help her to find herself—is the American Government's warning to financiers not to place foreign loans without the knowledge of the State Department. Eventually this censorship will be vested in the Department of Commerce. Though this was primarily a blow at European militarism—much of the incessant and unnecessary warfare in the new countries has been fostered by outside funds—it was also an intimation to the shoe-stringers who have been putting over questionable financial deals in the Orient, that they must go out of business.

That China is conscious of the responsibilities attaching to the service rendered her at Washington is evidenced by the self-control and seriousness with which she meets the new confusion. There is no doubt that a new day has dawned, even though clouds still obscure the sun.

Typical of the Wu Pei-fu stewardship is the plan for disbanding the huge army that has so long sapped at the vitality and upset the order of the nation. It is to be divided into three periods, the first to begin from January 1, 1923, the second from January 1, 1924, and the third from January 1, 1925. It is proposed to comb out the weak and the aged from all the divisions and brigades of the army to the number of one-quarter of the whole force during the first period, and the same proportion is to be eliminated during the second and third periods, until at last the whole army will be composed of only efficient and strong men, and reduced to about 40 per cent of its present numbers.

The elimination of the obnoxious *tuchun* system—a *tuchun* is a military governor of a province—is also under way. This, however, will be more difficult than army demobilization, because many of these overlords have built up powerful personal armies, which involves the problem of employment for the men. A significant advance was registered in July, when General Feng Yu-hsiang, "the Christian general," was made governor of the important province of Honan. General Feng is Wu Pei-fu's right-hand man and led the assault that put Chang Tso-lin's troops on the run. He celebrated his victory by attending a service at the Y. M. C. A. He is the type that has rallied round the new order in China.

The biggest constructive reform achieved since the overthrow of President Hsu Shih-chang, however, is in the Ministry of Finance, which has been the sore spot of the Peking Government for many decades. The national treasury has been chronically empty, due to systematic misappropriations of funds. Most public officials have been without salaries during the past six months. While I was in Peking in April a characteristic episode occurred in connection with finance that was not without its element of humor. The staff of the Finance Ministry had not been paid for four months. The minister himself was a fugitive. The two hundred and fifty clerks—all Peking offices are notoriously overstaffed—got together and formed a young soviet. The ringleader filched the Acting Minister's seal or chop, as it is called. A committee then waited on him with this ultimatum: "We are now in possession of your official seal. No vouchers can be paid without it. Until we get some back pay we shall keep the seal, which prevents you from getting any money yourself." The minister bestirred himself, and within a week was able to dig up enough money to satisfy the insurgents.

The era of financial mismanagement is ended for the moment at least, for the new Minister of Finance, Tung Kang, is a lawyer of integrity. His first act was to reduce the office force by two-thirds. The second was to appoint an international loan commission, of which Mr. Wellington Koo is chairman.

A General House Cleaning

This commission really sets up a milepost in the emancipation of China. National life has been one loan after another, each one surrounding some important right or concession. Money borrowed from the Japanese represented, in the main, the surrender of both concession and sovereignty. Under Mr. Koo an effort will be made to strike a balance and to refund many of the pressing obligations. The tax-collecting system is to be reorganized and a budget created, in keeping with the actual needs of the country. As a matter of fact China really needs no foreign loan. An adequate tax system, honestly collected and administered, will suffice for the present. Still another epochal step is the ruling that henceforth all foreign agreements and loans made through the Ministry of Finance must be referred to the Foreign Office for verification. Agreements lacking this visa will not be recognized as valid.

After the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of Communications ranks next in fiscal and official importance, because among other things, it is the custodian of the railways. More graft has been committed in the purchase of railway supplies than in almost any other activity. Nearly every bid had to carry an extra overhead, ranging from 5 to 40 per cent above the normal price, for the difference went to officials. The office was political rather than constructive. The Minister of Communications under Hsu Shih-chang is now a fugitive in Japan, having fled with his friend, Liang Shih-yi, the former Premier. The new head of Communications is N. H. Gow, who, like Tung Kang, was named by Wu Pei-fu. It means that disinfectants will be applied to a malodorous nest.

Every sincere observer in China believes that the solution of her tangled government lies in a group of autonomous states, modeled after ours, and which would constitute the United States of China. The obvious reason is that the provinces are so immense and the distances between them so great that real cohesion is practically impossible. Happily, this consummation now seems to be in sight, for one of the first

Continued on Page 76

Allen A Quality—Grew Up with the American People

Most of us can remember those boyhood shopping trips with Mother. The long time she took to pick out Underwear and Hosiery. The questions about wear—fit—fullness of size—money's worth.

Things wouldn't be much different today if it weren't for *Allen A*.

* * *

Allen A is the Master Brand on the *genuine* Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Knit Underwear and the *genuine* Black Cat Hosiery.

Probably you have known one or the other—or perhaps *both*—of these celebrated lines for years.

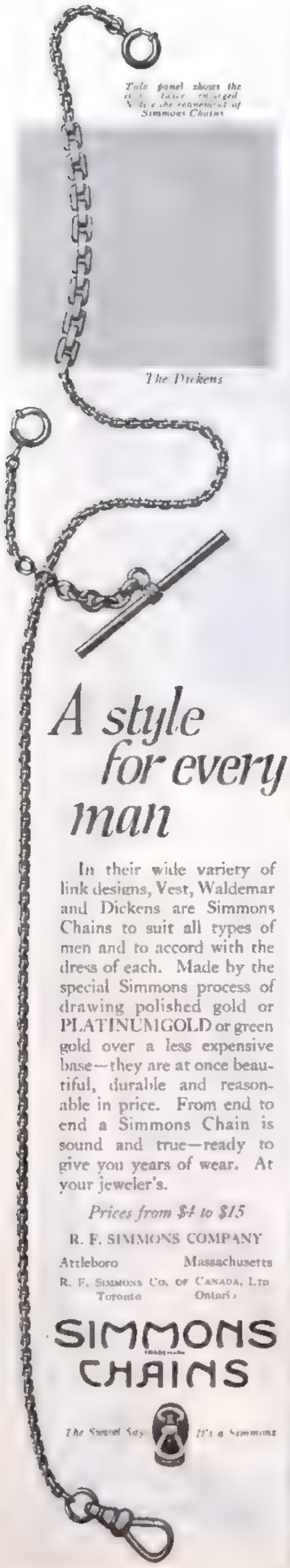
You may never have known that they are made by the *same people*. That the standards of style, fit, comfort, wearing service and money's worth are the *same in both lines*.

It is this *uniformity of quality* that is signified by the *Master Brand Allen A* added to these two celebrated trade-marks.

Allen A is the sign of *personal responsibility* on the part of the makers.

It simplifies the question of good Underwear, good Hosiery, or *both*, to finding the dealer who can show you the *Allen A Master Brand*.

THE ALLEN A COMPANY—KENOSHA, WIS.


This panel shows the
Simmons Chains
The Dickens
A style for every man
In their wide variety of link designs, Vest, Waldemar and Dickens are Simmons Chains to suit all types of men and to accord with the dress of each. Made by the special Simmons process of drawing polished gold or PLATINUMGOLD or green gold over a less expensive base—they are at once beautiful, durable and reasonable in price. From end to end a Simmons Chain is sound and true—ready to give you years of wear. At your jeweler's.
Prices from $1 to $15
R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts
R. F. Simmons Co. of Canada, Ltd
Toronto Ontario
SIMMONS CHAINS
The Sweet Say It's a Simmons

(Continued from Page 74)

acts of the old Republican Parliament, in session at the time I write this article, was to agree on the adoption of a permanent Constitution for China, similar to that of the United States. The right of each province to maintain its own assembly is to be recognized. This will probably meet the insistent demands of the southern provinces for provincial autonomy. A few of the provinces have had so-called assemblies for some years, but the principal function of the members was to draw salaries and use their official connections to pry easy money out of merchants and landowners.

All these measures, however, will be futile unless they are translated into action by capable men. Here you reach the fundamental weakness of China, whose great deficiency is in trained personnel. There is no scarcity of what might be called old officials, but they are wedded, in the main, to that ancient order which, for the want of a better name, must be termed officialdom. The Peking Government has for many years been cluttered up with them. On the other hand, the Western-educated young Chinese, who are the hope of the republic, are not sufficiently familiar with their own country, and few are really equipped to govern China. One reason is that they are not conversant with their own language, while others know only their particular dialects, of which there are many. To overcome this deficiency an effort is being made to have the so-called Mandarin accepted as the national language. In China there is a big difference between the written and the spoken speech. The objective now is to have the spoken tongue standardized and developed into a literary language.

Presidential Possibilities

One problem is to get a capable and effective president. It is no secret that Li Yuan-hung, who returned to office after the retirement of Hsu Shih-chang, is merely a stop-gap, so to speak. The fact that he was called to Peking after the latest civil war means that he will only fill out Hsu's term, which would have expired next year. Upon the choice of his successor hangs much of the stabilization of China. Wu Pei-fu is prominently mentioned in this connection, but he is wise enough not to risk his reputation in the political maelstrom. A fact that stamps him as a really unusual personage is that he refuses to admit that he is a statesman

The next logical candidate is Dr. W. W. Yen, who at forty-five is one of the commanding figures in Chinese public life. He had his American training at the University of Virginia and has held high diplomatic posts at Washington, where he was second secretary under Wu Ting-fang, and in Berlin, where he was minister. When I reached Peking in April he was Minister of Foreign Affairs and in the reorganization, following the overthrow of Chang Tso-lin, was made Acting Premier, the post that he occupies at this writing.

I went to see him at the Foreign Office, which is called the Wai Chaio Pu, an essentially modern structure set in a beautiful garden. Doctor Yen is alert and progressive and speaks an almost faultless English. At the time of my visit he was carrying practically the whole cabinet burden, for the Premier and the Ministers of Communications, Education, Finance and Interior were either absent on sick leave the immemorial Chinese subterfuge for evading responsibility—or in hiding

When I asked him to analyze the Chinese situation Doctor Yen said:

"China's first problem is to live There is an old proverb of Confucius which says, 'Fill the stomach before teaching virtue.' The Chinese do not want much, but they want it regularly. Fundamentally, our people are simple souls At New Year's time they buy a prayer printed on red paper, and kill a pig or a chicken, and are supremely happy for days. Westerners who come into our midst are appalled at the dirt and poverty, and they think we want it Far from that, the Chinese want to be clean and they want to be prosperous.

"In order to achieve our destiny we must have adequate transportation Likewise, we must have revenue. Our total national income is less than $80,000,000 Mexican, and most of it goes for indemnity and interest on debts The remainder is almost humorously insufficient

"The most pressing need of China is for constructive foreign capital Hitherto much of the foreign money that came into China was employed for selfish exploitation. With money we need technical skill. The Chinese is a born mechanic and all he requires is expert education. If I may also be permitted to say so, American finance abroad, and especially in China, needs a much bigger and broader vision.

"All Chinese had high hopes of the Washington Conference, and these hopes were realized. The conference gives us the much-needed respite from outside aggression. Moreover, we got back Shan-tung with its immense moral significance, and we were also enabled to put our case before the whole world."

Another presidential possibility is Wellington Koo, whose name is familiar to most Americans because of his prominence as Chinese Minister in London and his conspicuous performance as delegate to the Washington Conference. Like Doctor Yen, he represents the finest type of the young Western-educated Chinese, destined for high leadership. He is young, fluent, brilliant, and personally most attractive. I had the privilege of being cospeaker with him at the American College Club luncheon at Shanghai last May, and I was deeply impressed with his sincerity and his logic. At that luncheon he told me that the Washington Conference had not only marked an epoch in Chinese history but that it was an unofficial ultimatum to the whole world that America was the moral steward of his country. His chairmanship of the international loan commission is regarded as a step in the direction of the presidency.

When you survey the five presidents—Li Yuan-hung is serving his second term—who have gone through the motions of being chief executive of China since the inauguration of the republic, you realize what a tremendous innovation the installation of a man like Wellington Koo or Dr. W. W. Yen, would mean. Yuan Shih-kai was an imperialist who hesitated at nothing to gain his end. Feng Kuo-chang was an unscrupulous militarist and involved in one of the most odious of the opium scandals. Hsu Shih-chang was not only an ultra-conservative but having been a grand councilor and Vice Premier under the Manchus he had about as much sense of republicanism as Mr. William Hohenzollern. Li Yuan-hung, despite his admirable intentions, is really a product of the old order. The one and only democrat among the men who have been president is Sun Yat-sen, and he has had no real opportunity to function in a big way.

The Younger Leaders

On the choice of new premiership will depend much of the fate of unification. Immediately after Li Yuan-hung took hold at Peking he offered the post to Wu Ting-fang, who was then civil governor of Kwangtung Province and really acting head of the Southern Government in the absence of Sun Yat-sen. It was a direct bid for union. Wu Ting-fang died a few days after the offer reached him. His passing is to be deplored for many reasons, one of them being that he probably might have accepted, and thus brought about the much-needed consolidation.

On August sixth the premiership was again tendered to a southern leader, this time Tang Shao-yi, who with the possible exception of Chen Chiung-ming, is the ablest administrator in the Canton group. Tang Shao-yi was one of the first Chinese students to come to America, and was graduated from Columbia University. He has had ample cabinet, diplomatic and business experience. His most conspicuous post, however, was as first premier after the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty Several years ago he retired to his large estate near Macao, where he has introduced good roads and scientific farming. It is doubtful if he can be tempted away from his rural retreat.

The fact that Wu Ting-fang and Tang Shao-yi have been offered the premiership is an indication that the Peking Government is doing its best to achieve unification The one stumbling block is Sun Yat-sen, and he will probably reach the end of his rope before the close of this year

On the day that I write this paragraph word is cabled from Peking that Alfred Sze has been requested to accept the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs. It confirms the point that I have previously made—namely, that the tendency of the new order is toward recruiting the best type of character and efficiency. As Chinese Minister to Washington and as Wellington Koo's colleague in the conference delegation Sze proved his mettle. Under his sponsorship the Wai Chaio Pu will more than hold its own during the trying period of national reorganization.

One reason why unification is so essential is that with the possible exception of Yen, Koo and Sze, the most remarkable group of young Chinese is to be found in the Southern or Canton Government. They are all American or English-educated. Conspicuous among them are C. C. Wu, son of Wu Ting-fang, and Quo Tai-chi, who is perhaps the brainiest man of the lot. I met both Wu and Quo at Canton, and when I talked with them it was as if I were dealing with Americans whom I would meet in any New York or Washington club. The addition of such men would be a powerful aid to the Peking Government.

This swift Who's Who of the new order in China would be incomplete without a word about Chow Tsu-chi, who represents that curious phenomenon embodied in a cross between a near-old official and the modern one. Like Liang Shih-yi, he has been in office so much during the past decade that at times it was almost impossible to know when he was in or out. He has had a wide experience in diplomacy and filled various cabinet posts, including the much-abused job of Finance. Upon Hsu Shih-chang's retirement he functioned as president until Li Yuan-hung came up from Tien-tsin, and was then made Minister of Commerce in the new cabinet.

The Three Great Eras

My interview with Chow Tsu-chi—he was Acting Premier—was memorable because it was in the heart of the historic Forbidden City of Peking and with the background of the emperors. His office was the old cabinet room of the masterful Yuan Shih-kai, while just across the graveled, flower-bordered walk was the two-story modern building erected by the Empress Dowager, where she died. All about me were the splendors, some of them slightly tarnished, of that great day when the Imperial City, which encircles the forbidden area, was the center of empire. Where once the pig-tailed warriors patrolled with lance and shield I saw modern guards equipped with Mausers.

At that time Chow Tsu-chi was between the devil and the deep blue sea. It was the most critical period before the outbreak of hostilities between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. When I arrived Wu's emissary had just left, and Chang's was due in half an hour. Each tried to persuade Chow Tsu-chi of the virtue of his cause. Before forty-eight hours had elapsed the war had begun.

Chow Tsu-chi is one of the great phrase makers of China. When he assumed the acting premiership he faced the usual depleted treasury. Every official wanted his salary, but the cupboard was empty. He therefore called all the heads of departments together and said, "Equality of poverty is the order of the day." Both phrase and conditions continue.

When all is said and done, China, like Japan, is in transition, and transition means dislocation. Whereas the mikado's people are struggling to break down the barriers of absolutism, the Chinese face the stupendous task of political regeneration. Japan has reached the limit of her agricultural possibilities, while China has scarcely scraped the surface of her resources. Both nations were to the fore at the Washington Conference, and as a result each stands today at the threshold of a new national as well as international existence. Between them, they can make or mar the future of the Far East.

For years China has pleaded for freedom to work out her salvation unhampered by invasion under the guise of special economic rights or spheres of influence. This opportunity has arrived, for at last she is to be mistress of her fate. It is largely up to China not only to stabilize herself but to realize the prophecy uttered by Theodore Roosevelt when he said:

> The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America. The Atlantic era is now at the height of its development and must soon exhaust the resources at its command. The Pacific era, destined to be the greatest of all, is just at its dawn.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the industrialization of China

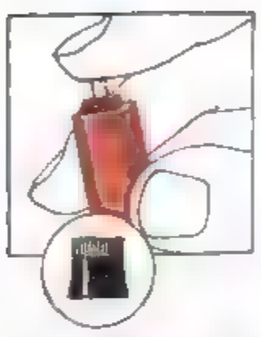
IT IS SIGNING THE BIG NAMES IN BUSINESS

Hands yearn the balanced swing of

The Long-distance Writer

With 25-Year Point and Over-size Ink Font

Beautiful as Chinese Lacquer



Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill. No pumping—no metal projection to catch on clothing and spill ink.

What other pen dare you rub to the other man's writing? The Duofold holds its original point regardless of who writes or how.

YES, once let your hand feel the perfect affinity of its balanced swing and classic symmetry and smoothness, and you'll get a thrill out of writing never known till Geo. S. Parker created the Duofold Pen.

Wall Street or Main Street—it's the reigning favorite—the badge of prosperity among America's "Go-Getters."

At $7 it's the most economical pen on earth, for its native Iridium point is guaranteed for wear and mechanical perfection 25 *years!* It's a point as super-smooth as a polished jewel bearing and will make you a better writer or money back any time within thirty days.

Its lacquer-red barrel with smart black tips is not only handsomer than gold—but it flashes your eye a reminder not to leave your pen when you lay it down.

It's a pen you'll seldom have to fill, because its over-size font holds a long-distance ink supply.

Step up today to the first pen counter and try this handsome HE-pen. Duofold Jr. and Lady Duofold at $5 are like the Over-size Duofold in everything but length and girth—the same Chinese lacquer color—the same jeweler's workmanship and finish—the same 25-year native Iridium point.

Take the coupon with you for 30-Day Trial Privilege—or mail it to us if your dealer's Duofolds have all been taken.

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE

$7

The 25 Year Pen

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

30-Day Trial Coupon

(Have your dealer sign this when you select your pen. Or mail it to The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin, giving dealer's name.)

This certifies that the purchaser named below has paid the regular price for the Parker Duofold checked, with the understanding that he may return it to the dealer within 30 days and money will be cheerfully refunded (or in the case of a charge customer, his account will be credited). (Check the model and the point you prefer).

☐ Oversize Duofold, $7
☐ Duofold Jr., $5 ☐ Lady Duofold, $5
☐ Extra fine ☐ Fine ☐ Medium
☐ Broad ☐ Stub

Purchaser _____

Address _____

Dealer _____

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO — SAN FRANCISCO

Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils

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The red handle the black head the name Plumb

(COLOR COMBINATION TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

PLUMB created this distinctive finish—the red handle and the black head. The finish protects the tools from rust and weather. The combination of red handle and black head aids you in identifying Plumb tools—backed by the Plumb guarantee.

In design, material and workmanship, as in finish, Plumb hammers, hatchets, files, sledges and axes are unlike any others.

Plumb Nail Hammer: Larger face; better balance; pulls nails easier. Plumb Take-up Wedge retightens handle with the turn of screw. $1.50.

Plumb Ball Pein Hammer: Eye off centre, with weight in striking face. The cone shaped pein spreads rivets, does not mash them. Machinists' 1½ lb., $1.20. Automobile ball pein, 12 oz., special 11 in. auto grip handle, $1.00.

Plumb Half Hatchet: Blade tapered for fast cutting. Stays sharp. Has Take-up Wedge. $1.60

Plumb Axe: Forged from one solid piece of steel; cutting edge hardened two full inches. Has Take-up Wedge. Double-bit, handled, $2.75; Single-bit, handled, $2.00.

Plumb Saw Files: Designed by expert saw filers; do quicker and better work; 5½ in., 20c; 7 and 8 in., 25c.

All prices average higher in Far West and in Canada

Plumb tools are easier to work with. They are double tempered—hard for service, tough for wear. Plumb special analysis steel, special forging and armor-plate heat treatment mean Double Life. Users of Plumb tools say "They're worth more."

Get Plumb tools at your hardware dealer's. Look for the red handle, the black head and the name PLUMB.

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis Established 1856

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Sydney Wellington Melbourne Brisbane Manila Johannesburg Sao Paulo Montevideo Santiago Buenos Aires

Protected Against Imitation

The color combination that distinguishes Plumb tools (red handle and black head) is protected against imitation by registration as a trade mark in the United States Patent Office.

EUROPE REVISITED

Continued from Page 11

my intention, and drew an unexpectedly disgruntled answer. She said she had been back and forth on French ships frequently, but she didn't think she would use them any more in traveling. When I asked her why, she said because she didn't care for French ways, especially in circumstances where excitement might come up. She is a humorous person and I took what she said lightly, so she told me a story of how on her last trip her ship had run into a bank of fog. She was sitting on deck when the foghorn began to blow. The engines slowed down and the ship's officers, several of them, came running along the deck, exclaiming loudly and announcing to one another that fog was after all the most alarming thing at sea, "*tout ce qu'il y a de plus dangereux, et excessivement inquiétant.*" This had made her feel quite uncomfortable over her novel and afternoon tea. She went into much detail, describing the exclamations and gestures, and how the officers had discussed with her just how bad a fog might be, and how it had caused many a shipwreck in the past. As my friend has a delightful Irish nature, with all the warmth and enthusiasm necessary to a good story, I enjoyed this one and laughed with her, but I went ahead making my arrangements, and I had no regrets.

The Paris sailed from New York on August second, and it carried me back to the Old World in which I have spent more than half my life and which I loved so deeply in its prewar phases. I thought I should still find plenty to love in the lands of Europe, even during their present struggles. Those of us who saw the war suffering and destruction, whether in Russia, in France, in Italy, or in Belgium, who watched the privations those people and the British stood so well, remember their fine record with admiration. England, though she had no enemy on her territory, nevertheless carried a heavy share of the Allies' troubles, and now carries perhaps the lion's share of reconstruction problems.

Where one can't love or admire, there is still sympathy growing from troubles borne in common; so I laid aside the last four years of my American life, thought only of the conditions I had left behind me when in 1918 I went to my native country, a refugee, and I prepared my mind to take mental photographs of all I should encounter. America with all her qualities had not weaned me away from Europe's charm, or made me care less for the old ways of the life which had been mine so long, in happy days and gay surroundings.

Pleasant Fellow-Passengers

My impressions on board ship were most agreeable. The passengers were largely French, Spanish or South American, some of whom spoke Spanish. There were some artists of the Chicago Opera Company, and a few quiet American families who like myself had sympathetic affiliations across the sea. I had a chat with one of these compatriots of mine, and asked him why he chose the French Line. He laughed and said, "Well, for one reason, because comparatively few of our compatriots go on it, and everybody drinks light wines at table or for teatime refreshment, instead of rushing to the bar on all occasions for countless cocktails and whiskies."

We both agreed that in this respect at least we liked the Latins much better as companions than our Anglo-Saxons. Also we enjoyed the admirable service on the boat and the French cooking, which was delicate and simple instead of overheavy; and we liked the fact that meals and music were given to us separately. A most surprisingly good orchestra—some of its members being graduates from the Paris Conservatoire—performed twice a day, offering an excellent program of serious music.

It was a long time since I had made an Atlantic voyage on a good ship. During the war I had made but one crossing, and that on a small Norwegian vessel, which was without ballast and was short of all fresh food. On it we had spent twelve days, bouncing with the lightness of a cork on the rough winter waves. We had been crowded in, about twice as many people as the boat was meant to hold. Needless to say, this August trip by comparison seemed exceptionally comfortable and restful. The sea was smooth—so smooth that even I, a bad sailor, never missed a meal. The cabins were large and airy, clean and comfortable, and the service silent and efficient. It was the first week of rest I had had in four long years, and about the first time I had been alone since 1914 had plunged us Russians into the turmoil of war. Needless to say, I thought it pleasant to lie long hours on deck, watching the blue sea and the sky, wondering as to events developing in Europe which I would soon have an opportunity to watch and to hear discussed at close range.

The most delightful hours on board ship, however, were those we spent at table; for the captain had invited me to sit with him, where also sat the French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand. The chief of the Chilean delegation to the recent congress in Washington, with Madame Aldunate, another American woman with her son, a charming French widow and the French military attaché completed the little party. The conversation was in French, and, carried on with a vivacity which characterizes that nation, it touched on every subject imaginable and possible. It was guided by the quick tongues of Captain Boisson and Monsieur Jusserand. The captain had sailed over many seas, had explored the South American coast as far as the Strait of Magellan, had visited most Pacific ports and seen the East Indies, knew the Mediterranean, Africa and Europe, and had picked up a surprising amount of information and made a great many original observations. Jusserand is a brilliant scholar, as well as a clever diplomat. He knows the literature of half a dozen countries, as well as their history, and he is witty always without venom. To his enemies he shows a tendency to render justice always—a rare quality in these days when bitterness is rife.

Deference to Mr. Wilson

We talked of Franco-American association since the time of Lafayette, about the development of the international friendship through a century and more of history. We talked of the misunderstandings on certain subjects which had arisen since the war, and the reasons for them, the tremendous propaganda of enemy countries which is made with a desire to put the Allies out with one another. Jusserand was quite frank in saying he thought in many ways both the English and Americans misunderstood the necessities of France, though they had rendered France such tremendous services throughout the war. He was quick to express gratitude to America for the aid she is giving France by rebuilding, feeding and in general sustaining his country through the last four years.

Quite frankly I took up a number of problems where the attitude of France was incomprehensible to me. We spoke of the League of Nations—the mandates and self-determination of various small peoples. The Americans in our party expressed dislike for many of these measures and surprise that the European nations should be insisting on our joining a league so contrary to many of our theories. One of the Frenchmen spoke up, stating that most of these ideas had been proposed or championed by Mr. Wilson, the American representative at the peace conference. He claimed in several cases the Europeans had accepted them against their own desires, thinking they were thereby pleasing the United States. It had been found afterwards that the American people had not approved Mr. Wilson's attitude. The French delighted in saying, and I had to admit their argument was logical, that since Mr. Wilson had come to the conference as the President of the United States, other countries took it for granted he represented the desires of his people. They claimed they necessarily took it for granted, also, that to show him respect could but please his people.

One of the Frenchmen laughingly said, "If our president had gone to any foreign land to negotiate a treaty, or merely to visit there as the representative of France, we would expect him to be treated with all due respect. I think if in any way Mr. Wilson in 1918 had not been shown respect by Europeans, America would have been within her rights in feeling insulted, and in showing us all that she felt so." Everyone around the table admitted this was true, and that though Americans did not necessarily then or now feel in sympathy with the doctrines established by Mr. Wilson, we should not have enjoyed—after the part America had taken in the war—seeing our President contradicted or ill-received by the delegations of our Allies.

I brought up the subject of the American aid in the French reconstruction lately and asked some questions as to what France had done to help herself. I said I should like to be put in the way of seeing some of her own work and the results of her own thrifty ways, and the Ambassador promised to put me in touch at once in Paris with those who knew the detail of all this. Of course I had read that ninety billions of francs had been appropriated by the French Government for rebuilding the devastated regions; this in spite of the terrible taxes and debts which weigh so heavily on France's shoulders. "In spite of the fact, also, that reparations have not come in as was expected, the Germans having spent all the money they possessed in reconstructing themselves instead of paying France," one of the Frenchmen added. I spoke then of military France and its ambitions, and elicited the information, which I confess was news to me, that though her army seemed large and was talked of as such since the war ended, it actually cost France less than the British navy cost Great Britain, and less than the little American army cost the United States. In fact, M. Jusserand claimed France had accomplished a remarkable feat in so rapidly reducing her military strength. He said the expenses of the army during the last year of the war had reached the colossal sum of thirty-six billion francs. The year following the war, 1919, it had cost only eighteen billion, in 1921 only six billion three hundred million, while this year's budget estimated but four billion nine hundred million francs.

We took up the question of France's naval ambitions too. The French Ambassador stated that the talk of this question at the Washington Conference had been largely propaganda, as France's ambition is in reality rather modest, and aims only at resuming in this respect the rank held by her before the World War. He added the naval program voted by the Chamber of Deputies in 1912 was in abeyance and all French arsenals had observed a complete holiday since 1914. He claimed that very largely the feeling in America had been roused on this subject by artificial and intentional means. There was a refrain to all statements made by the French on board our ship, as well as by the French whom I have come in contact with in France, as to Germany being responsible for all the wrong and all the trouble the French are suffering from. France has not forgotten 1870, and 1914 was much worse. For a gay people, usually ready to let bygones be bygones, they hark back to their sufferings at Germany's hands with remarkable continuity. "If only they would say just once that they are sorry!" said M. Jusserand.

The Gallic View of Propaganda

The French generally feel misunderstood by us, not only in their attitude towards Germany and their military and naval ambitions but as to the desire of England to see them make concessions. They occasionally show that they are hurt by things which are said or hinted at in the United States; especially do they refer to the time of the Washington Conference, when they realize they lost a good deal of their earlier popularity. They don't quite know what they might have done to hold on to America's warm sympathy, and they are evidently puzzled and pained. This matter has cropped up not only among the little group on board ship but in several conversations I have had with Frenchmen in Paris. I have come in contact here with officials, relief workers and private individuals; as soon as the ice is broken they ask something of all this.

I have tried to explain that I thought, as did many of their other friends in America, that their propaganda had been badly handled in Washington. Whereupon they invariably say they did not feel they would need propaganda among friends, and had therefore made no effort in that direction. They add that they had no money to spend for such things and that "France is proud, too proud to explain herself or excuse herself. She stands on her record!"

It would seem this is one of the points where the Anglo-Saxon mind and the Latin run on divergent lines. In discussing what we mean by propaganda, or the education of our public to see things as they are, there would seem to us to be no harm. Very certainly we believe there is much harm in making false statements, either to win friendship, money or success, or to destroy an enemy's credit. This is propaganda in the German sense, and is the French definition too. I have tried to explain to a great many very intelligent Frenchmen that both the English and the Americans consider it not only legitimate but necessary to make known what they are doing, so that the public will be inclined to back a national, financial or charitable effort, either in a material or a moral way.

It was quite evident through the winter months in Washington, when the British delegation brought with it such first-class publicists as Lord Riddell and Mr. Steed, that it was worth while to go about in the United States telling of England's attitude, winning the sympathy of large American groups for the British. This enabled the British delegates to attend to their business at the conference with the knowledge that their popularity was being assured. The French had had no single spokesman outside, and had felt the loss of such.

A Frenchman on French Traits

On this subject one Frenchman with whom I have often talked since arriving in Paris said to me: "We French are never seen at our best outside our homeland. When we go abroad we take our French ways with us. You will see Frenchmen in a hotel in America or in England demanding things served to them in exactly the French way. They call outsiders and one another brigands, or thieves perhaps, because their coffee happens not to be sufficiently sweet or because it is too hot—yet they mean nothing. An Anglo-Saxon means business if he uses insulting words, and he therefore misunderstands us. Yet we expect to be understood by our Allies, although by this time we should know that we are at a great disadvantage in not speaking their language. We use French; and when things don't go our way and we feel slightly offended we show it, because we are honest and believe explanation or advertisement is unnecessary. We don't do propaganda, but count on other people doing it for us. We count on them to find out what good efforts we are making, and to praise us and sympathize. We don't get praise often. Please notice that you have asked me half a dozen questions as to what we were doing in the way of reconstruction, and because that isn't my department I'm unable to answer you. Now if I were German or English I should have my desk here stuffed with pamphlets containing all the information you want, and I should have my pamphlets prepared in different forms. One would be concentrated, for the person who wants a few facts in popular form; another would be technical and statistical, for the specialist student. All I should have to do would be to hand you one or another, or all of these—if I were German. Whereas I can do nothing for you today but refer you to the men actually in charge of work being done in devastated France."

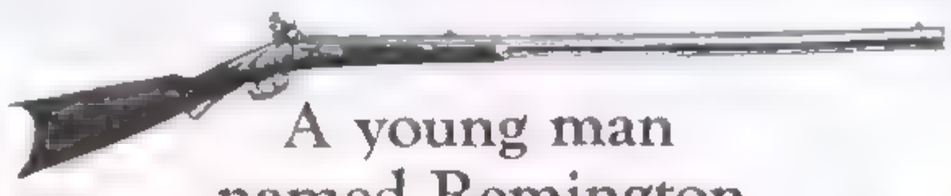
The above traits seem to be some of France's disadvantages. On the other hand, she shows undoubted virtues in her reconstruction and goes forging ahead of all the other European countries. France's children are so thrifty, so ready to work, and to make much of every little thing which can help in their land's upbuilding. We start in a few days for the devastated regions to see what has been done out there, but even motoring from Havre down to Paris I had an opportunity of noticing many typical things along the road, small straws that show the way the wind is blowing. In the first place, although there are almost no men to be seen in the fields or in the village streets, through all that northern district, the women, old men and young boys are doing heavy work. There is a record harvest, and every tree is trim, every dried twig is being used. The fruits are ripening richly. The animals look well fed, well fed enough for much work to be expected of them. The little farms look

(Continued on Page 82)

Remington Started in 1816

THE Remington institution as you know it now had its start in this original hand-made rifle.

For one pioneer sportsman that Eliphalet Remington served, Remington today serves *thousands.*



A young man named Remington

In 1816, Eliphalet Remington wanted a rifle.

He couldn't afford to buy one—so he made a rifle himself. Naturally he made it the best he knew how.

So good that other folks wanted to buy rifles the way he made them, and he went into business.

There were only about 8,000,000 people in this country at that time, and lots of game and Indians.

But it tries to keep in just as close *personal touch* with customers as its founder did.

Over all the long time Remington was growing in size it developed, too, a sort of faculty for encouraging sport, and for *making things better* for the sportsman's use.

It won't take much time to read the following notes of some of the accomplishments that Remington is modestly proud of—

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—the first hammerless autoloading shotgun.

—the first successful high power slide action repeating rifle.

—the first locked-breech autoloading rifle.

—the first paper shot shell and first metallic cartridges successfully manufactured in the United States.

—the first primer adapted to smokeless powder.

—the first battery cup for best quality paper shot shells.

—the first cartridges for automatic pistols.

—the first standard high power smokeless cartridges for big game autoloading rifles.

—the first .410 Gauge Shotgun Shells in the United States.

—the first Nickeled Primer.

—the first Oil-Proof Automatic Pistol Cartridges.

—the first Wetproof Loaded Shells that proved themselves completely Wetproof in all the haps and mishaps of practical test use in every game locality in the world.

—the new .20 gauge Pump Gun. In less than two years the most widely popular shotgun in America.

—the "Palma" .22 cal. Cartridges setting a new standard of uniformity in small caliber ammunition for expert shots.

—the new Game Loads—shells loaded specifically to get the game. Science substituted for guesswork—and simplicity for complication. Furnished exclusively in "Nitro Club" Wetproof—with the finest of American smokeless powders and shot.

—the new .22 calibre Autoloading Rifle—the first to use regular .22 short cartridges.

* * *

And now people everywhere are beginning to feel Remington leadership in *Cutlery.*

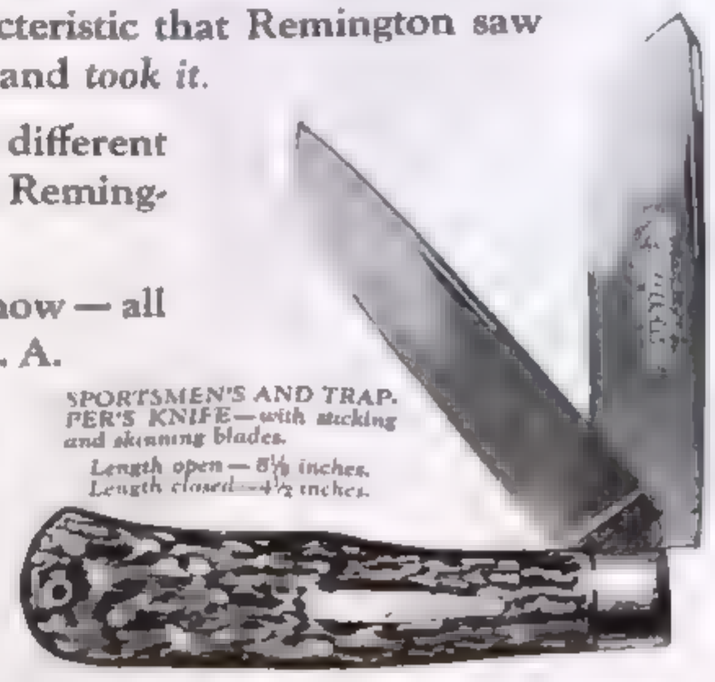
Think how hard it has been to get a *real good knife.*

Think of the opportunity for somebody to *make* real good knives.

It is characteristic that Remington saw the chance—and *took it.*

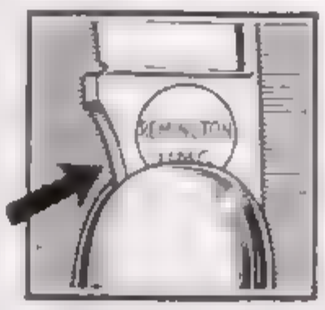
Over 700 different knives in the Remington line.

On sale now—all over the U. S. A.



SPORTSMEN'S AND TRAPPER'S KNIFE—with stocking and skinning blades.
Length open—8⅛ inches.
Length closed—4½ inches.

No. R 1123



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THESE pictures represent the last word in Remington Firearms and Ammunition—typical of the Remington faculty for progress in anticipating the needs of the sportsmen of this country.

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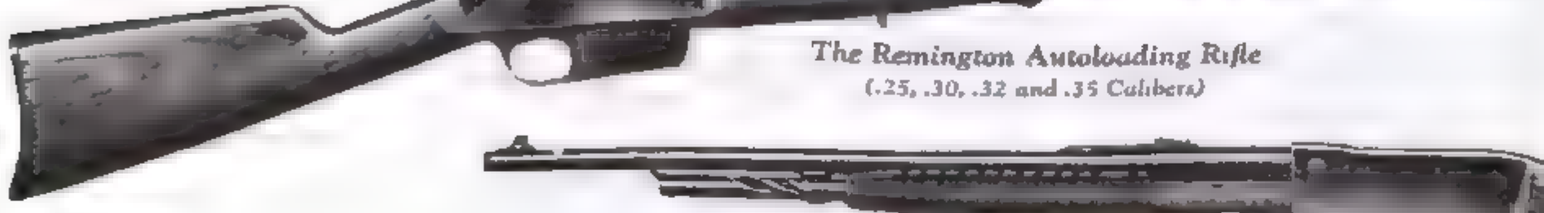
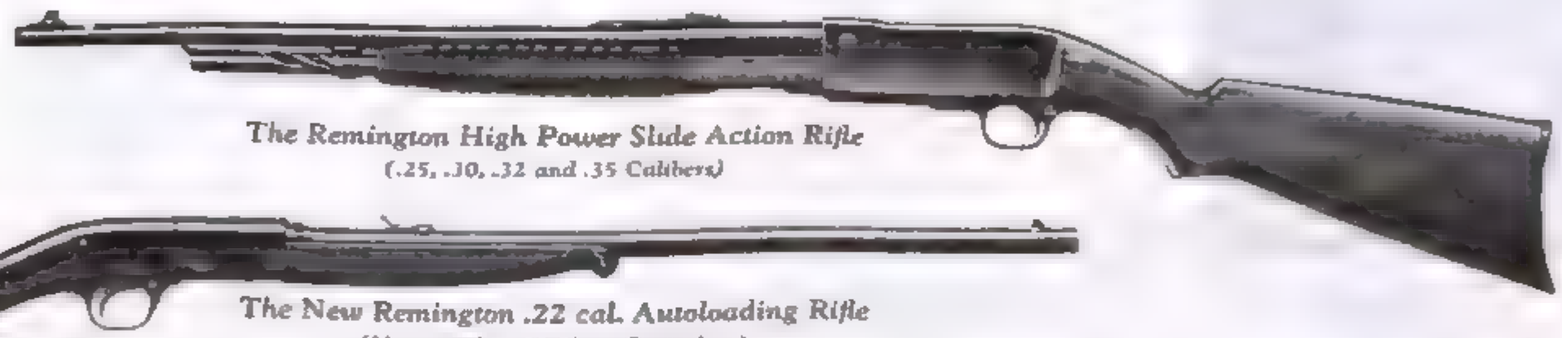
The Remington Autoloading Shotgun in 12 gauge

The Remington Pump Gun in 12 and 20 gauges



The Remington Autoloading Rifle
(.25, .30, .32 and .35 Calibers)



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The New Remington .22 cal. Autoloading Rifle
(Uses regular .22 Short Cartridges)

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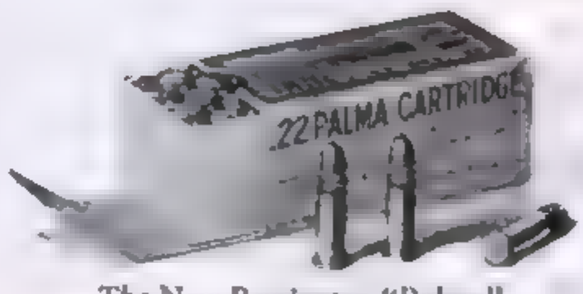
The New Remington Hi-Speed Rifle Cartridges

The New Remington Game Loads
Ask for them by the name of the game—Duck, Goose, Brant, Rabbit, Squirrel, Snipe, Grouse, Dove—every kind of game—12, 16 and 20 gauge.



The New Remington "Palma" .22 cal. Cartridges

MADE IN AMERICA AND SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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And we will quote you price on a building to meet your needs exactly. Write now while prices are low.

Remember you pay only our factory cost plus one overhead, plus one profit

TRUSCON STEEL CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo
to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, O., Dept. S-14, about building problem.

(Continued from Page 79)

combed and cared for and are fertilized as much as in old days—or more. Everything that can be made productive is being developed and exploited to the last degree. On the other hand, the people are poorly dressed, in clothes much more patched and faded than they used before the war. The houses are less freshly painted. One feels that every economy is being practiced, and that the gay spirit of the people rises above this dull exterior. Flowers—roses and geraniums mostly—lend their bright colors to little homes, cover the shabbiness of a peeling wall or of patched roofs, only sufficiently mended to keep out the rain.

It seemed to me there were more babies than I had seen in France ten years ago, and there were many more women in mourning all along the road. Every village had its monument to its own dead on various great battlefields. In spite of these pathetic reminders of war, the people's faces showed cheerfulness and pluck. They have lived a great drama and their spirit is unbroken. I was told a touching story of how much those in the devastated region, where the situation looked most hopeless, were anxious to get work; and how, when the first trucks appeared at Lille bringing thread for their looms, the women had gone out with tears and cries and songs and had marched round the cars, joyfully shouting, *"Le fil! Le fil!"*

French Commerce

In spite of many impediments after only three years of peace French commerce and shipping have already reached prewar figures and the balance of trade for France is favorable. During the first four months of 1922 French imports have been to the value of seven billion francs, but exports from France have surpassed this by three hundred and thirty-one millions. I asked M. Jusserand if he did not think this tremendous development of France would seem or be called a menace to other countries? He replied that a great deal was said now and then of the possibility of America being swamped with cheap products from abroad; but that America need have no fear of France, as French products were not cheap to manufacture and did not, generally speaking, compete with American products at all.

He continued: "Each country according to its own bent and obeying its own interests follows different lines. The Americans are producing merchandise in immense quantities with the help of their wonderful machines; we French are producing more carefully finished articles, with the wonderful ten fingers of the French workman. We send very little to America, so little that, given the importance of both countries, our trade with your native land is almost ridiculous. Belgium, for instance, is smaller than Maryland, and has a population smaller than the state of Pennsylvania. The United States has a population of more than one hundred and five millions and is as large as Europe, Russia included. Yet, to the advantage of all concerned, we French yearly sell more goods to Belgium than we do to the United States. If you will compare the trade statistics between France and the United States for 1921, you will find the exchanges result in every inhabitant of France buying American goods to the value of six dollars, while every American buys French merchandise only to the value of one dollar and thirty-five cents."

Since I have been in Paris I have asked several French officials questions as to the economic situation, and they all say they feel that France is safe, in spite of what appears to be a dangerous financial condition. They don't worry very much about this, as they consider the reparations money which they mean to obtain will put them on their feet. Industrially, commercially and agriculturally they are doing well. Though grateful for aid in reconstruction from abroad, I gather they feel capable of carrying most of this themselves from now on. Whenever I have asked what they consider their most serious problems I have gotten the answer that the nation's birth rate troubles them and that the fight against tuberculosis is serious. They are very appreciative of American sympathy, and say so often. In all the trouble France has lived through, she has kept her pluck, her thrift and her gayety of spirit, as well as her faith in herself and in the future. Here in Paris, even at this dead season, French taste fills the shops with pretty things which the world at large is buying from her. The people all seem cheerful.

An American student of labor conditions, who has lived many years in France, gave me a number of interesting impressions of his own the other day. He thinks, although he has been a French sympathizer through the war and through the reconstruction, that the time has come when American relief should be withdrawn. It will be good for France to work her way alone, according to him. I find largely that is the impression of Americans in some of the relief organizations too.

I had fancied that with all her troubles France had no money to give away, yet I find to my surprise this government has distributed to groups of Russian refugees living in the south of France quite large subsidies for a year or two past; able-bodied men from other groups of my Russian compatriots were given work in the devastated regions. Right here in Paris twenty thousand francs a year goes to a charity for Russian refugees, and in Constantinople the French rationed most of Wrangel's army during the year following its withdrawal from the Crimea. Though these subsidies in money and in food as well as in work have been little compared to the great gifts of the American nation to the Russians, not to mention other nations, they represent a feeling to which one must do justice.

The Government of France has been exceedingly categorical on the Russian question. She declared herself as opposed to the recognition of the soviets, and she has backed all the anti-Bolshevik movements. I fancy this action has been based on two reasons, both good: First, the danger to France from Bolshevik propaganda inside her frontiers; and second, the danger to France from the Bolsheviki who in Russia for the last four years have controlled and held the property of French citizens with money invested there in mines or industrial and banking companies.

Russian Refugees

The pitiless logic of the French has been of better use to the real Russian cause than any mere sentimental attachment could have been. It has proved that where there was no reliability, responsibility or loyalty there could be neither credit nor transactions, and therefore no recognition was practical. Events have justified this judgment. On the whole, Russian refugees in France have been able to find more work and in more congenial positions than in most countries. There are many of them struggling along, making a poor but certain living, in shops or factories, on farms or in colonies. Poor people mostly, they live from hand to mouth keeping their misery to themselves and showing cheerful faces to the outside world. It seems strange to be among my adopted compatriots again. To see them with their charming smile and gentle manners, continuing their lives, educating their children somehow, doing everything they can to help those who are least fortunate among them.

Women, who used to play the Lady Bountiful in some palace of Petersburg or old Moscow before the war, have passed through three or four years of utter misery, yet they meet me smiling. They do their own cooking and washing now, their own teaching of their children. They look respectable and neat, they talk about literature and science, politics and religion, with the same vivid interest they used to show in all these things. They have kept their faith in the future, their courage and their self-respect in the present, and they generally find time, when their own day's work is done, to help others still poorer than themselves to find a position or to embroider and sew at home things that can be sold. The husbands are working, too, at any menial job to be obtained.

When these Russians poured into France the French were rather against them—in spite of seven million casualties contributed by Russia to the Allied cause! Now, at the end of four long years, the mass of these Slav refugees have won the respect and love of their hosts here. There were at first also difficulties between the different parties into which Russians had divided up on political lines. These have been smoothed over largely by now, and they all now represent merely the real Russia that is to be—the general non-Bolshevik, constructive forces. They are giving the world a supreme lesson in devotion, loyalty, energy and patience in unheard-of trials.

The character of the Russian refugee is a very different one from that of the French, and they stand in sharp contrast to one another. In many ways I love my Slavs the best, and yet, in France, whatever the drama the nation has been through it has brought about a reaction that is very fine. There is a light, gay side which keeps laughter and music in the air here. Guignol—Punch and Judy—performed for the children on my ship every afternoon, and in the audience, gazing at the performance, there were many French men and women—parents of the children or merely elders attracted by the fun and exploits of Mr. Punch. It is the same about me here in Paris, where even now in the dead season restaurants in the Bois are gay with lights all through the evening, and strains of jazz out there or in the Montmartre quarter attract a crowd. The dressmakers' shops are full and all the little restaurants out of town have their gay clients.

Good Taste in France

I was listening to some Frenchmen talk one day on the ship; they were speaking of the harm Germany had done and the sharp wound made in France's side. They spoke of their country as *"la belle France," "la douce France"*—almost with tears in their eyes. It sounded as if she were a woman whom they loved and who was lying wounded. I cannot imagine an Englishman or an American speaking in the same way of his native land, though these have shown quite as much willingness as Frenchmen to give their lives, each for his country. In a general way we Anglo-Saxons are not apt to be sentimental about Columbia, Liberty or Britannia! In fact, only a short year ago I heard in a public theater one of America's great comic star actors address the Statue of Liberty as "Lib, old girl!" to the delight of a large audience of patriotic Americans. But the French apparently need picturesque expression for any sentiment they have and they go into it with as much enthusiasm as they do into the serious scientific side of anything they may undertake.

I am reserving for another article a visit we have just made to the Pasteur Institute, where I thrilled with delight and surprise over its greatness. It showed the serious side of France and the vast lengths she has gone towards helping the world of science. Somehow, as one travels about in France, one cannot wonder that the French wax sentimental over her beauty or her softness. There is an unerring instinct here for decoration—an instinct that has led the world in things of taste, a good taste with which they embellish even vices. Versailles stands severe and noble in its park, while grouped around it are the tiny pleasure houses where the great men of France amused themselves when they lived and worked at court around the Louis.

Those who know France well like her perhaps the better for her contrasts—for the pitiless logic and the gay badinage of her quaint people; for their quick songs and quicker tears; for their dancing and their mourning. We do not always reflect their moods, but through the centuries they have produced much to wonder at and much for us to follow. We feel the charm of their life and we find sooner or later that the people are a natural part of this gay and lovely land of France!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

FLORENCE

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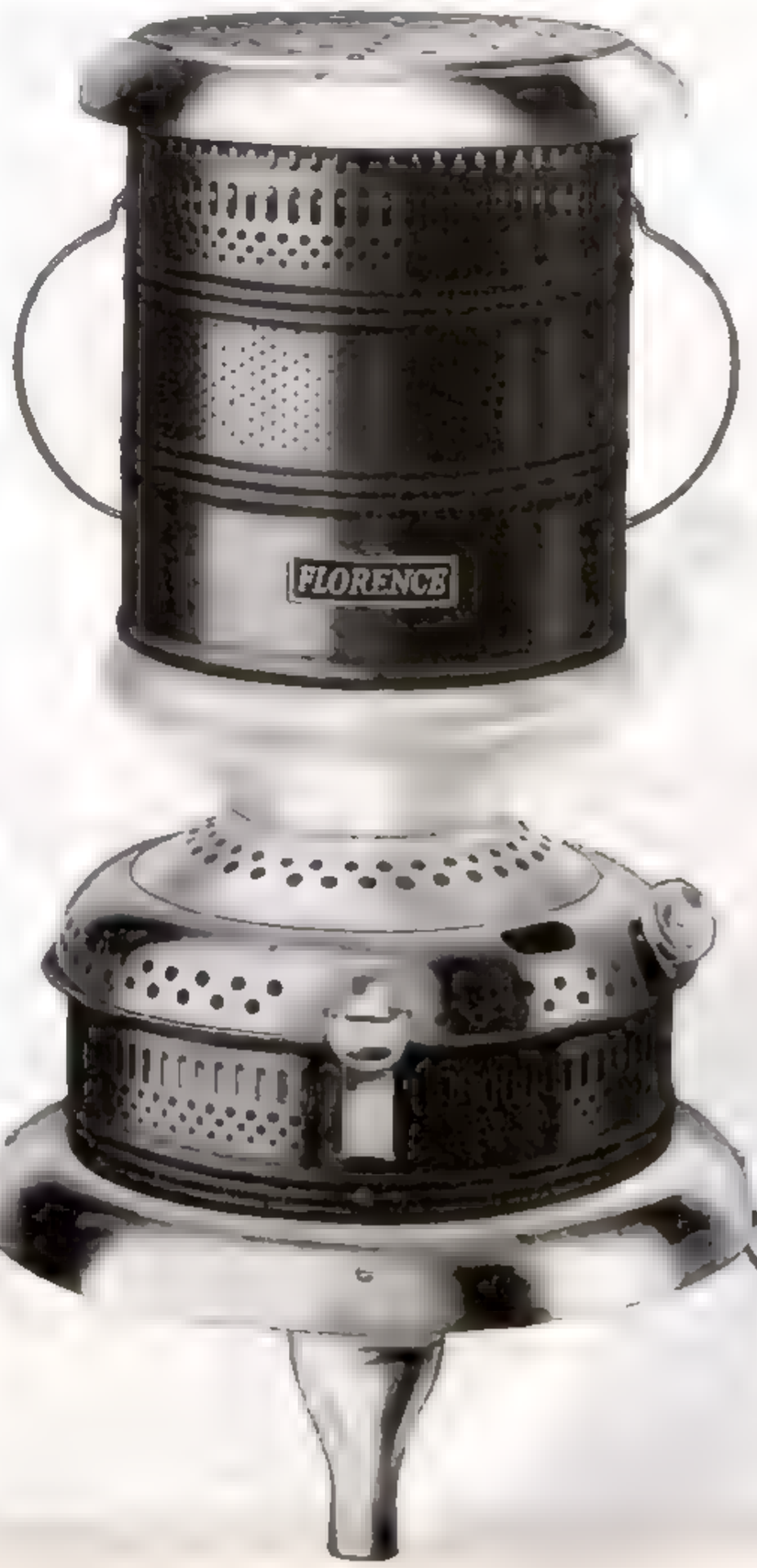

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TWEEDS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Miss Mallard isn't here, then?" he said in a tone of disappointment. "I wanted to see her about something very important. Is she coming down later?"

"What is it you have to see her about?"

Her tone was calm and composed. When Andy produced the letter from Errison's she held out her hand for it. Nerve! Andrew drew back.

"No," he said decisively, "this is for Miss Mallard."

"I see everything before it goes to her."

"You?" He could not help the exclamation. Disgust was behind it. "Gosh," he said explosively, "can't she even open her own mail?"

He took a quick turn about the room, bringing up again at the drawing board behind which the girl sat fenced in, disapproval in the eyes that surveyed him smilelessly.

"What I meant to say," he said, "is that it seems—it seems sort of putting on you to give you everything to do; such a kid! It—it is too much responsibility."

"You forget about Miss Mallard. Before her father died she did not know a thing about business, and she's as young as I am."

"Yes; but, after all, she has money to back her, and this great place ——" He waved his hand as if he took in the whole Mallard Building. "It seems a shame to give you all the risks ——"

"Risks?"

"Yes; anybody might come in here, hold you up—anything!"

She looked very little as he viewed her, an alluring small sister to the world.

"I think they'd have difficulty," she said dryly, and opened the drawer at her right, displaying an automatic. "I can shoot too," she said—"shoot straight!"

She shut the drawer with a snap, holding out her hand; and Andy, because he did not see what else to do, gave her the letter. He went over to the Inness then, studying it ardently. But at a sound from the girl he turned round.

"What is this?" she asked him.

"What it states, precisely."

"A-a-are these people really going to sue us?"

Andy felt apologetic at the look in her eyes. She was horrified, like a child—or like Uncle Andrew. Andy's thoughts went back hurriedly to the old man's face.

"I am afraid so, unless you can get Miss Mallard to take it up. Thomasson wanted me to bring it to the attention of Mr. Ender. You see, the matter has been ignored by him. I—there is no doubt that the pattern was taken from one of theirs, of course."

The girl seemed to freeze as she looked at him. The golden eyes grew dark, an expression of distaste was plain about her mouth.

"There is every doubt in the world. I make up the patterns for the Mallard tweeds. I certainly never copied one of Errison's."

"I beg your pardon."

There was silence for a minute. Andy's brain worked automatically, like a clock. Of course, this girl did not look like a thief, but you never could tell. He had indubitable proof that patterns had been stolen—filched bodily out of another concern; the K tweeds, of which Uncle Andrew had been the last head—so why not from Errison's? That had been done not only since the K concern shut down, but for two years before. He'd be crafty; he'd find out how long this Miss Phillips had been working here. That would show him how much she was responsible for, in a way.

But he couldn't break the silence, get the question out. The girl was reading the letter again. She looked up at him with an expression of disdain.

"I think you'd better go," she said. "I will see that this has attention."

"Right!" He took a step towards the door. Then he came back rapidly. "I say," he said gently, "I—I didn't mean a thing personal, you know. Of course, you wouldn't take an idea any more than you—you'd steal a silver spoon. But—it has been done here. It's been done often, before you came, I guess. You haven't been here long?" For the life of him he could not help the hopeful sound of that question. He liked this little girl. He wanted to—to—well, he didn't quite know what he wanted.

She looked at him without speaking for a moment; a long, unwinking stare it would have been in anyone else. But out of the golden eyes, framed by the gold-glinting brown hair and the short upper lip, it did not seem intrusive. At last she seemed to come to some sort of conclusion about him, and turning swiftly opened another drawer.

"Here," she said, "I want you to look at these. Mr. Slade says you know more about tweeds than all the rest of them out there put together. He—he was just saying so when you came in. Now tell me what you think of these."

She pushed towards him a book of tweed samples; beautiful patterns, most of them; evidently not now in use. Andy bent over them, leafed the pages over swiftly. Then he looked up at her, a hard light in his eyes.

"These are K patterns."

"K?"

His heart gave a leap; she did not know what he meant.

"I'll tell you," he said, leaning towards her and dropping his hands on the side of her drawing board, a light support that seemed somehow to give him balance. "The K tweeds were in existence when—when the Mallard's were—were migrating ducks. They started"—he broke off to ask a question—"you can take time to listen? It's fairly long."

She nodded briefly.

"They started in a small way. People think that Scotchmen have the monopoly of making tweeds, you know; but the first man to make K tweeds wasn't Scotch. He was a Devon man, and he dreamed out his patterns lying on the hillside watching the sun make shadows on the heather and furze and bracken of the Devonshire hills and valleys. Then he went back to his cottage and wove out his dream by hand, inch by inch. It took him eighteen months to make a tweed of the fine light quality he had imagined; no other tweed had ever been like it. The lady of the manor bought it, and made a cape to wear when she walked upon the moors. They said that when she was far off they could not distinguish her, she merged so into the hillside. They thought he was almost a magician."

"An artist!" the girl murmured.

Andy smiled.

"That's about it. He received the usual artist's pittance, too, for the bountiful lady of the manor paid him ten silver shillings for that piece of tweed. He wove three others before he died, and his son finished the fourth piece that he had not completed. Since his father had taught him how, it seemed the natural thing for him to continue the work. After a while he moved to London and opened up a little shop. He was fortunate enough to sell a piece to the king and his fortune was made. Everyone wanted K tweeds after that."

He paused, looking off at the Inness landscape on the wall.

"Well"—he brought himself back to his story reluctantly, it seemed—"you know how it is. A business like that in England goes on from father to son, father to son; always in the family, growing, growing. Mostly they had a designer in the family too; an artist fellow like the first one, though once or twice they had to hire outside help, and the last of the family to run the business took in his nephew to design their patterns. That was before the stealing began."

"But why didn't they sue, if people really were stealing their patterns?"

The clear young eyes met hers fearlessly.

"I know. That seems the obvious thing to us here, but over there it is different. The K people had never been to law. I don't believe the old man would have survived a suit of that kind. He had a kindly, fine old face—I knew him—and he prided himself on conducting the business as it always had been conducted. Funny, to an American; but they are like that, some of them, and you can't change 'em."

He grinned; then dropped back to gravity.

"Well, they went on and on until after the war. The people who bought from them were the real gentry, the people whose fathers and grandfathers had worn K tweeds; farther back than that, even. They had that sort of trade; carried it on still in the dark little shop on Russia Row where it had started. And, of course, quality like the K quality could not be cheap, and wool after the war was dearer than ever, and no one had very much money, somehow. When the Mallard's began to advertise their tweeds, and opened a big fashionable shop in Bond Street, all the newly rich people went there—and, as I say, no one else had very much money. The old customers would come in and visit with the firm, but they couldn't buy. Some of them used to joke about it—say it was a good thing the K tweeds wore so faithfully.

"All that didn't pay the bills, though; you can see that; and then, as I say, the patterns were stolen—oh, not openly, of course; not taken out wholesale so that anyone could tell them, but bit by bit. I'll show you."

He turned rapidly the leaves of the book she had handed him, stopped at one page.

"See this—those fine tracings, dark green on brown, the flickering shadow of gray that spins in and out? Well, that had a mist of purple over the whole—haze, you know, a color trick. Mallard's probably could not copy that, because they left it out—when they took the rest!" He spoke contemptuously.

The girl sprang to her feet, her small fists clenched, her eyes blazing.

"I—I think you're horrid!" she said. "You—we are working for them. Anyhow, I should think ——"

"But they're doing it now!" said Andy mercilessly, and a steely glint came into his kind eyes. "It wasn't just to get in with the K trade. They couldn't take that away while the K people were in existence, of course, because the people who'd always bought from them would not go anywhere else. It was to make out that their tweeds were as good. And they weren't; there isn't a tweed in existence today as fine in quality as the K; it would go through a bracelet—what Mallard would do that?"

"I don't believe you are right," said the girl. "I don't believe it. I knew Mr. Mallard. He was the kindest man in existence"—she looked as if she were about to cry—"and his daughter ——" She bit her lip, and taking out a handkerchief dabbed her eyes. "I—I don't see why you have it in for them so, Mr. Keay." She glanced at the card he had given Mark Slade and pronounced his name in two syllables, Kee-aay, as most persons did at sight.

Andy opened his mouth to correct her, and then shut it tight. If he told her the name was pronounced K, the girl would connect him with the story about the tweeds, he knew without telling. He'd been an idiot to let himself go like that. Suppose she told Miss Mallard. There'd be the devil to pay and all. Not that it wasn't true, every word of it; but he did not want to be fired, have to leave Mallard's; that would defeat his purpose. And more than that, he certainly did not want to be connected with the K tweeds. He'd heard Ender speak of them once, savagely almost, the note of jealousy more than apparent. What was it to Ender that the Keay firm had refused to sell to Mallard's, preferring rather to go down to oblivion, go out of business? How could it matter to Ender? He wasn't one of the firm.

But he did not pursue this question further. He leaned over the drawing board and spoke quietly.

"You're wrong. I haven't it in for them, Miss Phillips; but look here, even you are a sign that I'm right." He picked up the loose piece of drawing paper that she had detached when he was in this room before with Mark Slade, and turned it round. "I couldn't help seeing this, and—and you don't know enough about designing tweeds, fabrics of any kind, to be in charge here. You even have the count of threads wrong, see? And your colors ——"

He did not finish the sentence, but put the paper down again quietly. A spark that boded ill for Andy Keay rose in the girl's eyes, but she smiled on him sweetly.

"You seem to know a lot about it. What if I do make up the patterns? What if I am not worth my salary? I shall be in time."

"I know; but that's just my point—you aren't now. You see, I am sure it isn't your fault; but the new range of patterns, for instance, they are all copies—careful copies, I admit—of the K tweeds. Somehow, I don't pretend to know how, they got hold of one of their pattern books, and someone copied them, but with clever

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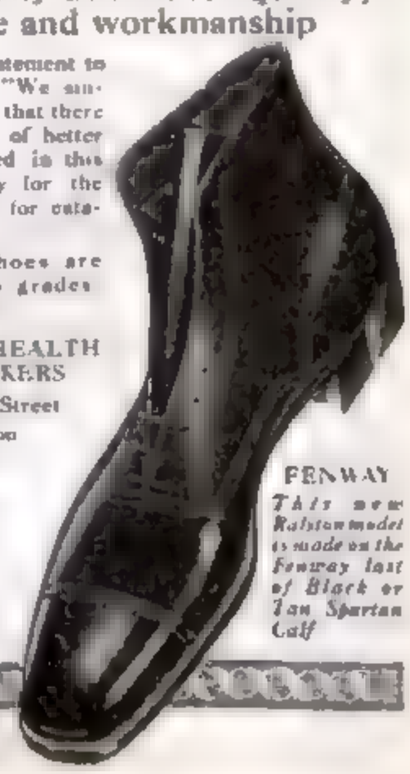

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enough changes so that they would pass for original designs. Well, the K firm is out of business; but I'd rather belong there than here."

His face had grown white, he looked steadily into the girl's eyes. Somehow it had come to matter to him very much that she should have done this thing. A man may be crooked, and you hate it but accept it with philosophy; but a woman—a slip of a girl—who gives herself over to crooked business, that is a different thing. It takes something from the beauty of the world every time a woman errs. And she had given him this book of which he had spoken, this book of K samples. He wasn't making any mistake—he couldn't, with these children of his dreams and his skill—and, besides, he had just come from going over the new pieces of Mallard tweeds; he knew exactly what he was talking about.

The spark died from the girl's eyes. They were golden again, not dark as they had been before. There was a wistful expression in the glance she gave him, and he thought for a minute that she was going to cry. But she did not. She took herself in hand and spoke low and proudly.

"I'll tell you exactly what happened. I don't know—just for a minute—what can be done about it; but ——" She paused, hesitated, seemed to make the plunge hurriedly.

"When I came in here, of course, I didn't know anything about business; but I had studied design and color here in New York for two years. I didn't know anything about designing tweeds; but Mr. Ender said—he gave me this book—he thought ——"

"I see; he felt you might learn that way?"

"Yes; he told me they were disused patterns of the Mallard firm, and he didn't see any reason why they might not be used again if I altered them a little. I couldn't have copied them exactly to save my life, anyhow, the colors were so—so difficult. I never saw any just like them—pastels and primary colors that merged—colors don't do that; but these did."

The color rose in Andy Keay's face. This tribute was sweet, coming in this unexpected way, with no knowledge that it was a tribute. For an instant he closed his eyes, saw a bewildering vision of the Devonshire hills and valleys, colorful as Italy to the sight of his imagination; yes, some of the colors the Inness painting had; but more, more, far more. Ah, if he hadn't lost his power! If he could only now do the things he once had! It was like a cry in his heart.

And suddenly, as he opened his eyes, he had a dazzling idea. He'd lost the gift of transmutation, yes—the gift that is the greatest thing the artist has; but he had not lost his technical skill; he still could teach. Well, why shouldn't he make it easier for this little girl? Give her some lessons in fabric design? If she had any originality at all she would soon be able to do designs that would mean something; she'd be more than the cheap help on which Old Ender prided himself. Suddenly he had the key to the reason for using this half-fledged artist in a big firm like this. Ender had taken her on because she was cheap; she couldn't demand a big salary and—she could easily be hoodwinked.

He'd have given a good deal just then for the privilege of telling Ender what he thought of him.

He made the proposition to the girl, though, with all the eagerness of which he was capable, his smile working overtime, his eyes clear as a boy's as he explained his reasons.

"I used to be an artist," he said, "a designer really; but I sort of lost my power of making patterns. It just went, somehow. I am waiting for it to come back. In the meantime, won't you let me show you—tell you how it goes? Not in the daytime, of course; we are both busy; but if you could give up your evenings—one or two a week ——"

She gasped and into her eyes came a look of recognition, an expression she hastened to hide. Also, this time the tears really did come, and she took out her small handkerchief and wiped them away delicately. Behind the filmy folds Andy heard her thank him, give him the address.

"Do you think it would be too far for you to come to Carnegie Hall? I have a tiny studio there."

"Don't you live with your mother?" said Andrew, puzzled.

He did not know so much about New York, but this girl had all the air of one who had been taken care of; she couldn't be entirely on her own, he thought. He could have kicked himself when she looked up at him.

"Both my parents are dead; I live alone."

She gave him the number of her studio, made an appointment for the next evening. Then, her eyes full of something he did not fathom, she touched gently the letter he had delivered.

"It is getting late, Mr. Kee-aay. I think I should get in touch with Miss Mallard's attorneys about this Errison affair."

It was his dismissal; he took it immediately.

"I say, frightfully sorry to have stayed so long. They don't forget to work you, do they? Secretary to Miss Mallard and designer for the firm! Makes me tired!"

It did not make him feel any better that she smiled and corrected his words, "Not designer, copyist!"

There was a line of firmness about the curving lips that he did not like; he'd worried the poor little kid.

All the way downtown he growled at himself for breaking out like that. Why couldn't he have seen that she was perfectly honest without rubbing it in, making sure? Perhaps it was because she already meant so much; that was the only reason he could find. Well, he'd have a session with old Ender, make himself understood. He'd altered his plans suddenly. He didn't care if they did fire him. They could, and he'd start something! He'd tell old Ender so, explain who he was, say that he had the goods on them! Why, there wasn't a court in the land but would give him huge damages for what had been done to him on these new patterns alone! And any tweed expert would know them, put 'em side by side. The first day that Old Ender was back he'd go up there, talk to him, insist on making Miss Mallard understand his position. Maybe they'd rather settle out of court, and if they did he'd demand a big sum; and then, with his new knowledge of American methods, he'd set about building up a business for himself here in America. He realized now he'd always wanted to own a big business. The new K tweeds—better than the old, and the fruits of his labor—all at the feet of the little girl with golden eyes and hair that glinted gold, too, whose first name, even, he did not know yet.

Still, common sense came to his rescue. Perhaps he did not yet understand enough about business methods. He really wasn't a business man, not in a way. He liked the artistic side best; colors and design and the beautiful things. He'd sold a lot of goods to Mark Slade just because he was an artist, too, and he'd been interested in seeing him show things in another way. He didn't suppose he could sell to—to Thomasson, for instance, with his mind neatly ruled out for dollars and cents; so many bolts of lavender tweed at so much; so many bolts of blue at so much more; instead of so much rainbow light, so much azure sky—for the price of a heartbeat. Gosh, it was a queer world!

Yet all the same he walked into the downtown showroom with a light step. Thomasson, showing red tweed to a slender Jew over by the window, called to him jovially.

"Here, you wonderful salesman, you, come and see if you can't make Barney disgorge."

Andrew thought he was joking, but he wasn't. He stood aside definitely, after he'd introduced Andrew, watched to see what he did. The Jew, gray-haired, grizzled, almost grotesquely slender, gave a yawning smile. He did not care for Andy's type, and he made it plain.

"Well," he said, "and what you know about tweeds, heh, thass Mr. Thomasson he don't?"

"Not much, I guess," said Andy pleasantly; "but I've made them, you see."

Instantly the alert, cautious look came into the face of the customer. He waggled a finger at Andrew, speaking with exaggerated solemnity.

"Then you tell me how is it that these tweeds they don't wear good? My daughter she say to me, 'Papa,' she say, 'the tweeds iss Mallard tweeds, but for their reputation I give not a damn,' she say, 'and they fray all over everywheres, and as for quality, pooh!'"

(Continued on Page 89)

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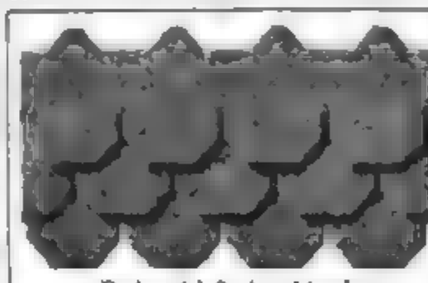

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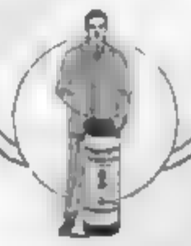

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The White Truck is a good example of *standard* value. In all lines of industry, wherever trucks are used, it is known by its ability to do the most work for the least money. By practically every truck maker it is regarded as "second only to his own."

The White Truck is one of those accepted values which can be bought safely by anyone, at a price which represents all the economies of the largest output in the high-grade field.

9

Other Reasons:

* * *

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Ownership Roll Call
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A Permanent Maker
The Maker's Policy
Service Above Sales
Transportation Experience
Largest Output in the High Grade Field

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

(Continued from Page 86)

He made a sudden, surprising sound with his thick lips, a sound that indicated scorn, anger and a desire to know. None but a Jew could have made it in exactly that manner without offense.

"Sure, I'll tell you how!" said Andy. "You buy our tweeds here, don't you, because they are cheaper here than uptown at the Madison Avenue branch? We don't call them Mallard's—you know why? Because they are made of short, frayed ends of wool, the ends that are left frazzled on the looms when the fine Mallard's are woven. There is quality in wool just as there is in people, Mr. Seidbohm, and if you want your daughter to have the best, take her up to the real Mallard salesroom and pick her out one of our new patterns. This"—he touched the red tweed lightly—"is all right for Hetty and Becky and Sarah, but you don't want your daughter to have a thing like that. This is a cheap store. We give you what you want—cheap goods, woven cheaply on machines, nothing handmade, not even the knots handtied. Cut up into cheap little suits for a cheap trade, that's all right. But not for what your daughter wants, I guess."

He smiled, that infectious grin that no one seemed able to withstand. His knowledge of Jews was not American, but he remembered the pride of some of the cutters in the K factory when it came to dressing their own womenfolk. It was a racial characteristic, but he had not been sure of that when he played on this remembrance. When it came to tweeds, now, he could talk about them.

"If you want something for your business, though, say, I'll tell you the best buy for your trade for next season." He walked down the room, took from one of the unpadded shelves of unstained wood a heavy bolt of gray tweed, faintly checked in brown. "You have a chain of stores, haven't you, Mr. Seidbohm? Now, this bolt'll pay you, made up. Feel the quality—not so rough as most of the cheap tweeds, is it? Now you have this made up into suits with collars and cuffs of color—lavender, red, blue, green, rose—anything'll go on this. Distribute them about your stores, play 'em up big. Guess you'll come running back for more."

The deal was not concluded as easily as that, because the customer did not enjoy buying that way. But Thomasson, watching, knew that his mind was made up with the first mention of the idea. Andy knew that, too, although he pretended not to, and a sort of exultant and naïve surprise rose in him. Perhaps he really did know something about salesmanship, or was it that he was beginning to develop a talent for business?

When Barney had gone Thomasson sprung something on him.

"Say," he said, "why you been hiding your light under a bushel like this? Got a telephone call for you to report back at Madison tomorrow morning; they want you up there. Seems you made a lucky strike this morning; got a good order. Miss Mallard has sent word to transfer you. You're in luck, boy!"

"I've never even seen her," said Andrew dazedly. "I suppose it was what that buyer said ——"

His tone was so amazed, and he seemed so little set up by this order, that Thomasson, no longer suspicious, warmed to him.

"You're a good scout, Andy," he said. "wish you luck up there."

It was the consummation of a little dream, but Andy could not feel happy about it somehow. It was going to be much harder to fight Ender on his own ground.

But he did not have Ender to fight. The old man was not back the next day, or the next, and whispers got about that he never would be back. Andy, with his own troubles, could not talk to any of the other men about it. Everyone resented his appearance somehow. Even Percival, to whom he had given over Slade's order, eyed him queerly. Andy set his upper lip stiffly and went into the fight. He hated Mallard's, but he wasn't going to be beaten by Mallard salesmen, and he went to it.

It was the more difficult, of course, because his duties were not defined. Did he start to wait upon a buyer, there were three other salesmen ready to prevent him. A sudden access of activity had set in in the big showroom, and during the whole of the first day Andrew talked to no one more important than a stock boy. At night he was weary through and through. But the thought of the coming hour in the studio where Miss Phillips lived was like a golden flame in his heart. He dressed carefully, ate his supper in a rush and arrived hastily at the very moment set for him.

"It's a very small studio," she had told him; "you'll laugh ——"

But even these words had not prepared him for how very small it was; a mere cupboard between two larger rooms—a bathroom formerly, she told him; changed during some alterations, she supposed. But it was just big enough for one person, and so cheap—she laughed merrily, humor lighting her golden eyes, perched on the sofa that was a bed at night, her little feet tucked under her to make room for the projecting edge of the drawing table she had arranged under the light.

"I wish I were smaller," said Andy ruefully, trying to get his long limbs out of the way.

He felt enormous, and so out of place, but the girl laughed and set to work. There was no pretending in her desire to learn; she really wished to know. Andrew discovered within himself a secret fund of patience and a love for teaching. He could impart what he knew. And she really wanted to learn. There was no pretense about her eagerness, and she caught onto his methods rapidly. It wasn't only that she expected to earn her living that way, he noticed with exultation; she really loved the work. It wasn't only outside that she was beautiful.

Before he went, her cheeks rose-tinted, she made apology for the way she had pronounced his name.

"Mr. Ender tells me it is just as if it were the letter K alone; you must have thought me very stupid."

"Oh," Andy laughed, "everyone does that; I don't care. But I say, Miss Phillips, will you let me ask you something? I want to know your first name."

There was something odd in her eyes, as if she had been waiting for him to say something else after her remark about his name, and she seemed to be thinking of this so intently that it was difficult for her at first to revert to anything else. But after a pause she told him quietly that it was Edith.

"I hate it," she said; "most of my friends call me Phil."

Phil! It was a dear little name, and there was a quality of frankness about her, despite her little girlishness, that somehow made the boyish cognomen right for her. Andy took her hand and gripped it hard.

"Good night, Phil. Thursday, then!" And he was gone.

It was raining when he reached the ground floor, and he stood in a sheltered corner for a while trying to get his bearings, thinking of the best way to reach his boarding house. Outside in the wet a shining limousine waited, the chauffeur impenetrable beneath his raincoat. The lights shone on the polished surfaces of car and man in dazzling checks of a bewildering pattern. Andy uttered an exclamation beneath his breath. That—that had almost been a new design; they began like that; only this had vanished before it was fully formed. Gosh! If he were going to create again, if his friendship with little Phil should bring him that! A vast tenderness filled him. He seemed to see her before him, and so clear was the belief that as a slight figure sped past him from the elevators behind in the building he started forward. He could have sworn it was Phil, yet how could it be? She had no cloak of moleskin; she was upstairs in the absurdly small studio preparing for bed. He hoped she was thinking of him a little too. Well, some day she should have a limousine like that one where the pretty ghost of herself now sat swathed in a veil and furs. How like Phil in this light! As the car moved away he stepped happily out into the rain.

Later he let himself into his boarding house noiselessly. On the table in his room he kept a canvas pad beside his palette—so long disused. He looked at it absently; idly he took up an outline brush, dipped it in sepia ——

Then his heart gave a leap; it had come, that ineffable feeling like a thread of fire and of ice running through his veins. He closed his clear eyes in momentary thankfulness, and in the darkness he saw trembling a design in gray and yellow, a new tweed!

It was light when he finished it, laid it down. Never in his life had he done so much in so short a time. The work was crude because of that, but it was masterly, too, and sufficient for a weaver to work from, make up the design.

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The way to the Mallard Building seemed to be paved with roses that morning. He walked downtown; he couldn't have ridden to save his life. He'd find Phil, tell her the first thing ——

But something else intervened. Like many artists, Andy had a photographic eye. No least contour of anything that he had fully observed was lost to him. So that, going into the building, his eye was caught and held by the limousine and chauffeur he had seen overnight. His heart gave a sudden leap, sank down to zero. Without waiting for anything, he walked through the waiting room, down the corridor, on to the glass door with the name Henry Mallard upon it.

"Why, how you startled me, Mr. Keay!" said the girl with the golden eyes.

She was taking off her hat, a very simple hat to Andy's unsophisticated eyes. Her dress was the one she had worn the other day, and the coat that was temporarily thrown over the back of a chair was not of moleskin. Also, she was very calm and friendly. Andy faltered. But he had been bred in a persistent school. He smiled, his eye on the door leading to the inner room.

"Will you ask Miss Mallard if she will see me, Miss Phillips?" he said formally.

The golden eyes grew darker.

"Why, I am afraid that is impossible just now," she said. "How about twelve noon? She hasn't ——"

"Why don't you say she isn't here?" he interrupted coldly.

"Why should I tell you a lie?"

"I don't see that it is any worse than acting one," he said hotly. "I don't know why I am sure of it, but I am sure that you are Miss Mallard yourself. Phil! Isn't that short for Philippa? And doesn't E. Philippa Mallard stand for Edith Philippa? Oh!" he cried out passionately as one detail after another came rushing to his mind. "Why was I so foolish? Why didn't I see? And I thought you were a poor girl!"

She stared at him, her color coming and going. She could not speak, because something hammered in her throat, and her heart beat so that it hurt her. But she drew herself together, pointed to a chair.

"Sit down for a minute," she said. "I—I can't stand any more."

She sank into a chair, white-faced. With a sudden exclamation Andy sprang towards her.

"Oh, you're ill!" Words of endearment were on his tongue, but he bit them back. Miss Mallard waved him away, sat up straight.

"I'm all right now," she said formally, and pressed a buzzer. From the inner room a stenographer appeared.

"Miss Phillips," said Philippa Mallard, "I want you to bring the copy of the letter I dictated to you last night to be sent to Mr. Andrew Keay."

When the girl had gone she sat in stiff silence, her eyes on her visitor's face.

"You see," she explained after a minute, "I took this room because of the north light. My secretary occupies the other room when I am working out here, and I am not disturbed very much. Even Mr. Ender leaves me alone most of the time."

Half smiling, she met his eyes, and when the girl came back with the copy of the letter she held it on her lap while she went on speaking.

"You see, Mr. Keay, I gave you the opportunity to explain yourself last night in the studio. I'd have told you about myself if you had done so. I had discovered who you are from Mr. Ender. Naturally, after the disclosures you made on Monday, I had to have an explanation. I found that many of the things you said are true; this letter is an attempt to set some of them straight. I can't give you back your old business, but I think our lawyers together can work out a scheme that will be fair to you. I—I don't believe my father meant to be crooked. He had faith in Mr. Ender, and he"—she paused, her young face stern in its attempt at impartiality and justice—"well, he lives and moves in the Mallard family fortunes. He'd do anything in the world to lift Mallard's tweeds higher; rob or steal or hold up New York, I think. He—he can't seem to see that he isn't within his rights. He's not like a man; he's an automaton. I don't understand it."

Some of her words needed explaining.

"Did Mr. Ender know who I was when I applied for a job?" said Andy blankly.

She nodded.

"At once; he'd heard you'd come over here. He put you down in the cheap warehouse because he knew you were an artist, and thought he'd tire you out. I ——" She broke off to say something else. "Mr. Keay, I knew nothing of that cheap part of the business until you told me about it; I have been kept so much in the dark I don't know what to do. Mr. Ender told me quite calmly that he thought the designing would keep me out of mischief and give me something to keep me busy; he did not want any interference in the business otherwise. You know"—her smile was rather pathetic to Andy, somehow—"my father wanted me to be the head of the business, to understand it. It was his dying wish; but with Mr. Ender I don't think I ever shall be. He says the business would go to pieces without him; he's built it up about himself. Daddy was a darling, but he was sick for so long, even though he kept on coming here day after day. Everything was in Mr. Ender's hands."

The tables had turned. Andy could not keep the sympathy from his voice. This girl was the same girl, whether she was a great heiress or an orphan who had to work for her living. The problem before her was a big one. He knew the force that Ender carried with him; something dynamic, that seemed to be a part of the man. All he seemed to want was to pile up money for Mallard's to spend. All the animosity that had been a part of him for the hated Mallard's oozed out of his mind; it was as if it had never been. And something stirred in him, a new power, a knowledge of business that he sensed now had been growing in him all these months. An idea had taken possession of him. He could not put it into words yet, even though his determination was absolute to attempt it. He turned to the girl with a new urgency, a new force in his tone.

"Phil," he said, utterly unconscious that he was using her name in his intentness on her problem that somehow seemed to be his, "do you think you will ever make a good business woman?"

She pondered.

"I don't know; yes, if I could get a start. Daddy never could see that the artistic end of things was mine, and yet—he bought that Inness, and he loved pictures. Perhaps he wanted me to get the idea of being an artist out of my system; that was what made him think of me becoming an active part of the work here."

"Maybe; or was he afraid of Ender—at the last?"

She pondered that, then her eyes, clouded by recognition, looked into his.

"Yes, that was it; I remember, I did not understand; he kept on telling me to keep Mallard's clean. He was taken so suddenly at the end he hadn't time for much."

Andy could see it; the whole thing unrolled before him. There had been scraps of conversation dropped about Henry Mallard—his easy ways, his charm, his integrity that Ender used as a cloak for his own ends sometimes. Everyone knew it, and yet everyone was afraid of Ender. He himself had been until yesterday. But now, now all was different. He knew that he could never again be afraid of anyone, because he was fighting for Philippa. She didn't know that, though.

Perhaps he would have been utterly taken aback if he could have understood how very well she knew it. He faced the strong light from the two immense north windows. His eyes were clouded by his new thoughts, his brow puckered; but the clean lines of his face, the virile strength of his splendid youth, the long lazy lines of the athlete in repose, each fraction of him told her the story she had known since she saw him two days before, when he had told her stormily what he thought of her business. She sighed, a sigh that was half a smile as it ended. His eyes asked a question.

"I was just wishing that you were a business man instead of an artist."

That little grin of his came then, and the small wrinkling cloud of freckles above the fine straight nose.

"But I believe I am a good business man; I've just been going over that. You—you are head of the firm, aren't you? Legally, I mean."

"Oh, yes; but I've signed all sorts of papers since I came down here. Only last night I thought how foolish that was."

"Well, we must chance it that you haven't signed away your presidency."

He got up, walked the long length of the room and came back to her slowly. His usual impetuosity was curbed, his boyishness had disappeared. As he put into words

(Continued on Page 93)

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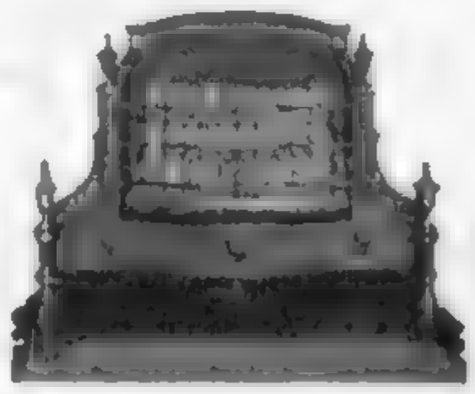

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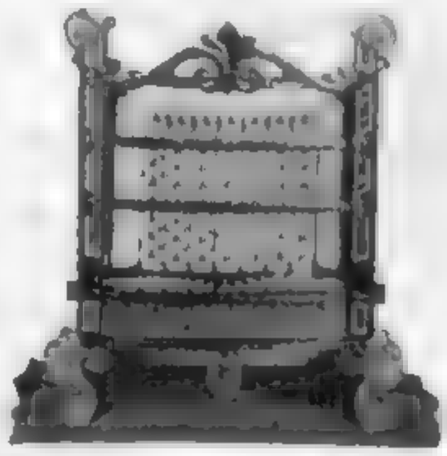

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(Continued from Page 90)

the astonishing idea that had flowered in his mind a few moments since his tone was level and businesslike.

"Will you give me a power of attorney to take your place here for three months? And—and you go away to that play studio of yours if you like; then I can report to you every week or so. It's a risk, of course. I may be the worst adventurer in the world, but you remember Old Ender did not think so. I guess he told you the Keays are honest folk—too honest for their own good. Well, then"—as her eyes verified his assertion—"do you want to do this? I—I can pull you through, get you out of Ender's hands, put you in a position to understand the business. I am not afraid of him. It all depends on you. Can you trust me enough?"

He always liked to remember that she took time to consider it. Then the golden eyes gleamed warmly, and the smile shone out recklessly as she put her hand in his.

"Andrew Keay, I could trust you with every cent I have, and—and I think you are the kindest man in the world."

He stared at her unsmiling.

"You may not like lots of the things I shall do, you know."

He seemed older already as she looked at him, for his swift mind was going over details, picking up threads, building—in his mind—everything into a working scheme worthy of a really big business. He'd amalgamate, as he'd outlined to Thomasson.

Then Philippa asked a question quietly, her own face shadowed, and a shadow fell over his own; he retained his pose of aggressive business acumen with an effort.

"I wish you would tell me about your own firm, the K tweeds. Mr. Ender said that it failed two years ago; he said we offered to buy you out. I should like to know the other side—your side—if it does not hurt too much."

"No; it won't hurt." There was a cold note in his voice. His eyes swept her appraisingly. "We didn't fail. There aren't any debts outstanding. We simply closed, that's all. Uncle Andrew died. He was the last head of the firm before me. He brought me up; educated me; I owe him everything. His heart failed him at the fight. As I told you, our own customers hadn't the money to buy, and Mallard's came in, launched their English shop with a flourish, advertising, advertising—and a fashionable store to buy in—and all the time copying our patterns ——"

His voice dropped as he went back into the past, rose again on a sudden note of assurance for her.

"I don't want you to think I am blaming anyone; I am not, now. It—it was a great deal our own fault. I didn't see it then, but I do now. We didn't stretch forward into the future; we kept our eyes on the past. Uncle Andrew came in one night with a letter signed by Mr. Mallard himself—he was alive then. He offered a mere song for the goodwill of our business. I feel sure Ender had told him it was not worth more. Uncle Andrew went into a terrible rage as he read the letter over again to me, and fell over dead; shock and the accumulation of anxiety beforehand. His heart had always been weak."

"Oh!" said Philippa faintly, deep pity in her voice. Andy smiled at her gravely.

"It was pretty bad when we came to go into things," he admitted. "The business really amounted to very little. I kept it on for a while, but I couldn't see any way out. At last I came to the conclusion that I would close down and come to America and see if I could not find out the secret of the Mallard success. I hated you all. Oh, how I hated you!" His voice was vibrant. "I didn't know exactly how I was going to get even, but I determined to do it if it took my last penny. And then I don't really understand how it came about, but I lost all ability to design; I couldn't originate. I was desperate. It was like losing an arm—a part of myself. Even my living depended upon it. I was dazed for a while. Then I realized that my only salvation was to learn how to run a business by modern methods. I made up my mind that I was going to be smarter than anyone here, and later I'd start a business and go into competition. My dream wasn't to be a millionaire; it was to make enough to run Mallard's tweeds out of business. Hate, you see—revenge! A fine basis to build a life on!"

"But I should think you would feel that way. How could you help it?"

"I didn't try—until I knew you. I was awfully miserable, really; all choked up with hate and losing my power to create designs. Somehow I mixed them up, one with the other. Some inner voice kept on saying to me that as long as I hated I'd never be able to see pictures again. They are pictures, even if I work them out in tweeds, you know."

"I know." She looked wistfully away at the Inness, back to him with those glowing golden eyes. "How did you come to design for the K firm?"

"Well, I couldn't seem to tackle the weaving. I was just a kid, but I hated it. We'd an outside artist to design our patterns; you can always find a good designer, even if he isn't a genius. That's why I wondered at Ender having you in here, you know. Uncle Andrew was almost in despair about me when he took me down to Devonshire to the little cottage where the first K tweed had been woven. It's a beautiful little place. Some day I hope you'll see it"—the clear eyes looked gravely into hers to meet a glance as unconscious and grave—"hanging over the moor, craning its neck to look at the sea, lost in a swirling mass of golden furze and purple heather.

"Uncle Andrew was a very plain old man, but he was crafty. He'd go off, visiting old cronies, he said—though I found later that he didn't know a soul in the place—and leave me to myself. Day after day I was there alone, with the sea and the heather and the colors in the shifting lights and shadows. Suddenly I thought I could make a pattern, and I tried it—mistily, you know; very vague at first. Then the idea came clearer; I knew how to put it down, how to allow for the measuring of the threads. I got a pattern at last that I wanted to show to Uncle Andrew, but I didn't dare. I left it on the mantelshelf when I went to bed."

He looked up apologetically into the lovely eyes regarding him.

"Miss Mallard, when the old man came upstairs his beard was wet as he bent over me. I wiped away the drops impatiently; I was so excited I hadn't been able to sleep.

"'Is it any good?' I said.

"I knew; but I wanted to be reassured. I wanted him to be glad, and he could only be solemn and cry. I remember his hand trembled when he put it on my head. 'Boy dear, it's the best pattern we've had in many a day,' he said, 'many a day!' He began to wipe his eyes with his silk handkerchief and walk about the room; it was so small it cramped him. He was a tall, thin man and simple; not much education."

"He must have been fine," said Philippa Mallard wistfully.

"Oh, he was! He was so happy about having a designer in the family again! He gave me every advantage. I went to the Slade school and then to Julien's in Paris. Every summer we'd go to Devonshire, Uncle Andrew and I. 'Andy,' he'd say, 'you know a Keay never gives up; that's all you got to remember. If you think out a new pattern, work at it, boy, until it is perfect. The money don't matter, nor even if folks like it it don't matter; but if you put down what the Lord have give you eyes to see, you'll know it here,' and he'd put his hand on his heart."

He stopped; he couldn't go on. These old words were bringing back so many things. His face was grim as he rose, and he looked at Philippa with a glance so stern that she met it wondering, not knowing then that she faced the business man, the executive, the man of vision.

That, as it happened, was the last thing he said to her then, for the attorney for the firm was announced, a suave, firm man who received Philippa's statement about the power of attorney with a murmur of expostulation.

"But, my dear Miss Mallard ——"

Andy left; he had no desire to restrict the lawyer's phrases. But when he came out he was waiting for him in the reception room.

"Mr. Smythe, I want you to know that Mr. Ender has nothing to do with this. Should you go to him, I shall reluctantly be compelled to change our firm of attorneys."

The gaze that met his wavered, fell, did not conflict with Andy's clear, resolute gaze. After all, the attorney told himself, the Mallard account was not to be thrown over lightly. His ironical bow accepted the situation.

Andrew scarcely noticed him. There was much to be done. At night he went over the events of the first day with a clear conception of the odds he was up against. No one liked his change of position; anarchy was in the air; and yet his rule was better than Ender's, had they only taken pains to look further. But how could he expect that? He had to show them.

Show them, in the next few days, he did without effort. That he was a master of the work on which he reported soon became plain; no one knew tweeds as he did. Somehow, in the curious way in which such things become common property in any organization, it became noised abroad that Mr. Slade, the buyer for Manson Lake's, had declared Andrew Keay a wonder.

"Yes, sir, he didn't say anything less; a wonder, that was it!" It was admitted that Slade knew what he was talking about too.

And suddenly Andrew had another champion. Percival, the head salesman, spoke up deliberately; and to the words of the deliberate man, fairly or otherwise, the world always gives credence.

"He sold double of any order I ever took, and handed it over to me as if it were nothing. Fair? I'd go far enough to say generous, even. Yes, sir, I'm for Mr. Keay!"

Not that Andy knew a thing of this. He sensed a warmth, a readiness to take orders, to incorporate changes in routine, that had not been there at first. And gradually other things percolated back to the big building on Madison Avenue. Thomasson, now an accredited member of the Mallard organization, put in his word or two. Perhaps it was difficult for him to resist more knowledge of the acting president than he really possessed—unlike Percival, his nature was not deliberate. His anecdotes lost nothing in the telling, and the way in which Andy had sold to Barney Seidbohm bade fair to be a classic in the annals of sales.

Neither was the factory in Kentucky behindhand. Andrew had spent three days there, all he could spare in the strenuous work of reorganization which he had begun in New York. But into those three days he packed the work of two men, working at such tension that he amazed himself. It had always been a dream of his to make a success of a big business for the design and output of tweeds, even though at one time he had despaired of accomplishment of anything so strangely at variance from his early days. For, looking back, he could see where chances had been thrown away in the K plant, ideas allowed to grow moldy because of the lack of modern machinery to turn them into facts. Well, that was not the case now. He was hampered a little by lack of funds, but with the methods he was putting into force this would not be the case long. Ender had built up a magnificent shell; it was for him to make the inside complete and beautiful. In his intercourse with the weavers, the office staff, even the shipping department and line men, his enthusiasm and desire to spend himself to the utmost for the finest results had to make an effect. And whatever came up, one fact was uppermost—he knew tweeds, from the buying of the wool to the tying off of the last knot by the practiced fingers of the star weaver.

"A humdinger!"

"We must have our own sheep," he said to one man, "after a bit, you know"—and seeing the glint in his eyes—"know anything about them?" At the end of the man's statement he had his ranch foreman picked when the time should come. And to another: "I guess this factory could be run coöperatively if we gave it a chance." His thoughts seemed to come out spontaneously, spark to tinder, often. With his little grin, his keen sight, his ready laughter and justness of balance in adjusting operating difficulties, he came as a health-giving wind into a place stagnant and fatigued by tiresome rules.

"I don't see the use of that," he'd say; "do you?" Or again, "Perhaps we haven't been toeing the mark closely enough there; how about it?" He knew enough not to be infallible; but gosh, how he made them want to work!

In scraps of news by word of mouth, by telephone and by letter, these things came back to the central office. In a few weeks the place had a different air. The salesmen out on territory, from Maine to California, heard whispers from the trade. Orders began to come in, slowly at first, faster as the general quality of tweeds improved. That three days' visit to the factory had not been without effect. The weavers were on their mettle. They both courted and dreaded Andrew's keen eyes. No more slipshod following of a design; one fault brought back the piece with caustic comment blue-penciled on the shipping slip.

"Eyes like a lynx!" the men said, scrutinizing their own handiwork anxiously.

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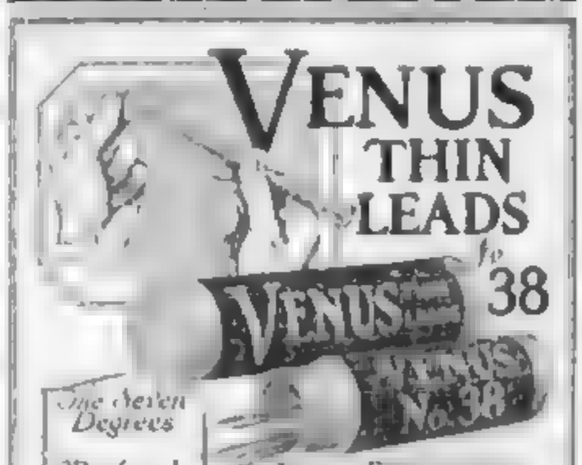

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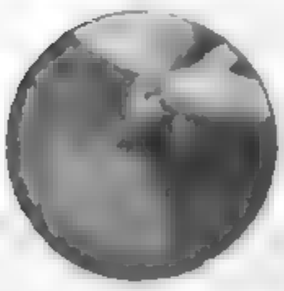
Brenlin—
Economical!—wears twice as long as ordinary shades

At left, the flimsy, loosely woven material in ordinary window shades; at right the fine, strong, closely woven fabric in Brenlin



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling

Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material tightly. It cracks and shows pinholes
Fold a piece of Brenlin. Its richly colored surface is unmarred

YOU would have to buy two, perhaps three, ordinary window shades to equal the life of a Brenlin shade.

Because it gives twice, often triple the wear of the ordinary kind, Brenlin is the most economical window shade you can buy.

Every step in Brenlin-making is a step for *longer wear*. The basic fabric is finer, stronger—like linen in texture.

So closely woven is this material that it requires none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles, causing cracks and pinholes in ordinary window shades.

And the high-grade colors are of lasting beauty. They resist fading and will not show water spots. Experts apply them by hand.

Rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Its endurance will surprise you.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us: we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly"—free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

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HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

"It has to be good—to be a Mallard!"

On that slogan Andy drove forward relentlessly, powerfully, without faltering. He did not realize how much of his spirit went over, believing he had the finest set of workmen in the world, the best organization. Why, this was easy even when it was hard. He loved this work of bending the world to his will.

One evening a telegram was brought to him by the stockroom foreman. It was from Scottie Blane, the largest buyer of tweeds in the East. The name had not been on the books before. It was an important transaction, since the Blane people put out about all the ready-made golf suits in the country.

"We have no range of yellows," said the foreman with a worried air. "I have been through all the new bales ——"

Andrew followed the man to the stockroom. He knew it, and his mind was busy. They must fill this order for Scottie Blane. It was just about enough, with all it might mean of transactions in the future, to set Mallard's on a different plane. He had been waiting for some such big fish to fall into his net. Flashing back into the past, he put his finger on a solution. Of course, in this emergency they could make up designs from the old K tweeds—it was in his hands to decide. He went back to the workroom, took from his private safe some books of patterns.

"See here, Murray, I can find something—see?" His fingers flipped over the soft chunks of tweed. "Here's a yellow and blue, yellow and gray and crimson, yellows and browns and purples and rose—I guess Scottie Blane's'll open their eyes, huh? Oh, and here's another! This isn't made up, you see."

He passed over the design he had made the night his gift had been given back to him. It had been in yellow and gray; one of the best he'd ever done, he thought. He saw that Murray's eyes narrowed as he looked; it was good then. Odd! One never quite knew, oneself.

"We'll send the designs down to the factory by airplane," he said; "put in a hurry order. Here, I'll get them on the phone, let them know right away."

His eyes danced as he drew the instrument towards him, gave his order to the operator. He dropped the receiver thoughtfully. It was getting on towards closing time, but he could dictate the letter to Scottie Blane; there was time for that. His heart sang; everyone would want the Mallard tweeds now; when he really got going the range of patterns for next spring ——

Half an hour later his eyes, narrowing, focused on something indistinct that floated before his eyes. He caught up a pencil—he'd discovered another color scheme for a Mallard tweed.

Hurriedly he walked into the outer room and found a canvas pad beside Philippa Mallard's palette. She'd scarcely used it; there were so few colors ready. He squeezed out tube after tube with a lavish, practiced hand. Momentarily everything but the new design had vanished; he might have been alone in the world. For half an hour he sat working; then—trying to visualize the exact shade of delicate azure he had in mind—focused his eyes on the door.

He didn't see it; he just faced that way. He was in Devonshire; he was not in New York. The sun called to the mists of morning, and the sea was shining through the bar of golden light that flickered over the eastern horizon. That blue, the blue of the early sky, was the color he wanted.

Miraculously, it seemed to him, it appeared. A figure floated into his field of vision, a fairy figure in blue velvet and chinchilla, a little princess of New York.

"Stay where you are," said Andy unceremoniously, and turned to his canvas pad.

Philippa smiled softly as she stood. There was a radiance in the golden eyes that was far more wonderful than the fact that she wore the color Andy wanted. In a moment he threw down the block and rose to his feet, stammering and red-faced.

"I beg your pardon. You see, it was the color ——"

She came up to him, graver now. Her eyes shone like deep wells of sweetness. She had something to say that was difficult, but she had to be brave.

"Andy," she said, "I had a dream ——"

He swept his hand across his eyes. He was afraid that he was dreaming again. He touched the desk to reassure himself. It was as solid as it looked. The patterns had been dispatched to the factory, the airplane would reach Kentucky next morning, given luck. In three days the first tweed would be in his hands if they followed instructions. The typed copy of his letter to Scottie Blane was waiting for his signature on the flap of the desk—"Gentlemen: A special range of tweeds ——"

It was all very practical and reassuring. He stood here in the empty shell that Ender had built up, that might have tottered and fallen if he hadn't been at hand, and he was going to fill it with things of beauty and worth. Mallard's Tweeds! In ten years there wouldn't be another firm able to compete with this place of little Phil's!

His eyes, cleared of doubt, came back to her face.

"I want to tell you," he said, "what I've done. It isn't very much so far; there hasn't been time; but in ten years Mallard's will be the only house ——"

Proudly she put her hand on his arm. She was little, she had to lift her face. She'd been going to tell him about the dream, but the dream could wait. After all, this was a practical issue, even though it was so vital to them both. She drew a long breath, took the plunge headlong.

"Andy," she said—and there was a note in her voice that Andrew had never dreamed of; a warmth, a sweetness, a comradely unity that shook him to the very foundations—"that is what I came about. I—I don't suppose you'd feel that you could say this to me for years, so I am saying it for us both now. Andy, I want to help you build up that house"

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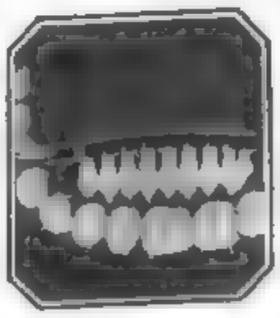

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This nation-wide two weeks' special sale is to give you an incentive to start using this perfect tooth brush *now!*

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For men who work and play outdoors—

THIS UNDERWEAR MEANS HEALTH AND WARMTH

YOU can be outdoors when there's seventeen-inch ice in the lake, with a razor wind from the north, and be warm and comfortable in Wright's Health Underwear.

That's the way it's made—to keep you warm in zero weather. The wool in Wright's Health Underwear keeps your natural body-warmth in. For wool is a non-conductor of heat. And it also keeps the most penetrating cold out.

Know the joy of a shiverless winter. Know the comfort of keeping warm outdoors on the rawest days. And lessen your chances of catching cold. For Wright's Health Underwear goes far toward keeping you free from colds.

This is the reason. Wright's Health Underwear is knitted with a patented loop stitch. This feature, plus the wool, makes the underwear tremendously absorbent. It immediately absorbs every particle of perspiration and excretion given off through your pores. Your body is kept absolutely dry, at a warm, *even* temperature and is far less sensitive to colds.

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FOR FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

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BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 30)

"Seems as though I thought of that. Something like it, anyhow. Offer me a substitute and see what I do."

"I might bid it in personally," said Bracken.

"In your own name?"

"Exactly."

"Um! Say, for the mortgage and costs, maybe 65 per cent of the purchase price Juice in that orange. Reg'lar blood orange."

"Four hundred thousand dollars, I should say. That would be two hundred thousand apiece, Mr. Gibbs."

"Acceptable, acceptable. Not to be sneezed at. But I could shade that up a bit maybe. Yes, yes. We ought to make it an even quarter of a million each. Do that by boosting the price only a dollar an acre."

"The Consolidated would be making a good buy at fourteen dollars an acre."

"So," said Gibbs, "it will be my duty as well as pleasure to tell them. They can't expect me to sweat and get dust in my throat a day like this for nothing. Now let's see just where we are."

"First," said Bracken, "we call off the old agreement."

"Which is your contribution where you knife your principals."

"What's that?" Bracken flushed.

"Mustn't be squeamish. Both of us crooked as a dog's hind leg. That's why we're talkin'. Both of us know it. You're giving De Marsay a dirty deal, and I'm giving the Consolidated a dirty deal. To be sure. What do folks expect in this world? Forge ahead."

"Second, we work together to get this man Thorne."

"Elementary. Not worthy of mention. Next?"

"We bid in the property in my name. That's where I cease functioning and you commence."

"Sure. Then I take my little lead pipe and sneak up back of my company and tunk it on the head. While it is unconscious I sell it, for one million four hundred thousand dollars, timber that cost you and me about eight hundred and fifty thousand. That's where I'm at my best. The stockholders will give me a gold watch, engraved, for my business acumen in pulling off such a deal. I dote on stockholders. They're so emotional and so shy of brains. That's why they get to be stockholders. Every time I look at stockholders in a mass I have a feeling of conscious virtue. I give them what they were created to get, where they were created to get it. Sure you can handle your people? I don't want a war with De Marsay."

"I—I guarantee Mr. de Marsay," said Bracken. He tripped and stumbled over the words, and Gibbs shot a sudden steely glance at him.

"How about the girl—in case, you know, Mr. de Marsay makes up his mind not to linger with us?"

"Just a girl," said Bracken, "and a minor."

"Thank God for minors!" said Gibbs piously. "Then we can call it a game of croquet and go home, eh? First thing is to kind of surround Thorne and shoot his thatch full of flaming arrows. The sooner his roof begins to blaze the better."

"I've commenced already."

"Um! He can't be such an all-fired fool, at that. Took pretty good work to land all that property and a charter for improving the river, and get actual work started before anybody saw his shadow. Let's not guess him a size too small. Uh-huh! Make believe he's a world-beater and act accordingly. It's a lot better to wake up to a pleasant surprise than to a sore jaw."

For an hour more the pair discussed ways and means, and perfected their understanding. Then both scraped back their chairs and shook hands on as unsanctified an agreement as the walls of any business office ever listened to. Strangely enough, both men glowed with pleasure as each regarded himself with satisfaction. Such things are possible.

As their chairs moved back and they got to their feet the new bookkeeper moved rapidly and noiselessly away from Bracken's office door, and when Gibbs emerged he was writing in a big ledger with such complete absorption that he did not see the visitor was about to leave. Gibbs, however, in compliance with habit, stopped and spoke a word of farewell.

"Neat-looking books you keep," he said. "Um! Stick to it on a hot day. Good man. If you ever go looking for a job come see me."

"Thank you very much, I'm sure," said the young man gratefully.

Bracken stood at his desk listening to Gibbs' departure. Even after the big limousine had roared down the road out of hearing he continued to stand and listen. His expression was not that of a man who listens to something, but who listens for something. He wore a queer, strained look, a tired look, as if he had slept badly. There were times when Anthony Bracken felt he would never be able again to do anything but listen. He found himself doing it at the oddest times; found he broke off conversations in the middle to turn his head and to strain his ears. It was for nothing he wanted to hear that he listened. It was not anxiety lest he miss some sound, but apprehension lest he hear it.

He shook his head as one does sometimes to rid himself of a troublesome thought, and walked into the outer office.

"Young man," he said, "do you ever hear anybody singing around here?"

"No, sir."

"If you do, go out and see who it is. I won't have singing around this mill yard. It disturbs me. If you catch anybody singing, drive him off. Especially if he sings one of these infernal French songs. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought I heard someone singing—the day Miss de Marsay was here."

"Not where I could hear."

"I tell you I won't have it!" Bracken's voice lifted with excitement. "I won't have it! By heavens, I'll have no bellowing around this place."

"If I hear anybody I'll catch him for you—if I can."

"If you can! What do you mean? Why couldn't you catch him? Eh? What's the reason you think you couldn't catch him?"

"That was just a manner of speaking," said the bookkeeper.

Bracken went back into his office, shut the door and sat down behind his desk. He bowed his head and covered his ears with his palms. His eyes were shut, and his mouth distorted. He pressed against his ears so that no sound whatever could enter.

XV

COLONEL TIP and John Thorne were the sole occupants of the hotel piazza. Thorne had further endeared himself to the little man by listening with real interest to stories of triumphs at home and abroad. One did not need to feign interest when the colonel became reminiscent, for in his days of glory he had encountered famous and significant figures of Europe and America, and his anecdotes were touched with a quaint humor and shrewdness that made them well worthy of the most attentive ear. He even had an unexpected way, at times, of glimpsing his own enormous vanity and of enjoying it in an impersonal sort of way. Underneath the vanity and the boasting of the artist John Thorne perceived a shrewd, keen, capable brain, and became better acquainted with a heart big and human and lovable.

Of a sudden the colonel sat back in his chair, thrust tiny thumbs into armholes, and peered at Thorne with the imposing gravity of a prime minister at a peace conference.

"Thorne," he said, "it occurs to me that, while I have been giving you my complete biography, kings, queens, presidents and professional pugilists thrown in, you've done nothing but listen. You, young man, strike me as one to whom interesting things may well have happened. You have traveled. You have seen the world. I shall be glad to listen to you. Even though you may not have had my advantages to meet and to mingle with the great of the world, you need have no hesitation. I do not expect it of you. But I should like to hear more of you—to know you better. I have my reasons."

"Colonel," said John, "my history lies in the future. Wait ten years and I hope to have something to tell."

"John," said the colonel, calling Thorne by his Christian name for the first time, "I will not press you. Modesty is a quality I admire in a young man. Will you answer one question?"

Wiping a joint

WHEN two pieces of lead pipe are to be made into one continuous tube, the plumber melts a piece of solder and applies it to the joint, using a cloth pad to cover his hand.

He "wipes" and smooths the quickly cooling alloy around the joint. When the job is done the pipes are solidly joined, the wiped joint looking like a swelling of the pipe.

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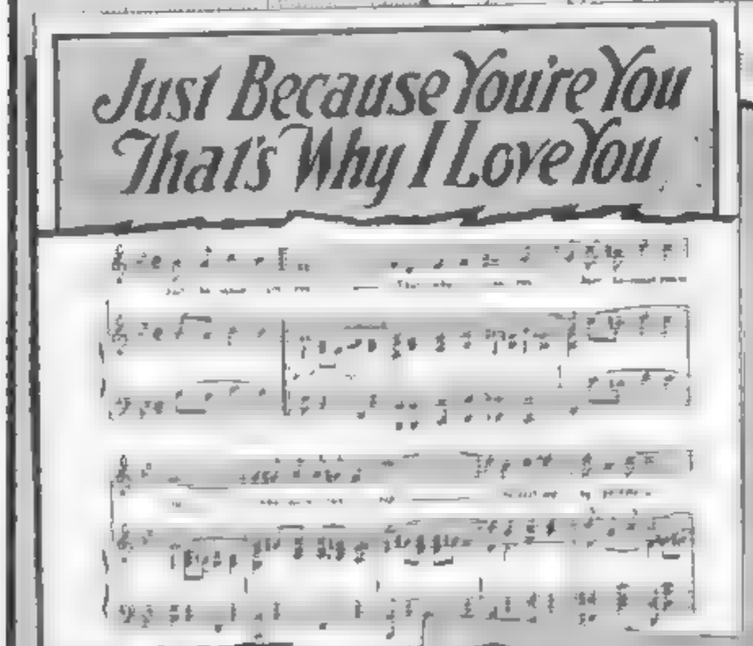

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"I never buy a horse without looking in its mouth," John said with his disarming smile. "Give me a look at your question's teeth."

"Why," said the colonel, "did you go in on the East Branch? It has a look—mind you, I mean only a surface look—of—er—opportunism. As if, do you see, you seized the accident of André de Marsay's illness to do a thing you could not have done if he was well. For André de Marsay I do not care that." He flicked the ash from his enormous cigar. "But Yvonne is his heiress. What is his, will be hers. A wrong to her," he ended pompously, "is a wrong to me."

John nodded gravely. "I will say to you, colonel, what I said to Miss de Marsay. If her grandfather, face to face with me, asks me to withdraw from the East Branch, I will do so."

"Um!" Colonel Tip eyed John shrewdly and nodded his head. "Ah—exactly! Precisely. I ask no more questions. I am satisfied. Do you know Paul Gibbs, of the Consolidated Pulp Corporation, was in conference with Bracken yesterday?"

"A little bird," said John, "twittered it in my ear."

"Then," said the colonel, "perhaps you know what squirrel they are out to shoot."

"I do," said John. "I am the squirrel. Now it's my turn, colonel. You have been so successful in the world that it would excite no comment if you deposited a matter of a hundred thousand dollars in the bank."

The colonel thrust forward his chest and effected a grand gesture with his cigar. "You are right. Right. What my art gained for me my providence has preserved."

John leaned forward. "You do not think André de Marsay will tell me to abandon the East Branch?"

"Face to face?" The colonel's eyes met Thorne's in a level understanding gaze.

"Face to face."

"He will not," said the colonel.

"In that case you will receive tomorrow a New York draft for one hundred thousand dollars. Deposit it in your name in the bank."

"Um! A considerable sum of money. For what purpose?"

"If you wanted to attract Bracken's interest would you play grand opera or clink two dollars together?"

The colonel grinned. "Dollars clinking are the symphony for Bracken. But then what?"

"Bracken has a safe-deposit box over in Black River. Unless I've lost count he has in it seventy-seven thousand dollars. Now, colonel, where in the world do you suppose Anthony Bracken got that little nest egg?"

"Do you know this for certain?"

John nodded gravely. "I can give you the number of the box."

"You want to coax it out, eh? Let it smell this hundred thousand you are depositing in my name. Uh-huh! Coax out your woodchuck and then get between it and its hole."

"Exactly," said John.

"And then?"

"Why," said John, "I think this woodchuck has escaped from its true owner. It ought to go back to its own home."

"Shake," said the colonel. "I'm with you till the well dries up. Shake!" He paused while he smoked reflectively; his little brows were knit, and the glance he turned from time to time upon Thorne was troubled. "Let's suppose," he said.

"A game I enjoyed as a boy," said John. "Well, once upon a time there was a man who had a large fortune. He was old. He was ill. His only living relative was a granddaughter. Now, suppose both the grandfather and granddaughter were to die at—say—about the same time. What would become of the fortune?"

"It would escheat to the state," said John, "failing a will disposing of it otherwise."

"But in such a case," said the colonel, arching his eyebrows, "one would have to imagine a will."

"That," said John, "would be absolutely necessary."

"But a will must have two witnesses."

"One of them," said John, "might well be the doctor who attended during the last illness."

"Now what do we suppose? Do we pretend the granddaughter is in danger of losing her health?"

"I should be seriously worried for her in case of the slightest indisposition."

"We mustn't forget the possibility of accident. This girl lives in a remote country, mountainous and lonely."

"She should take precautions," said John.

"Of all human beings she is least likely to be careful."

"Her friends, then, should take precautions for her." He looked up the street at a figure which approached with heavy tread. "Here comes Doc Roper. I've a notion he might prove good company on a dull afternoon. Let's take him into our game of supposing."

Doc drew near the hotel, and, as was the custom of all St. Croix when bent on loafing, he turned in at the walk and mounted the steps, seeking the company in the office. Checkers and cribbage games were permanent attractions.

"Good afternoon, doctor," said Thorne. "The colonel and I were just supposing. Draw up a chair and suppose with us."

Roper looked hard at Thorne, perhaps a little astonished by his friendly greeting, but he dragged a chair to the spot and sat down weightily.

"What was you supposing?" he asked.

"We were imagining illness and accidents," said John.

"To who?" Roper's eyes half closed, and crafty cautious lines made little deltas at their corners.

"To an imaginary girl," said John. "This girl has a rich grandfather who is—ill." He hesitated markedly before he pronounced the last word. "It occurred to us that some accident might happen to this girl—or some serious illness. That would leave a fortune without an owner, don't you see?"

"And then," said Roper, his voice harsh and his eyes hard and cold—"and then what did you suppose?"

"We rather imagined there would be a man who would discover a will leaving the old man's property to him—in case of the death of the girl. But we imagined he would have to divide it."

"Divide it!" Roper moved forward to the edge of his chair and stared into John's eyes. "Why divide it?"

"Because, as we imagined him, this man hasn't an oversupply of nerve. A timid man. So timid he probably wouldn't have the courage to think about an accident to the girl—much less to cause it."

"But we imagined another fellow," said the colonel, "who might have just that sort of nerve. I would guess he prefers illness to accident. That is the way I would read his character. But on the other hand, opportunity might present itself, and the accident would happen."

Roper laughed. "Fine, cheerful way of spending your time," he said.

"It's entertaining," John said, "inventing folks and fitting them out with motives and emotions and reactions. As I was saying, the man without nerve would have to divide with the man who had the nerve, wouldn't he? Because he never could have laid hands on the fortune without him. You see that, of course?"

"Say," said Roper, leaning still farther forward and advancing his chin so that his face lost its habitual look of cunning and became purely physical, "what's this all about? How does it interest me?"

"Academically," said John with a smile. "Purely as a problem in human behavior. We wondered what would happen to the second man—the one with nerve."

"Well," said Roper, "what would happen to him?"

"The law could never reach him. He would be too cunning for that. No, I don't think he would be afraid of the law."

"Would he be afraid of anything?" Roper asked.

"I was wondering. He might—this is just hazarding an opinion—but he might hesitate about carrying through his scheme, provided he had one—if he knew the girl had friends who might—er—resent anything happening to her."

Roper shrugged his shoulders. "I don't guess a man who had much nerve would worry about that."

"But," said John, "suppose these friends talked to him—quite friendly, but, nevertheless, meaning what they said, and gave him a promise?"

"What promise?"

"That if the girl were carried off by illness or accident he would be the next item of interest to the village undertaker."

"Threaten him, eh?"

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98

"No," said John, "just promise him—a promise by a man who prides himself on keeping his word."

Doc Roper laughed. "You fellows suffer from the heat. Better quit smoking and drink oatmeal water. I don't believe the man would scare worth a cent. I'll show you what he would do if anybody came threatening him like you say." He stepped inside to the stove, which stayed in place summer and winter, and lifted from its hook a hand-wrought poker a good half inch in diameter. With this he returned to the piazza. "See," he said. "If your man was threatened, and he was the kind of man I see him in my mind's eye, this is the kind of answer he'd be likely to make."

He grasped one end of the poker in his right hand and the other in his left; then he extended both arms before him at full length and stood rigid, tense, motionless. In a moment beads of perspiration appeared upon his forehead and trickled down his face. His eyes became fixed; his lips parted to show bleached teeth. His great barrel chest expanded and contracted, and the knuckles of his hands stood out like little white knots. There came a ripping sound. The mightiness of his exertion had ripped his vest down the back. There was a grim tenseness, an animal determination and ferocity about the man which fascinated. He might have been cast in metal, so motionless was he, yet so evidently putting forth every atom of the strength that resided in him. The two who watched were conscious of hastened heartbeats, of quickened breath. Then they sighed. The ends of the poker began to move, slowly, almost imperceptibly downward. The straight line became a slight curve, which increased, increased more rapidly until Doc Roper's fists met, and the poker had been bent into a loop—an unbelievable feat of strength.

Roper stood so for a moment, breathing heavily, his face white with the tremendous effort he had put forth. Then he grinned sardonically and tossed the poker toward John Thorne.

"Your man," he said, "might answer like that."

"Not an answer," said John, "only a retort."

Roper shrugged his shoulders. "Your man would be satisfied with it, I guess," he said, and passed on into the hotel.

Colonel Tip turned to John with a look in his eyes that was almost of awe, for great strength was something he was ill equipped to comprehend.

"He could break a man in two with his hands," he said.

"Yes," John replied.

"A terrible man."

"A distorted mind in an animal body is always terrible," John said.

"He is capable of anything—of anything!"

"Somehow," said John, "I'm rather sorry for Anthony Bracken."

"Sorry for Bracken! How sorry for him?"

"Would you," asked John, "like to be sold into slavery to Doc Roper?"

"God forbid!" said the colonel.

XVI

JOHN THORNE absented himself from St. Croix for a day in order to carry on certain negotiations with the railroad respecting freights, side tracks and various other matters necessary to the erection and operation of the mill he proposed building on the Flatiron at the intersection of the East and West branches of the river. Before undertaking the project he had assured himself in a verbal way of the coöperation of the railroad. Now that the moment was upon him for commencing the work he desired a more formal agreement.

It was not a railroad with thousands of miles of trackage, and therefore its president was a man who attended to detail that otherwise would have fallen to subordinates. Thorne gave his card to an office boy and waited to be announced.

"Mr. Judkins will see you," the boy reported, and held open the door for John to enter.

Mr. Judkins was a pale, thin man well on in years. His eyes were blue and bulging, and the fine dome of his head was covered with scant white hair. As John entered he sat crouching forward in his chair, clutching both temples as if in the grip of a throbbing headache. This was the case. Mr. Judkins was dyspeptic, tingling with ill-used nerve ends, rancorous, overbearing as only a man of slight stature can be. He lifted his head at John's approach and regarded him much as a wire-haired terrier would another dog who approached him in the midst of a meal.

"Well?" he snarled.

"Perhaps," said John, "you have forgotten me. My name is Thorne."

"Printed on your card. Know you. What of it?"

"I am starting to build my mill this week. Machinery and lumber will be arriving by way of your railroad. I would like to make final arrangements about the spur into my yards."

"What spur?"

"The one we discussed sixty days ago."

"Huh! Nothing doing."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing doing, I said," Judkins repeated snappishly.

"You mean you refuse to run in the spur?"

"Exactly."

"Why?"

"Because I say so."

"Doubtless," said John patiently and with habitual courtesy of manner, "that reason is ample for yourself, but for me it leaves something to be desired." He smiled his disarming smile, but apparently it had no power to touch Mr. Judkins.

"You're bottled," said Judkins.

"I don't understand."

"The De Marsay people have bought the Whittaker farm. Won't allow track to cross it. No way to get to you. Can't tunnel the mountain."

"That bee," said John, "buzzes louder than it can sting."

"Eh?"

"The land can be condemned."

"Not for private side track," said Judkins.

John turned his head slowly and looked out of the window; his grave, large-featured face seemed heavy now, unlighted by a smile as he gave consideration to this new development. Here was no hare-brained foray against him by an impulsive girl. Brains and money were behind it. The thing in itself was serious, but what it indicated was sufficient to give rise to apprehensions. The real battle had opened. In the attitude of President Judkins he saw the influence of Consolidated Pulp. Bracken, his intelligence told him, would be nothing but a puppet in the hands of Paul Gibbs, a tool to be used, a cask to be drained.

But considerations of the larger strategy must pass to the future; what he must do now was to make ineffective this first success of the enemy. It was attack in a quarter in which he had not expected it. Perhaps, carelessly, he had considered the siding an accomplished fact. But he was not one to spend fruitless tears crying over spilled milk. As he said once to Pop Peake: "Folks shouldn't cry over spilt milk, Pop. It soured a couple of hours after it tipped over anyhow."

Now he was not worrying about the lost fluid, but looking for some available cow from which to fill his pail again. A side track was a necessity, not to eventual manufacturing alone but to present building operations. He had to have it.

"It would seem," said he, "as if, by working together, some way around could be hit on."

"You find it," snapped Judkins, "I'm not interested."

"You agreed to have that track laid in thirty days," said John.

"It won't be," said Judkins.

"Somehow," said John, "I'm inclined to disagree with you. It will be laid in twenty days, we'll save a quarter of a mile of track, and the state will have a chance to brag about a new town with a post office. Good morning, Mr. Judkins."

An hour's drive returned Thorne to St. Croix. His first stop was at the post office for his noon mail. It contained two letters calculated to annoy a man less impervious to irritation. Both were from lumber companies, and their tenor was identical.

"We regret," said one, "our inability to fill your order recently placed with us for dimension stock. It will be impossible for us to take care of you before October."

The other notified him of the impossibility of supplying him with siding and matched mill flooring.

This was the lumber out of which he had expected to construct his mill. Matters were becoming complicated. He turned to the postmaster.

"Can you tell me who owns that portable saw mill over Black River way?"

"Feller by the name of Ramsey," said the postmaster.

"Live near?"

"Farms clost to where his mill set."

"Much obliged," said John.

He drove to the hotel, where he found Pop Peake and Colonel Tip on the piazza engaged in an erudite discussion of the methods by which the Egyptian kings had contrived to build the pyramids.

"Couldn't nobody git a gang of men to lift them there hunk of stone by hand. Hain't no manner enough men could git holt of one to hist it into the air. Now I hold ——"

"I have seen the pyramids. In me, sir, you behold a man who has been carried to the very apex of the largest of them. I have examined them minutely, and I tell you, sir, they were built by hand. A great army of slaves ——"

"Now tell me this, colonel: Take a block of stone mebby ten feet long and six feet thick and six feet high. How many fellers could git a hand holt on sich a block? Mebby ten to each side and four more behind and ahead. D'ye figger twenty-eight pairs of hands could 'a' lifted that there weight? No, sir-ree. I been a-studyin' it out in the light of Scripture and hist'ry and the encyclopedy, and I tell ye airyplanes done it. Them Egyptians had flyin' machines, and they stole 'em off'n the Hebrew children in captivity."

"Bosh, sir! Bosh and nonsense!"

Pop thrust his fingers into the armholes of his vest and assumed an oratorical attitude.

"What, I ask ye, was the Ark of the Covenant? What? A flyin' machine, b'gum! Now wa'n't it? Flew, didn't it? Right ahead of them Hebrews by day and by night? Pillar of fire and pillar of smoke. Cherubim a-perchin' on top, wa'n't the'? And what's cherubim? They're critters with wings. What for wings on top of a box if not to fly with? And there ye be! Guess that'll shet ye up, colonel. Leave it to Thorne here. What say, John?"

John considered gravely. "I have never," he said, "listened to an argument which impressed me more than yours."

"There!" said Pop. "Listen to that, will ye?"

"Pop," said John, "can you dismount from the ark and think horse?"

"I kin allus talk hoss," said Pop.

"I want six heavy teams, used to the woods, and I want them quick. What can you do for me?"

"Git 'em," said Pop succinctly. "How much you calc'latin' to pay?"

"If you'll take on the job of buying them I'll leave that to you," said John.

"And you won't git done, nuther. Six teams. Have 'em before sunset, and I'll buy 'em cheaper'n any other feller in the state kin. When it comes to hoss dickerin' ——"

"Much obliged. Is there a pile driver in this country?"

"Contractor up in Tipton owns one," said the colonel.

"That's seven miles?"

"Yes."

"Are you very busy today, colonel?"

"I am never too busy," said the colonel, "to give my time to a friend. You want me to go to Tipton and get that pile driver for you?"

"You would put me under obligations."

"Consider it as done. I'll rent the contraption and start it on its way."

"Have them dump it off on the Flatiron," said John. "Incidentally hire every good man you can pick up; and you, too, Pop. I need men."

"I'm startin' now," said Pop. "A hoss trade's like licker. Some fellers can't smell a bottle 'thout rarin' and tearin' after a drink. Me—I git my jags dealin' in hoss-flesh."

The old man got up and stamped through the hotel and out of the back door. He always went out of the back door. The piazza was all right to sit on, but when he actually left the premises he did so by the rear. In twenty years he had never been seen to descend the front steps.

"I gather," said the colonel, "that something is up."

John nodded.

"Bracken and Paul Gibbs?" asked the colonel.

John nodded again.

"They're a hard team to break," said the colonel.

John nodded a third time.

"If I were in your place," said the colonel, "I wouldn't ride alone. I've seen the e

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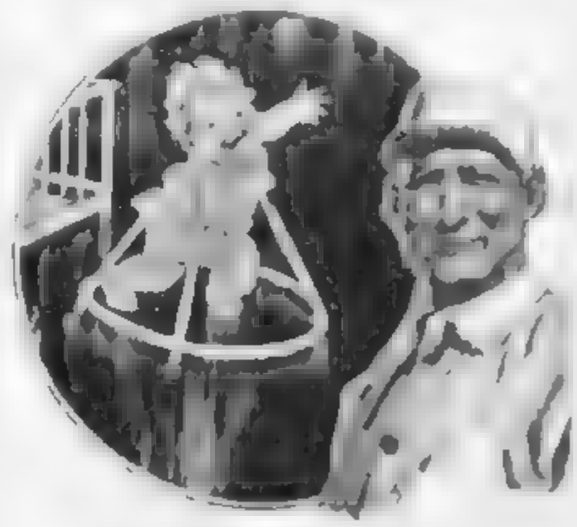

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woods fights before—and Paul Gibbs isn't pernickety. A broken bone wouldn't stand between him and a dollar bill."

It was one of those times when words seemed to have dried up in John Thorne. They came to him every now and then. It was not that he did not wish to talk; it was that he could not talk. Words would not come. They were choked under a blanket of silence and could find no way of escape. He did not enjoy these silences himself, and other folks misinterpreted them. It was a species of detachment. His mind was alert to what was going on immediately about him, yet he himself seemed to be at a distance, subconsciously busied with other matters. When his subconscious mind went on these forays he could not bring it back by a tug on the bridle. It was awkward. Sometimes these silences fell upon him at the most embarrassing moments. They were as disconcerting to others as they were uncomfortable for himself.

The colonel fidgeted in his chair. "You know what they have in mind better than I," he said. "It is delay. They want to stop your work, hold it back. They know delay multiplies expense. No mill can make money until it is in operation. Gibbs wants that East Branch timber, and the only way he can get it is to break you. The surest way to break you is by delay. Now, John, what would tie up the work more than something happening to you? Suppose you were laid up in a hospital for a couple of months. What would happen?"

"It would be serious," said John.

"Bracken might be too timid to have the job done, but not Gibbs."

John patted the colonel on the knee. "I'll peel my eye," he said. "I'll peel both of them—and keep the peeling off. But first I've got to buy me a portable sawmill. If I can't buy lumber I can make it."

It was impracticable to drive over the mountain to the East Branch in a motor, no matter how willing, so John saddled his horse and set forth, followed by the colonel's uneasy gaze. He urged his mount to such speed as he thought reasonable and soon was beyond the confines of the village and at the beginning of the upward climb. Despite the colonel's warning he gave little thought to himself, and, what was more strange perhaps, little consideration to his problem. On the instant of its arising he had taken up that matter and disposed of it. He could not have a siding run down from St. Croix to the Flatiron, therefore he had devised another expedient, and, he fancied, a better one. The pile driver was being procured to this end. Paul Gibbs' influence had brought about the cancellation of his orders for lumber, so he was about to buy a portable mill, set it up in the most efficient spot, cut his own spruce, and saw it up into such sizes as his specifications demanded. Those matters were disposed of, so why trouble his mind with them further? This was eminently characteristic of John Thorne. He met emergencies on the spot, face to face, took the antidote, and went about his business while the antidote did its work. He was not a man who ever would be worn thin by worry.

No, it was not his dam nor his mill nor his business antagonists which caused the activity in his mind as he rode up the mountainside. It was Yvonne de Marsay. Nor was it the strange circumstances surrounding the girl, the mysterious room in which her grandfather lay concealed from all eyes save those of Bracken, Doc Roper and the Indian, to which he gave his consideration. It was the girl herself—her loveliness, her personality, her impetuousness, her pride of race. His face was not heavy now; a smile—a sort of tolerant, indulgent, approving smile—gave a pleasant light to it, made it younger, somehow appealing and very friendly. It was easily to be seen he bore no grudge for the destruction of his bridges. One might, from his expression, have got the idea it met with his hearty approval.

He was not a vain man, and took at full face value all Yvonne had said to him. She despised him. Very well, she despised him then. She considered him an interloper, a taker of unfair advantages. In short, she disliked him heartily. He talked about it to his horse, and in the course of his remarks on the subject said a thing which, had it been overheard, would have given grounds for speculation. This sentence, sorted out from the rest and set down in isolation, was this:

"He said, Molly"—Molly being the name of the mare—"that no reasonable young man could see her and not love her and he was right."

Thus by eavesdropping in a solitude we arrive at a knowledge of John Thorne's feeling for Yvonne de Marsay, and it must hereafter be read into the context. It was a fact to be discovered only by unfair means, for his manner conveyed nothing of it, and he was not one to peddle confidences of the sort. It is safe to say that if John Thorne ever told to a living soul that he was moved to love by Yvonne's loveliness, that person would be Yvonne herself and no other.

He reached the top of the mountain in a very pleasant state of mind, that state induced only in a lover by thoughts of the object of his affections. Here he paused to gaze through a break in the forest at the slopes and ridges of dark foliage which swept down and away and then up again on the opposite slope of the valley. It was the virgin timber of the East Branch—De Marsay timber. Yvonne de Marsay believed it rightly belonged to her, as her grandfather had taught her. Yet he had seized it, had invaded with an eye to conquest the De Marsay principality. Wisdom was this in a business man, but folly in a lover. No action more calculated to estrange Yvonne de Marsay could have been devised than this violation of her domain.

It gave reasonable grounds to the speculative for believing that John was first a business man, and a lover only when the day's work was done.

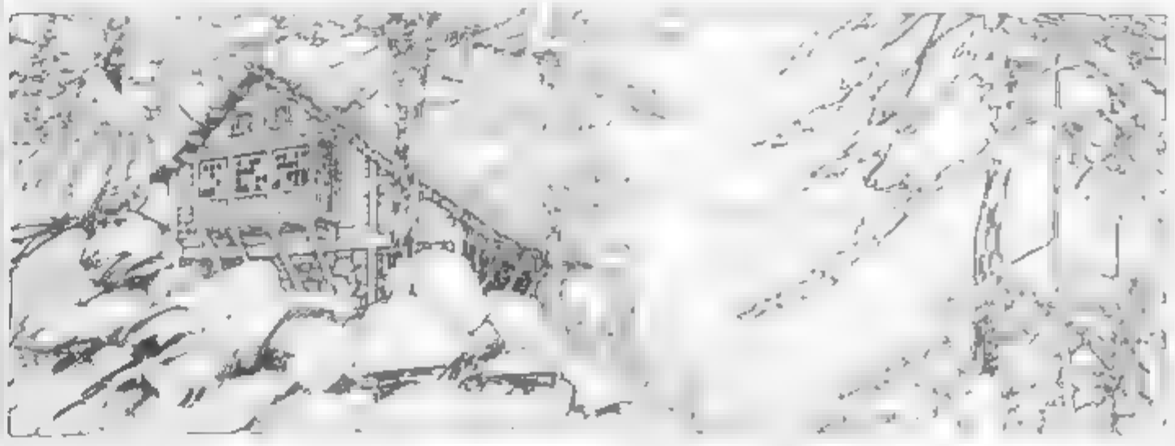
He scanned the slopes with the pride of possession, gloried in the splendid timber planted there by Nature for the convenience and the necessities of mankind. He knew how he would cut it, wisely, with the science of the forester which preserves while it utilizes. As he gazed and planned and builded for the future, he heard below him on the rocky road the beat of a horse's hoofs, the spurning of pebbles in the way. Someone was galloping up the mountain. There was an unevenness to those hoofbeats, a scrambling hurriedness which told of an animal uncontrolled. John drew to one side and waited.

In an instant appeared a horse, saddled but riderless. Its eyes were wild, its front knees were barked and bleeding, and its shoulder bruised as if it had fallen upon rocks.

Quickly John swung his mount across the narrow road barring the way, and with the quick hand of the practiced horseman snatched the dangling reins. The horse pawed and snorted and reared in a frenzied effort to escape, but he held it firmly. Dismounting he gentled it for a moment, then led it to a sapling and made it secure.

His face was grave now, set and grim. His lips pressed upon each other, and it would have taken a man inept indeed in the reading of faces to call it friendly. He leaped upon his horse and plunged downward. He knew well the riderless horse. It belonged to Yvonne de Marsay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The New Oil Range for City use

Cuts Cooking Costs

Super Features of New Year 'Round Oil Stove

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner.
   Cooking speed of the standard gas burner—in the standard-size SUPERFEX Burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. One Giant and three standard SUPERFEX Burners
4. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil—the universal fuel
5. Operating convenience, cleanliness and new time-saving features.
6. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and extra strong base shelf for utensils.
7. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all Chimneys.

Cooks with the Speed and Satisfaction of Gas

EVERY woman who cooks can now enjoy the speed and satisfaction of a gas stove—and at a fuel cost lower than gas at 85 cents per thousand cubic feet. Actual kitchen tests have proved the amazing speed and economy of this latest and greatest New Perfection.

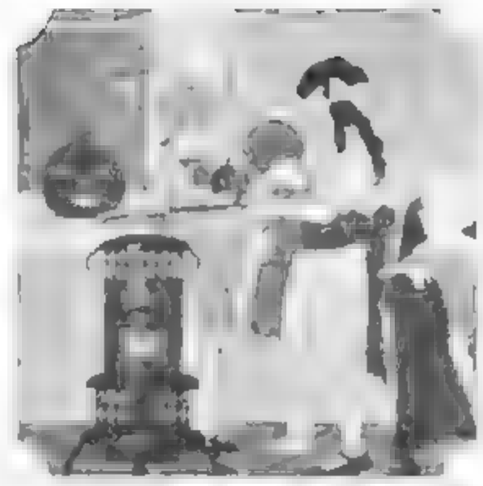
A new invention, the SUPERFEX Burner, makes possible this oil range that gives gas stove speed and satisfaction at less than gas or electric stove operating cost.

Substantial construction, handsome finish and ample cooking space—combined with this exceptional service—are making this new oil range popular for use in city homes.

A demonstration will convince you of the year 'round usefulness of the New Perfection Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners—see your dealer—and actual use in your own home will quickly show its worth-while economy.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7639 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*



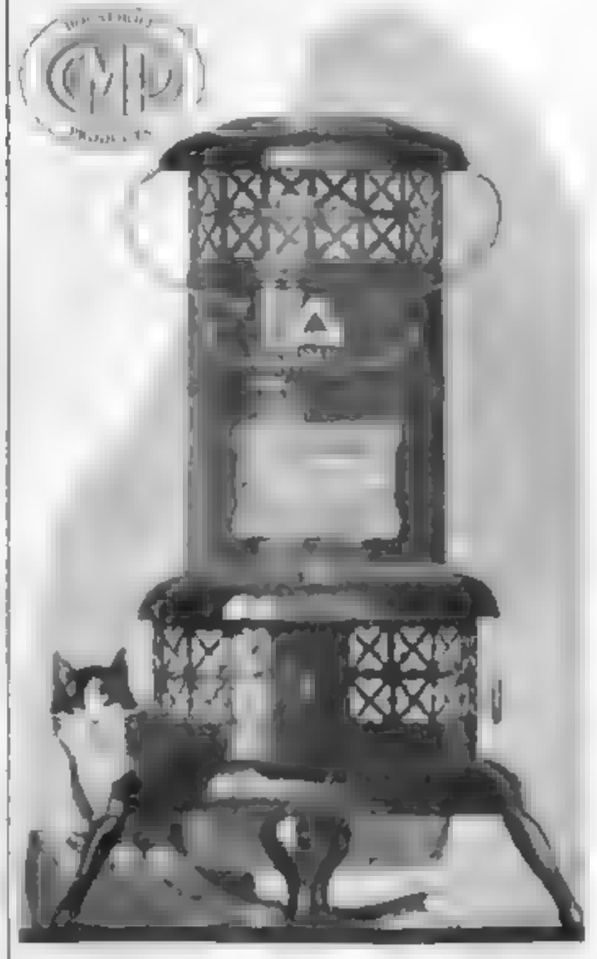
When the Coal Shortage Strikes Home!

YOU will be happily surprised at the many handy uses for the Perfection Oil Heater around the home.

Its big regular job is chasing chill these cool fall mornings and evenings—and making cold spots warm and cozy when shrill winter winds rattle the window panes. But as you carry it from basement to attic, you will find many an extra and practical use for its warm rays.

Protects against fuel shortage—gives 10 hours of clean, odorless heat on one gallon of kerosene oil—lasts for years. See your dealer today.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO
7639 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio



PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Heat by the Roomful

The BEE-VAC ELECTRIC CLEANER

USED THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD

When you buy an electric vacuum cleaner, make certain of two things. First, that it cleans easily and thoroughly. Second, that it has a record for continuous good work over a long period of years.

The first *Bee-Vac* Electric Vacuum Cleaner was built in 1909. Many cleaners made by us thirteen long years ago are still giving utmost satisfaction. Today, there is hardly a country in the civilized world where the *Bee-Vac* is not to be found in daily use.

Our long experience in building vacuum cleaners, as well as parts for other cleaner manufacturers, has developed economies of manufacture which permit us to sell the *Bee-Vac* at the lowest price of any worth-while electric cleaner.

At the new price of only $39.75, the *Bee-Vac* electric cleaner is a value which no housewife can afford to overlook. The new model *Bee-Vac*, lighter in weight and stronger in construction than its predecessors, possesses many refinements not to be found in many cleaners. Among them is a brush which never clogs up and impairs suction, a direct-to-fan hose connection and a ball-and-socket grip, which greatly relieves wrist strain.

Compare the new BEE-VAC with cleaners costing half again as much. We know that a demonstration will convince you of its value. If your dealer does not handle the BEE-VAC, write us for the name of one who does

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Dept. P-2, Lake and Desplaines Streets CHICAGO, U. S. A

FREE *Bedtime Jingles for Children*

Send for your FREE copy of "Little Frisky Speck o' Dirt." The perilous adventures of "Frisky," as told in clever verse and illustrated in colors, will interest you and amuse the kiddies. Also, this attractive book will tell you more about the new Bee-Vac. Be sure to write for it today.

NOW $39.75

WHY PAY MORE?

THE BEE-VAC "Ball and Socket" Grip

This new grip is the result of our efforts to eliminate the strain [illegible] handling electric cleaners. The ball and socket grip adds [illegible] worthwhile [illegible] producing results of any kind

FOCUS POKUS

Continued from Page 17

She fixed his gaze boldly.

"Would you?"

"Ise gwine vote fo' the prettiest gal—an' you is her."

"You promise?"

He opened his mouth for an affirmative answer, but something stayed his promise. Slowly he shook his head.

"I says I will, but I don't promise. 'Twoul'n't be right."

She turned away and sighed profoundly.

"Reckon I cain't enter up then."

Florian was disappointed. It was a downright shame that a certain winner should remain aloof from this contest; it just simply wasn't to be stood. As from a great distance her low-pitched, eager voice came to his ears:

"An' if you rilly thinks I is the prettiest gal they woul'n't be no hahm in takin' money fo' yo' promise."

He collected his wits with a start.

"Takin' money? Fo' which?"

"Votin' fo' me."

"What kind of words is them you is talkin' with yo' mouf, Zinnia Sanders? Who said somethin' about me gittin' money fo' votin' fo' you?"

"I did."

"Well"—Florian cocked his head—"say it again. I didn't heah you real good the fust time."

"I said that I wa'n't gwine enter no beauty contest an' git beat. An' you has said that you thinks I is the prettiest cullud gal in Bummin'ham an' that you is gwine vote fo' the prettiest. Now, if her is me, they ain't no hahm in you lettin' me give you 'bout twen'y-five dollars fo' promisin' that I ain't gwine git disapp'inted. Ain't that the troof?"

"Twenty-five dollars?"

"Uh-huh."

"Cash money?"

"Cash money."

Florian did some quick reflecting. He was a gentleman of honor, but he was also an opportunist. Being the former it was entirely beneath him to stultify himself by accepting money for voting for a woman whom he deemed less beautiful than the most beautiful. That would be a bribe. But here was the girl who he confidently believed was entitled to first honors offering him an honorarium of twenty-five dollars for the vote which she would get anyway. The more he cogitated upon it the more absurd it appeared to reject her offer. It would be just like finding that much money, and it was a course the probity of which was above reproach.

"You understan's that I is gwine vote fo' you anyway?"

"Uh-huh. I understan's, but I soht of feels that ifn you takes money fum me fo' same it kinder clenches things."

Florian bade her follow him. They turned a corner and Florian extended his hand.

"Gimme."

She gave him. He stuffed the bills into his trousers pocket and then eased his conscience:

"Befo' you gimme this money, Zinnia, I wants to repeat again that I is gwine vote fo' you anyway."

She nodded.

"I understan's. But now you is positively gwine do so."

"Tha's it. Now it's positively."

He accompanied her to the studio of Exotic Hines, where, through payment of an excessive fee, she obtained the privilege of several extra poses so that she might have greater opportunity for selection of the picture to be entered in the contest. That attended, she went with Florian to the office of Christopher P. S. Shoots, where she subscribed to the Daily Epoch for one year.

Zinnia Sanders then made her way happily down the street. Florian stared after her trim little figure. He was vaguely disturbed.

"They ain't no doubt 'bout her bein' the prettiest cullud gal in Bummin'ham—an' mebbe in the whole world—but I sho' don't crave her much."

Two days later Zinnia and Florian and Exotic Hines inspected proofs of Miss Sanders' photographed face. There was no denying the fact that Exotic had done himself proud. Nor was there any argument as to which of the eight poses was the best.

"Hot dam!" enthused Mr. Slappey. "That's the one pitcher I ain't never seen none prettier than."

Exotic flushed before this salvo of praise.

"I has took wuss ones," he admitted, "but not of sech a pretty gal as Miss Zinnia heah."

The publication of Zinnia Sanders' photograph excited a flurry of interest. It developed quickly and positively that the selection of Miss Sanders would not result in any wave of popular approval, although there were none to gainsay her qualifications. Florian was not at all apprehensive, but he decided to make assurance trebly sure, to which end he called upon Miss Sanders.

"Ise gwine vote fo' you all right, Miss Sanders, like I promised."

"Like you was paid for."

"Like I promised. But I wants to be shuah that they ain't gwine be no objections, so I has come to sugges' that you enter the contest all over again."

"Says which?"

"Says I has got a noble idea. A gal can enter up as many times as she wants; an' sence you c'n afford it, I wants you to buy another su'scription an' let Exotic take some new pitchers so's to see cain't we git one better'n the one we has a'ready got."

"Coul'n't git a better one."

"Yas-sum, he could. He says so. I an' him thought up a scheme."

"What 'tis?"

Florian leaned forward earnestly.

"He's gwine take this new pitcher of you in flesh-tint sepia."

Zinnia succumbed. But with the printing of that second picture the wave of public antipathy to the persnickety Zinnia seemed to mount. Florian was not materially disturbed. As a gentleman of honor it behooved him to vote for the prettiest girl, and there was no arguing that so far that honor was rightfully the property of Miss Sanders. And so it remained until the Daily Epoch blossomed forth one day carrying a photograph of Miss Gussie Muck.

Florian gazed upon the ravishing features of Miss Muck and capitulated. As an authority on women he admitted that it took some considerable beauty to jar him, but he was shaken now to the very tips of his toes. More than once he had heard of Gussie Muck, but never before had he seen her or her picture. And now he knew that he must make the acquaintance of the lady whom heretofore he had known only vicariously. He wondered whether she was as beautiful as Exotic Hines had caused her to seem.

He called upon her, and knew immediately that Exotic Hines had not only not exaggerated but that he had grossly fallen down on the job.

For once in his languid and indifferent life Mr. Slappey found his jaded senses fanned to wild enthusiasm over a member of the feminine gender.

"Great sufferin' catfish!" he applauded. "When it comes to beauty you is a lady which no other gal has got nothin' on."

Miss Muck smiled complacently as she crossed and recrossed the room in order that Florian might miss no single detail of her flamboyant pulchritude.

Gussie was easily more beautiful than Zinnia Sanders, and in a different way. Where Zinnia was slight and demure, Gussie was rather inclined to out-Juno Juno. She was more than ample—she was sumptuous. She towered a full half head above Florian, who stood dumbly marveling.

"Miss Muck," he exploded at length, "that pitcher which was in the paper done you dirt."

"How come?"

"It was the prettiest pitcher we has printed till yet, but it wa'n't half so pretty as what you is."

"Aw, Mistuh Slappey!"

"Ise tellin' you the troof." He paced the room earnestly. "Remember, us judges is judgin' by them pitchers, an' it ain't no fair you shoul'n't git yo'se'f represented by one which is better'n the one which has done got printed. You come along with me down to Exotic's place an' us gits some mo' pitchers—good ones. An' then you su'scribes to the Daily Epoch ag'in an' has it printed, an' then you wins that trip to New York."

Gussie Muck quivered eagerly.

"You rilly think I has got a chance?"

"A chance! Gosh! Other folks has got chances; you has got a cinch."

Buying a raincoat is like buying a car

A shiny finish—comfortable cushions—these aren't enough when you buy a car. It's the name—and what the name stands for—that counts.

With your raincoat, the name is even more important, for looks are no guide at all to raincoat quality. Value here depends on two things—the quality of the rubber itself, and the way rubber and fabric are joined. These things are always hidden—and so a clever makeshift may *look* as well at first as the best raincoat ever made.

Back of every Raynster raincoat stands the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world. Every inch, every fibre of the fabric is sealed with layer on layer of finest rubber. Every seam is triple-reinforced to make the coat absolutely waterproof.

There are many different Raynster models, from rugged rubber surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, for motoring, or for business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the Raynster name! If your dealer should be out of the exact Raynster you want he can get it in no time from the nearest of our many branches.

United States Rubber Company

NEW YORK

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

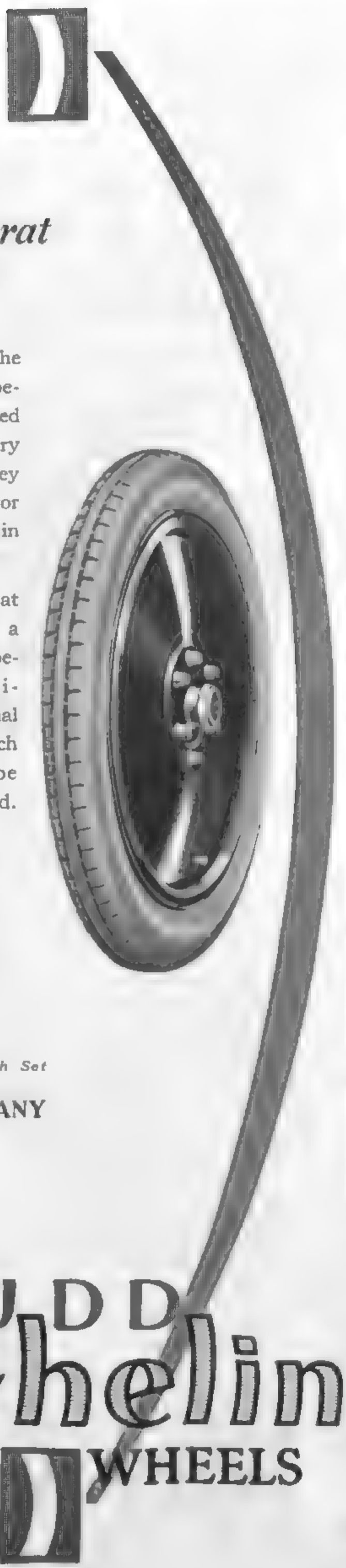
A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

The Aristocrat of Wheels

They have been called the Aristocrat of Wheels because of their distinguished appearance, and the very special favor in which they are held by leading motor car manufacturers both in Europe and in America.

Owners will tell you that they bring to motoring a new sense of security because of their sturdiness, and the exceptional speed and ease with which the extra wheel can be substituted on the road.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, and Yellow Cab are among those American manufacturers who have adopted Michelin Steel Wheels as standard or optional equipment.



Five Convex Wheels In Each Set

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

BUDD
Michelin
STEEL WHEELS

She hesitated, torn betwixt canniness and the craving for the New York trip and the glory of victory.

"Pitchers an' su'scriptions cost a heap of money."

He snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"Huh! What you care fo' expenses? They don't cost nothin'. An' think what it means to be chose the most beautiful gal in Bummin'ham!"

Gussie was thinking just that, and the prospect was not at all unpleasing.

"S'posin' I don't git chose?"

"You is boun' to be. I know you is the prettiest gal, an' Lawyer Chew n'r neither Rev'en' Plato Tubb coul'n't think no other gal gooder lookin' than what you is."

"M-m-m! Some folks says Zinnia Sanders is sweller lookin' than I."

"Zinnia Sanders!" Florian jerked himself together; he had just about forgotten Zinnia.

"She ain't on'y a li'l piece of good-lookin'. Gimme a hefty gal, I says. They is mo' healthy an' comfortable an' they wuks better. No'm, Miss Muck, does you have some mo' pitchers took you cain't lose. C'mon down to Brother Hines' place with me."

But Gussie Muck was not given to quick decisions. She shook her head slowly.

"I ain't sayin' I ain't considerin' it, Brother Slappey; but I ain't ready to make up my min' so awful quick. They's things which has to be thought of pro an' likewise con. Iln you come back heah day after t'morrer I lets you know final."

"A'right." Florian was slightly disappointed. His eagerness had been twofold. First he desired that so beauteous a damsel as Miss Muck be done full justice; and, secondly, she had become a good business proposition—a new and expensive set of pictures; an additional subscription for the Daily Epoch. "Day after t'morrer, then," he echoed resignedly.

"You said it, Brother Slappey. An'"—she fixed him with her eyes—"I has got yo' promise that I is gwine win?"

Florian nodded in violent affirmation. "You ain't got nothin' else."

During the forty-eight hours immediately ensuing Florian managed to mention the name of Gussie Muck in several quarters and he was showered with advice to vote for her. There were some who admitted that Zinnia Sanders was fairly easy on the eyes, but Gussie was a woman after the heart of any discriminating male. After all, Florian's interest in neither woman was strictly personal. Both had been primarily business propositions with him, although of the two he was more vitally concerned with Miss Muck.

It was about that time that the grapevine telegraph swung into operation and it became bruited about Darktown that the contest had developed into a race between the Misses Muck and Sanders. Immediately there was a slowing down of photographic orders and subscription buying. Neither Exotic Hines nor Christopher P. S. Shoots shed any tears. The enterprise already was more brilliantly successful than they had dared hope.

Two days later Florian sought Gussie Muck.

"Is you aimin' to have some new pitchers took, Miss Muck?"

Gussie nodded.

"You is positive shuah I is gwine win?"

Instinct sounded a warning to Florian, but it was not sufficiently loud.

"You'll win—posolutely!"

"Then"—and she linked her plump arm in his—"us goes."

They went, and it took Florian only a few moments to decide that whatever Miss Muck might be, she certainly was no portion of a piker. Miss Muck rejected disdainfully the samples exhibited by Exotic and demanded something a little better than his best. Exotic was no laggard. The price placed on his work was staggering but Gussie didn't turn a hair.

They went next to the office of the Daily Epoch, where Gussie produced sufficient money to buy three yearly subscriptions.

"Ise gwine have a bran'-new pitcher ready pretty soon, Mistuh Shoots, an' I craves to have it printed fo' th'ee days hand runnin'. Does you understand clear?"

Mr. Shoots bowed his head.

"The clarity of my comprehension," he proffered, "ain't on'y exceeded by the same of your eyes."

Florian was elated as he escorted Miss Muck down the street. At a soda fountain they discussed the matter. Florian was wholly unsuspicious of the ineffable contentment which seemed to pervade Miss Muck.

"I sho'ly had to do a heap of thinkin' befo' I spent that extra money," she said at length, "but what I done an' what I spent was wuth it."

His eyes narrowed.

"What you done?"

"Uh-huh."

"Splain yo'se'f, Miss Muck."

"Well, you see, it was thisaway, Brother Slappey: I had a good job nussin' over on Highland Avenue. I had it."

A premonition of a possible contretemps smote Mr. Slappey.

"You mean you give it up?"

"I did mo'n that. My white folks was goin' to spend a month at Wrightsville Beach, which I was cravin' to go to with them; but I figgered that it might interfere with my New York trip."

Florian was a trifle annoyed.

"But they is always a chance that mebbe you ain't gwine win that New York trip, Miss Muck. Not that you ain't the beautifulest cullud gal in Bummin'ham, but they is two other judges besides me."

She smiled.

"You is gwine vote fo' me, ain't you?"

There was something in her manner of speech, a hint of dynamite in the situation itself, which prompted caution.

"I ain't said I ain't."

"Well, is you is or is you ain't?"

Florian swallowed, choked—and spoke discreetly.

"I reckon I is."

"Then I is shuah to win," she announced

"How come you to think that?"

"You is gwine vote fo' me, an' Rev'en' Plato Tubb is gwine vote fo' me—an' that makes two out of th'ee. Which is how come I to quit my job an' spen' all that extra money."

The room spun slowly before Florian's eyes.

"Rev'en' Plato Tubb is gwine vote fo' you?"

"Uh-huh. I gotten his promise befo' I made my min' up positive."

"P-f-f-f!"

Florian exhaled slowly. Events were moving a trifle too rapidly. Came to his brain the specter of the promise he had made Zinnia Sanders, of the twenty-five-dollar retainer he had accepted from her in all good faith.

And he hadn't promised this woman—this Amazonian Gussie Muck—that he would cast his vote in her favor. He had merely allowed her to persuade herself that he had promised. After all, he reflected gloomily, that was just about as bad.

So, then, he stood pledged to vote for both of the two leading contestants. For a single instant he contemplated informing Gussie Muck that she was mistaken, but a natural sense of discretion stayed his words. Gussie had already abandoned her job and a vacation at the North Carolina seashore in the certitude of victory, and Florian was obsessed with a hunch that the better part of valor was to say nothing and continue to say it, with hope that the future might—even in this case—take care of itself.

But he did hie himself immediately to the vicinity of the Rev'en' Plato Tubb. The rev'en' was very glad to see Brother Slappey. He was a shrimp of a man with eyes popping from sockets which seemed much too small. He wore a shiny Prince Albert coat and a mantle of loquacious dignity. His voice came as a distinct shock from a man so small. It was a large, booming voice which vibrated through the narrow confines of his study.

"Rev'en' Tubb," announced Florian, "I has come to you with a question which I want an honest answer to."

"You shall get it, Brother Slappey," reverberated the rev'en'. "Preceed."

"It's thisaway: I an' you an' Lawyer Chew is judges in this heah beauty contes', an' we has pledged ourselves to vote fo' the mos' beautifulest cullud gal in Bummin'ham, ain't we?"

"We has. You 'loocidates mos' clearly, Brother Slappey."

"Well, I understan's that you has a'ready made up yo' mind which you is gwine vote fo'."

The Rev'en' Plato rubbed the palms of his hands together unctuously.

"I mos' suttinly has."

"Who she is?"

Disaster rolled from between the lips of the rev'en'.

(Continued on Page 108)

THE ROSE THAT IS BLOWN

From the beginning of men, the passing from life to the unknown has been surrounded with symbolic beauty, with reverence and care that even modern cynicism has not destroyed.

For the protection of the bodies of those they loved, men have built pyramids reaching into the sky, catacombs under the ground, and tombs that have varied with the ages. Some of the most beautiful sculpture in the world has been created for the little houses in "the cities of silence."

All this is an exemplification of the primitive desire in man to seek the utmost in protection and preservation as a last, fitting tribute.

For this reason, manufacturers of caskets and grave vaults are now using "Armco" Ingot Iron—the iron enduring—which they make beautiful.

For the names of the manufacturers using "Armco" Ingot Iron, or other information, write to

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MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

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Patch your tire!

Stop the holes in your tires after every puncture and blow-out. You'll increase mileage from tires and tubes.

The VA-CAR TIRE PLASTER is made of layers of tested fabric, treated with self-vulcanizing rubber cement. Patch of soft rubber gum is in the center. Just place the plaster in the tire, with the gum-patch under the hole or break. The gum fills the hole. The fabric vulcanizes itself to the inside of the tire. No trouble from that place *—ever!* You save tires and tubes.

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Ask your dealer for the VA-CAR TIRE PLASTER. If he hasn't it, send 50c. to us for medium size.

Dealers: The VA-CAR TIRE PLASTER has become a staple tire necessity. Ask your jobber

Jobbers: Write for exclusive offer where we are not yet represented

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Virginia-Carolina Rubber Co., Inc.
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Tirro, the new waterproofed mending tape, mends most everything from baby's toys to broken tool handles. Sticks firmly to china, glass, metal, cloth. The Handy Andy of house and garage—for universal use. 15c 25c 50c. Ask your druggist.

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Investment of $1,000 to $5,000 required. Responsible company offers Protected territory. Experience unnecessary. Paducah has 5 machines operating, earning over $4,000 annually on $450 invested. Business of unusually high standard. Kai Lac Company, Paducah, Ky

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Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 106)

"Miss Gussie Muck."

"Ouch!"

"Says which, Brother Slappey—says which?"

"Ain't no use repeatin', rev'en'. I jes' asts you, is you promised to vote fo' Miss Muck?"

"I has."

"How come?"

"Cain't do nothin' else, Brother Slappey. She's the pretties' gal in the contes', an' it was on my adwice that she quit her job, seein' as you had a'ready also promised to vote fo' her. Miss Muck is a prominent member of my flock, Brother Slappey, an' does a heap of good fo' the chu'ch. Also she is vice president of the Amalgamated Order of Laborin' Ladies, an' other honors. Yas-suh, Ise jes nachelly boun' to vote for that fair gal."

Gloom settled soggily about Florian's shoulders.

"You didn't make no real bindin' promise, did you?"

"Yas-suh, I mos' suttinly did."

"An' they ain't nothin' gwine change you?"

"Not nothin'. Which means that Miss Muck is suttin to win."

Florian shook his head slowly.

"N-no, it don't make suttin that Miss Muck is gwine win. It jes' makes suttin that I is gwine lose."

All that evening Florian melancholied about the streets, accompanied by his own unrelieved misery. Two thoughts were uppermost in his perturbed mind: Should Gussie Muck fail of election she would know beyond peradventure that he had been false to the pledge which she confidently believed he had made; should he boldly cast his vote for her, there was Miss Zinnia Sanders to be heard from—and that was likely to prove embarrassing. He could not rid his mind of the very definite—if unconsidered—promise he had tendered Zinnia, or the twenty-five dollars cash she had given him by way of lagniappe.

"Wimmin," anathematized Florian, "ain't got a lick of sense. They always takes men seriously."

Two days later the second photograph of Gussie Muck was reproduced on Page One of the Daily Epoch under the set head, "Is She the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham?" The next day it appeared again, and once more on the day following. That night Exotic Hines sought Florian in Bud Peaglar's place. Exotic was smiling genially, but there was no answering twist of amusement on Florian's mournful lips.

"Florian," complimented Exotic, "you is a wizzid."

"Huh! You don't know how much of a wizzid I is."

"I does so! That was a noble idea you had 'bout gittin' Gussie Muck an' Zinnia Sanders buckin' each other."

Mr. Slappey cocked his head to one side. Exotic's words and his good humor presaged more trouble.

"Who got which to doin' what?"

"Them extra pitchers an' all."

"Which extra pitchers?"

"The ones you got Gussie Muck an' Zinnia Sanders to have took."

Florian rose annoyedly to his feet.

"Ev'y time you opens yo' mouth, Exotic Hines, words spill out, but they don't say nothin'."

"You done a good job with Zinnia," pacified Exotic. "'Cause she come down to the studjo this mawnin' an' ordered a heap mo' photos took so's she could have 'em printed in the Epoch, which she su'scribed to four mo' times this mawnin'. You know, Florian, it's cu'ious that both them two wimmin think they is suttin to win the contes'. It's awful funny."

"Yeh," gloomed Florian. "It's funny as a coffin."

Florian was not at all elated by the confidence of the two women. It struck him that they were rather too positive. He felt a sense of resentment against Zinnia for thus presupposing that his promised vote assured victory. He went to her bungalow and requested an audience. He got it.

"The one thing that Ise happiest about," explained Zinnia, "is that Gussie Muck thinks she is gwine win."

"Yeh," agreed Florian, "ain't it the troof?"

"I never did like Gussie Muck. She's one of the uppitiest cullud gals which is. I sho'ly bet somebody is gwine be s'prised when she loses."

"I reckon they is—an' that ain't no lie."

Zinnia extracted from a dresser drawer a set of proofs.

"You want to see these new pitchers which Ise gwine win that New York trip with?"

Florian emitted an emphatic negative.

"I jes' wanted a word with you, Miss Zinnia. How come you to be so shuah you is gwine win?"

She gazed her surprise.

"Di'n't you promise to vote fo' me? Di'n't you take money fo' same?"

"Uh-huh. But I is on'y one vote."

"Tha's true. But you an' Lawyer Evans Chew makes a majo'ity."

"I an' which?"

"Lawyer Chew. He also promised to vote fo' me."

The room spun before Florian's blurred vision. He knew now that his zeal had pledged him into a merciless quicksand of trouble.

"Lawyer Chew is pledged to vote fo' you?"

"He sho'ly is. He's my lawyer, an'—well, you know how it is."

"Sufferin' sardines! I'll say I does!"

Mr. Slappey staggered into the street and zigzagged downtown, his brow furrowed by deep lines of worry. His best planning had boomeranged.

"It all goes to prove the troof of that ol' sayin'," soliloquized Florian. "The strongest part of any chain is its weakest link."

An interview with the sonorous Lawyer Chew made it quite clear to Florian that he was caught between two devils and two very deep seas.

"They ain't but two things I can do," he reflected miserably, "an' they is both wrong."

The elation of the past few weeks had permanently departed Mr. Slappey. He hated the sight of the two beautiful faces which so recently had inspired him with such vast enthusiasm. Now each countenance seemed to spell danger and serious trouble. He knew that, no matter which way he voted, Birmingham was too small a municipality to hold him and the defeated candidate.

"An' does I crawfish an' vote fo' a dark horse, both of them other two lands on my neck."

Florian entertained no illusions regarding the quality of vengeance either woman would seek. Each was banking confidently upon victory, and ——

"They ain't no hell-cat like a woman scorned," he mused. "Oh, lawsy! Mistuh Trouble done dug a hole an' I has fell in it!"

Nor did the sudden keening of public interest in the Muck-Sanders battle soothe Mr. Slappey's jangling nerves. In some way it became noised around the city that Lawyer Chew was pledged to Zinnia Sanders and that the diminutive but highly impressionable Rev'en' Plato Tubb would cast his ballot in favor of Gussie Muck. The least logical could not fail to conclude then that Florian Slappey controlled the situation. Even Florian knew it, and never did power sit less becomingly upon the brow of man.

All his life Mr. Slappey had managed eagerly to insinuate himself into the spotlight, but until this situation he had never tasted quite his fill. Now he was glutted. He wanted nothing so much as to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him. Mournfully he contemplated departing Birmingham, but such a course was too horrible. Somehow it didn't seem to Florian that Birmingham could continue to function without him, and he knew he couldn't live without Birmingham. In the quagmire of this latest and worst predicament the Alabama metropolis, with its smoky, sooty, downtown section and its broad, cool, residential streets, tree lined and hilly, seemed very near and dear to him. In this town he had fought and bled. In this town he seemed about to die—entirely.

The publication of the Zinnia Sanders series, following so closely upon the three-day printing of the Muck physiognomy, set colored society in a ferment of conjecture. The two ladies in the case had little to say about each other, but that little was vitriolic. Each radiated the utmost confidence. It was known that Zinnia was buying new clothes for her New York jaunt and that Gussie had quit job and vacation to the same end. The populace, eager for detail and information, put two and two together. Then they added the peculiar lugubriousness which Florian was carrying around and gossip really started.

It came eventually to the ears of the persons most vitally concerned, and very promptly Florian entertained a caller in his modest room at Sis Callie Flukers' exclusive boarding house. Florian gazed into the stern face of Lawyer Evans Chew and released one large and prolonged groan.

"Ifn you should meet a accident anywhere on the street, Lawyer Chew, I wish you'd ask it to come an' happen to me."

The leading legal light of Darktown seated himself, lighted a fragrant near-Havana and crossed one spatted foot over the other.

"B-r-r-other Slappey."

"Present!"

"I is heah legally an' officially representin' the int'rests of my fair friend an' client, Miss Zinnia Sanders."

"I knew it. I knew it the ve'y minute I seen yo' face."

Lawyer Chew stroked the delicate growth which was struggling for existence upon his upper lip.

"It has come to my ears, Brother Slappey—although I must admit through rather negligee channels—that you, as the judge who hol's the decidin' vote in the beauty contes' now comin' to a close by the Daily Epoch, is considerin' castin' aforesaid ballot fo' the lady which opposes my client—namely an' to wit, Miss Gussie Muck."

"You has got good ears, Lawyer Chew. I has a friend which also has, but he has got twice as many feet as you."

"That," retorted the attorney with dignity, "is neither hither nor yon. I asts you the blunt, direct an' simple question: Is you considerin' votin' for Miss Gussie Muck?"

Florian shook his head.

"If they's anything about them two wimmin I ain't considered, Lawyer Chew, it's jes' 'cause my thinker wasn't wukkin' good."

"Hmph! Witness evades the examination. Hmph! Ve'y significant. Ve'y most outrageously so. An', Mistuh Slappey, I am fohced to construe that evasion as a direct statement that you are plannin' to vote fo' Miss Muck."

Florian paced the room nervously.

"You can say less with mo' words than anybody I knows, Lawyer Chew."

"I winds up by sayin' this then: In acceptin' money—namely the sum of twenty-five dollars legal tender—fum Miss Zinnia Sanders you put yourself in a position where you has got to vote for her. Under the laws of this noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama you commits a violation by failin' to do such. Therefore I serves you with former notice that does you not vote fo' Miss Zinnia Sanders she will promptly institute suit, th'oo me as her legal lawyer, against you in the full and just sum of five thousand dollars, same bein' actual an' punitive damages fo' yo' breach of promise."

"Goodness, Miss Agnes!"

"Ain't you promised to vote fo' her?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then you had better do same. Failure by you will mean hereinbefore-mentioned suit; also Miss Sanders will use all her influence fum now hencefo'ward, an' even after that, to make Bummin'ham too hot a place to hol' you. H'm! In view of them fac's, Florian Slappey, I now asts you again, is you gwine vote fo' Miss Zinnia Sanders?"

Florian whirled.

"Of co'se I is!" he snapped. "Who ever give you the idee that I wasn't?"

And at the moment of Lawyer Chew's departure Florian fully intended that his vote should be cast in favor of that particular lady. He continued to think so for five days; until the very day, in fact, which preceded the closing of the contest. He was highly uncertain as to what might occur to him when Miss Muck learned that he had made possible the triumph of her now deadly rival; but, after all, Miss Muck's wrath was infinitely preferable to the breach-of-promise suit suggested by Lawyer Chew. Florian was unhappy; and so, at that moment, was Miss Gussie Muck, who had just learned that Miss Zinnia Sanders was publicly boasting of controlling the votes of both Lawyer Chew and Florian Slappey.

Gussie was a lady of positive action. Fifteen minutes later she rocked aggressively in a chair on Callie Flukers' front porch. Florian received her summons and sagged uncomfortably downstairs. He made an ineffectual effort to appear pleased

(Continued on Page 111)

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Continued from Page 108

at sight of his visitor. But it was a difficult pose in view of her alarming directness.

"Florian Slappey," she said, "I understan' that you is a member in good standin' of the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

"Says which?"

"Says I hopes you is, because, Mistuh Slappey, ifn you ain't, an' you does what I heahs you is aimin' to do, you is gwine be in pow'ful immedjit need of a fun'ral."

Florian put out a gently restraining hand.

"Miss Muck," he protested uneasily, "le's you an' me not talk so depressing."

"Cullud boy, I ain't even stahted talkin' gloomy. I jes' wants to warn you that when I gits crossed up I gits mean. I gits awful mean. They ain't but one man knows how mean I can really git, an' he ain't gwine tell nobody nothin' no time no mo'. I craves you to remember that I quit me a good job an' a swell trip to Nawth C'lina on account you promised you was gwine vote fo' me to win this contes'. Does I not do same I not on'y gits mad about that but also I gits fu'ious on account Zinnia Sanders ain't gwine never let me heah the las' of it. Ise tellin' you now, Florian Slappey, that ifn you th'ows me down they's gwine be a heap of diggin' roun' where you is at, but you ain't gwine be doin' none of it. Does I make myse'f understood?"

Mr. Slappey nodded slowly.

"You mean," he summarized, "that does I vote fo' Zinnia Sanders you is gwine be mad?"

Miss Muck stared at him in speechless horror.

"Sweet polecats, boy! Ain't you reckernized that you is speechifyin' with a woman which her middle name is Poison? Ise tellin' you this, Mistuh Slappey. They ain't nobody c'n say I ain't a lady; but sometimes when I gets good an' angry I forgets same fo' a few minutes. An' does I not win this contes' I is gwine be so angry that I won't remember 'bout bein' a lady until you has gotten used to wearin' wings." She rose and huffed from the veranda. At the gate she turned for a Parthian shot: "An' remember this, Brother Slappey, if you makes me do to you what I is gwine do if you makes me do it, you ain't gwine be no good-lookin' cawpse."

Florian stared after her large and muscular frame as it ate space down the street. He passed a clammy hand across a perspiring forehead.

"Votin' fo' Gussie Muck means jail. Votin' fo' Zinnia Sanders means graveyahd. Each one of them two things is wuss than the other. The on'y time I craves to see either of them wimmin again is never."

Nor did a wakeful vigil offer any solution to the dilemma. All through a long and miserable night Florian stared out across the housetops, smoking innumerable cigarettes, muttering invective against femininity in general. At five o'clock the first red finger of the fatal day crept up over the false front of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise Hall. By midnight the voting would have been formally completed. At noon of the next day the result would be emblazoned across the first page of the now lusty Daily Epoch. The old set head, "Is She the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham?" would be altered to read, "She Is the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham."

And beneath that unalterable caption the photograph of ——

"No matter which pitcher appears under that they is gwine be speakin' of Mistuh Slappey as the late demented."

Florian tried valiantly to keep to himself during that dreadful day, but even his frantic quest for solitude was signally unsuccessful. At every turn he was beset by friends of the rival contestants, seeking to learn which would receive his deciding vote and the trip to New York. Florian was distinctly noncommittal. The impression prevailed that he had something up his sleeve. Florian requested to know what that something might be. He was searching for an idea, a method of escape, and he found himself as sterile of thoughts as he was of happiness.

At length he sought the company of the taciturn Boston Marble, not because he liked Boston but because that gentleman was notoriously tight-lipped, a person who believed each man's business to be his own and exclusive property.

"It's plumb hell, Boston," complained the harassed beauty judge, "the way folks is botherin' me."

"Ignore 'em," advised Mr. Marble laconically.

"Ain't no use. I has tried treatin' 'em with puffec' ignorance, but they keeps on pesterin' me."

Conversation died away, which was just as Florian desired. He had a limited time for thought, but even that little was being wasted. Ideas simply would not come. His normal mental processes had been atrophied by the thought that no matter which way he voted he was getting himself in trouble. He hated to leave Birmingham, but as the hours passed he realized more and more keenly that an extensive journey was perhaps the better part of valor. Memory of Gussie Muck's intransigent bitterness and of Lawyer Chew's determined attitude on behalf of his client, Zinnia Sanders, was far from reassuring. And it was an open secret that Florian held the decision in the palm of his hand.

The voting was to be done at eight o'clock that night. The three judges, as well as Christopher P. S. Shoots and Exotic Hines, were pledged to most solemn secrecy until noon of the following day, when the Daily Epoch would roll damp from the presses and herald to all and sundry the name and countenance of the successful competitor. Mr. Slappey shuddered as an ambulance clanged noisily and significantly down the street.

Five o'clock came—six—seven. Florian mournfully accompanied Boston Marble to Bud Peaglar's place, where he partook of five barbecued sandwiches and a cup of coffee, being without appetite as the result of his mental unrest. And then suddenly he paused, his eyes widened, the butt of his cue pounded sharply against the floor. Florian's slender, exquisitely haberdashed figure straightened. His lips parted and expanded. Mr. Florian Slappey was having an idea!

It was one of those eleventh hour conceptions which arrive full panoplied. At first he found difficulty in grasping it in all its magnificence of detail. Then when it did smite him fully he walked over to a chair and sank limply into it. In a trice the burden of Atlas had been lifted from his shoulders. In one fell swoop of thought his problem had attained solution. He rose to his feet, chuckling. He bought a two-bit cigar at the counter.

"You looks kinder happy, Florian."

"Hot dam! Bud, the town of Happiness is where I is livin' at fum now hence-fo'ward."

He swaggered from the establishment and swung magnificently down Eighteenth Street toward the office of the Daily Epoch. There he found assembled the four other men. Lawyer Chew glared menacingly from one side of the room, while the sharp eyes of the Rev'en' Plato Tubb darted warning from the other. Florian bowed grandiosely.

"Well, gemmun," he announced, "I is heah. Le's us preceed to business."

Forty minutes later Florian emerged from the building and returned to Bud Peaglar's place. His cronies gathered about, seeking to extract information as to which of the two ladies had received his vote. He said nothing and continued to say it. But his ebullition of spirit was reflected in the ease with which he won money from those same friends by means of his dexterity with a cue. One of them proffered advice:

"Whichever lady you voted fo', Florian, the other one is gwine give you hell."

Florian smiled.

"Them two wimmin is the least trouble I has got."

The other man shrugged.

"I hope you voted fo' Zinnia Sanders, Florian, because when it comes to bein' mean, that Gussie Muck is pizen with a red label."

Lawyer Chew and the Rev'en' Plato Tubb were faithful to their trust. They imparted no more information than Florian had done. And so, one hour before the long-heralded issue of the Epoch was slated to appear, a young mob had gathered before the plate-glass window of the newspaper office. It was an excited crowd; a crowd seeking the answer to an unsolvable problem. Each individual knew the details of Florian's dilemma, and though Darktown as a whole held Florian's resourcefulness in high esteem, it believed that for once he had blundered into water a trifle too deep.

At five minutes before twelve came the rumblings of the Epoch's flat-bed press. The assemblage pressed closer about the window where the first copy of the paper was to be posted.

Zinnia Sanders and Gussie Muck were both there, each confident of success. And then the self-important Christopher P. S. Shoots appeared. In his hand he bore a copy of the Epoch. Deliberately he dipped brush in paste pot, touched the corners of the page and slapped it boldly against the window so that all might read.

A howl of amazement arose as the seven-column caption smote the gaze of the crowd. The old familiar line had been altered to read:

"These Are the Two Most Beautiful Colored Ladies in Birmingham."

Immediately beneath were the pictures of Miss Zinnia Sanders and Miss Gussie Muck. But that was not all. In the very center of the page was a statement set in boldface type, a statement which proved incontrovertibly that Florian Slappey had become himself again. It was a simple statement, clear and concise.

"When the zero hour for the voting come along," said this statement, "it was discovered that our estimable fellow citizen and judge, Mr. Florian Slappey, held the deciding vote. Mr. Slappey said that he had gave the matter gravest consideration and had been unable to decide in favor of either Miss Muck or Miss Sanders.

"Therefore Mr. Slappey announced that he was forced to cast his ballot in favor of both Miss Muck and Miss Sanders, and in order to play fair with both he felt that he must divide the grand prize.

"Therefore, as a result of Mr. Slappey's decision, each of these fair ladies gets a one-way ticket to New York."

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KNOW ROQUE?

Continued from Page 13

"Yes," says he, "and I don't mind telling you that right now he's the white-haired boy with Miss Gates."

"Miss Gates, eh?"

"Lucy Gates," explains the doc. "This is a secret between you and me, Higgins. I'm telling you so you can put your best into the fight end of the program."

"Leave it to me!" says I. "Anything go?"

He don't make me. I explains.

"I know a couple of snappy tricks that ain't ——"

"Nothing doing!" cuts in the doc. "He's got to win on the square or he don't play. Get me?"

Taylor comes out on the porch.

"How's the tennis?" I ask.

"Promising," says he.

I turns to the doc.

"Who's he got to beat at this? Some bearcat?"

The doc grins at Taylor.

"Know anything about ranking in this game?" he asks me.

"No," I says, "I don't know him, but I think enough of Bill here to bet that Clarence beats him."

There's a laugh in this some place, but not enough to be split three ways so I leaves myself out.

III

WE GOES right ahead with the training stunts, and I gotta hand it to Clarence. He takes on the gaff steady without a whimp, sticks to the chow card the doc has fixed up for him, and takes the curfew to the flop with him. In a month he drops about ten pounds and looks kinda thin and tired in the face, but he don't say nothing.

And believe me the kid moves right along too. He's got me stepping fast to duck them mean right swings of his and thinking up new stuff to learn him. I ain't such a wagon either, even if I ain't in my hay days no more. All the other experts tell me the boy's going great guns. I go out on the track one day and sees Simms clock this baby for the hundred in ten-four and he says it's a cinch Warrenton will have the distance down to a shade over ten on der tag day, as the Dutch say. I know that everything's going lovely when Yardley tips me the news that squash was borned in the boy.

One day we all lays off for a rest and I breezes into Greater Bunkville to see what's what. While I'm there I dig up a coupla boys that are good prelim scrappers and take 'em back with me. I figure Clarence is about ripe for an argument with the rough-and-tumble lads. He's more 'an ripe. He takes on Tin-Ear McGinley for three fast rounds and has the ham-and-egger jumping sideways with his fast work. Before I sic the other bird against Warrenton I tell the boy not to lead 'cause I wanna see how the old defense is working. Kid Murphy tries to slip through Clarence's guard, but he ain't got no more chance than I has of being King of Turkey. I keep the cauliflower lads around for a week, and they both agrees with me that Warrenton is there three ways from the ace.

By the end of September, Clarence is ready for all comers. The last week that month the three clubs that are in the fall Jim Canna—thet's what they call games on Long Island, after the Swede that invented 'em, I guess—has their eliminations; that is, they pick the babies that will represent them in the big run-off. The first stunt is boxing. For four or five years they ain't been no competition in the welter division, nobody wanting to take no chance with Houston—for which I don't blame them none—and when Warrenton tells the committee that's running the works that he will take on Houston they think he's cuckoo.

We lay off a coupla days before the row to give the boy a chance to fatten a little and freshen up from the grind. Getting tired of loafing around the house I grab the doc on the second morning and talk him into a stroll. In more than two months, except for the trip to the Big Town I ain't been more than a block away from Warrenton's. We walk a coupla miles and cut through some woods. Even if I was brung up on asphalt it feels darn good to see some grass that ain't been trained to stand up straight and get washed and trimmed every morning. Well, we is loafing along at pieces with the world when a machine—one of them chumpy roadsters—comes breezing down the road. I makes out Houston at the wheel and they is some baby with him. Boy, I ain't no good at describing the frails, but when I say this flapper got the Queen of Sheba backed into the second row of the chorus I ain't giving her half of what's coming to her by rights.

"So she's back," says the doc.

"Who?" I asks.

"Lucy Gates," he explains. "In the machine."

"Well," I comes back, "from what little I seen of her I don't blame this bird Warrenton for going the limits to get a stand in. Right now the lad Houston seems to be sitting pretty."

"I told you," says the doc, "that he was the white-haired boy. Think Clarence is good enough to make a showing against him?"

"Well," I replies, "if Houston's been doing his training in chumpy roadsters and inhaling that bottled-in-bond tea I see them serving around here Warrenton'll naturally mess up the ring posts with him. On the square, doc, the boy is good and Houston at his best ain't much better. Maybe Clarence won't win, but he'll put up a fight that's bound to make a hit with the Jane."

"I hope so," says he, "because I figure that most everything depends on that. As a matter of fact Lucy is very fond of Warrenton but is sore at him because he won't go in for sports. She has the idea that a boy who don't is a sort of sissy. Understand?"

Sure, I tells him and I make him feel better by tipping him that Clarence is wise to Houston's present stand in with the lady. Anyway, I guess he is because he pays more attention to the stuff I'm handing out than to the squash and the tennis and other comedy acts. Besides the boy has told me half a dozen times he'd rather cop the boxing prize than anything else and to give him all I got which I does.

Well, the big night comes and we all puts on our fishes and soups to go to the club. The doc loans me a layout and Simms grabs one off in New York. All the other experts is used to fast company and has got their own dress suits. They is some fancy crowd out to see the mill and they pays as much attention to me as a fast express does to a tramp.

A coupla lightweights trade wallops for three rounds and one guy loses the decision because he got his hair mussed and then comes the Houston-Warrenton mix-up. The champ no sooner climbs into the ring than I feel some of my nerve slipping. He's a little fat around the middle, but just the same he looks like a million dollars and he has got ten pounds on my boy at the leastest.

Clarence ain't forgotten nothing that I learned him. He stands away from Houston and stings him with long armed jabs. The champ has been figuring on something soft all the time and by the time he begins to get careful and cover up Warrenton's nearly knocked his block off. In the second round Houston plays the game safe and gets in a couple of mean body blows on Clarence. In the next spasm Warrenton absorbs a lot of punishment but the kid's as game as they make 'em. I can see now that he's been trained too fine and I'm getting afraid the boy won't last out the six rounds of the mully.

At the end of the third act I see Clarence looking over the crowd and I'm wise. He's trying to pipe Lucy. I take a look for myself but I don't find her. That's kinda funny to me seeing as she is supposed to be cuckoo about Houston and all kinda athaletics.

Warrenton comes back strong in the fourth and sends Houston to his knees with a tricky right cross I'd taught him. The champ is smart enough to take a nine count for a rest and gets through the round in good shape. The next stanza is a kinda quiet affair. Both the lads is getting tired. Thet chumpy roadster training is beginning to show on Houston and he's puffing like a engine on a steep grade. My boy is just about as bad. He's still looking around for Lucy in the gang of naked backs and boiled shirts out in front and once when his eyes wanders back to the ring I see the bozo in the other corner giving him a grin.

The last round is a fast affair. At the beginning Houston hits Clarence a mean wallop over the right eye and busts the skin open. They is blood all over the boy's face but it don't feaze him none. He dig-

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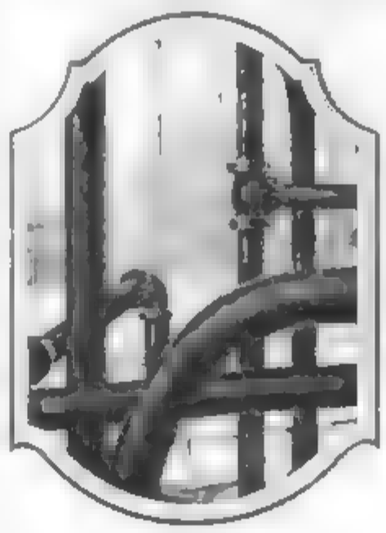

They know pipe because they work with it, install it, and observe its behavior under the most trying conditions of service. Their very lives depend on the efficient operation of brakes supplied with air through pipes leading to every car composing the train.

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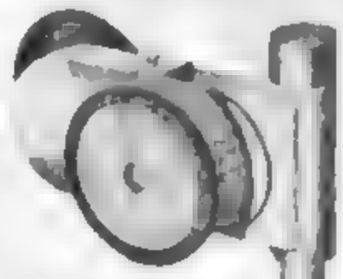

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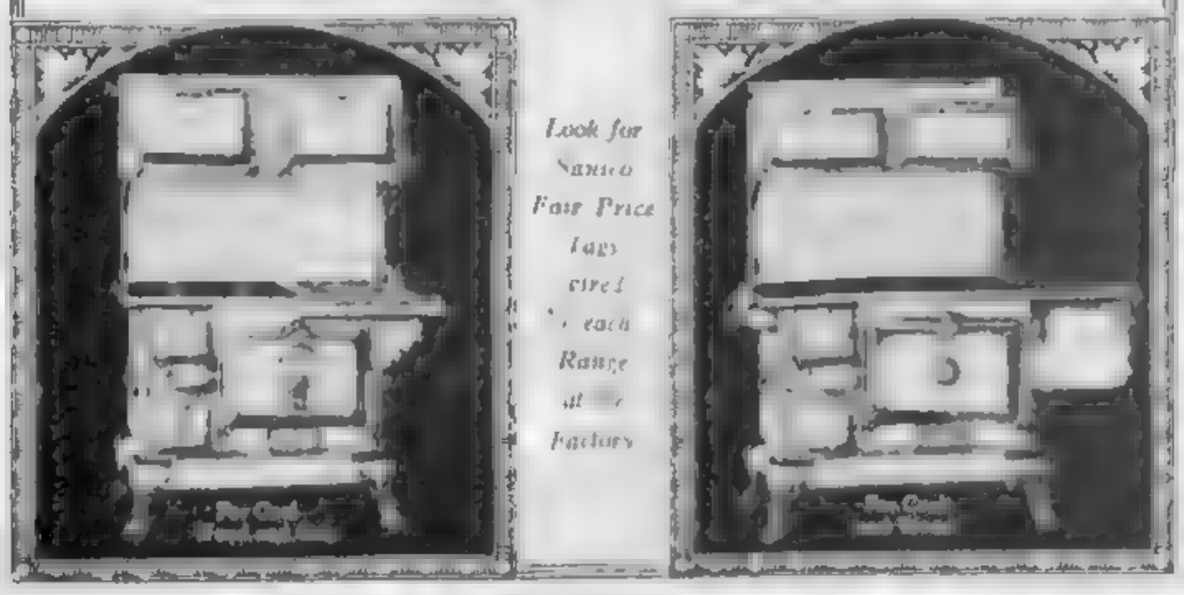

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right now and sends the other baby smack against the ropes. For the rest of the round they both throw science in the garbage can and go after each other like a couple of smokes in a battle-royal. Well, the mully finishes up with both lads too weak to lift their hands and the referee calls it a draw which I figures is about right though my baby shoulda had an edge because he fought the champ to a standstill. I'm satisfied though. If that fight Clarence put up don't get to Lucy, then I'm a cross-eyed angora goat.

Houston and Warrenton both climb outta the ring on my side. They shakes hands and chew a few feet of rag. Then the champ says

"I see you looking around for Lucy. She ain't here."

"Where is she?" asks Clarence.

"Over at Springdale," comes back Houston, "watching Harold Francis play roque. They is a tournament on."

"Roque," yells Warrenton.

"Yeh," grins Houston. "That's her latest."

I see a vicious look come into Clarence's eyes. The blood from the cut is still running down his face and believe me the boy shapes up some mean.

"Wait here, Higgins," he snaps at me. "I'll be back in a minute," and he hits out for the dressing room. About that time the doc strolls over.

"What's roque?" I asks.

"I'll bite," says he. "What is it?"

"Nothing much," says I, "excepting that all them sports that Clarence has learned ain't worth a darn. The stuff today is love me, love my roque."

I pipes Yardley, the squasher.

"Hey," I says to him, "what's roque?"

"I don't know," he answers, "but it's probably the town where the famous cheese comes from."

"Yeh," I comes back sarcastic. "And I guess they put the fort there to make it strong."

IV

JUST then Clarence comes back. He ain't got nothing but pants and sweater but he don't pay no attention to the gang that's already dancing over the battle-ground.

"Come on," he says.

I don't ask no questions but follows. He leads the way outside where one of them racing cars is standing.

"Hop in," he orders. "I may need you tonight."

"Where we going?" I asks.

"Springdale," says he.

I don't say no more and he keeps his face shut. We shoot along about sixty miles a hour. I just watches Warrenton. They sure has been a change in this baby. The day before he is a kinda quiet, bashful kid, now he looks like a two-gun man full of hooch on the way to shoot up a town. In about half an hour we breezes into the grounds of a country club. We gets out and walks over quiet to a place that's all lighted up with electric lamps on poles.

"Stay with me," whispers Clarence and I gives him the office that I'm on the job.

Then I gets my first look at roque. Believe me if that's a sport for a young fellow marbles is a riot. For a minute Warrenton and I give it the once over. The game's a combination between billiards and croquet. A lot of bozos in nice white pants hit a ball with a dinky mallet and the idea is to hit another ball and knock it through a kinda wire loop that's stuck in the ground. They is a fence around the court so as to stop the ball in case some guy should hit it hard enough to bust a pane of glass. I figure roque musta been invented to provide amusement for lads with locomotor and fellers that ain't got strength enough for golf or lotto.

I see a young fellow hit the ball near where we is standing and I hears Clarence give a mean laugh. I guesses the boy with the mallet is Francis, the lad that's cut Warrenton out, and I don't blame him for being mad. Imagine sweating three months to get in good with the gal and trading wallops with Houston and getting your eye cut open and then find out your sweetie's gone cuckoo about a kinda croquettes and a boy with a misplaced eyebrow that goes in for it.

We walks to the other side of the court and I pipes Lucy at the far end. So does Clarence.

"Can you drive?" he asks me.

"Anything from a golf ball to a twelve-ton truck," I tells him.

"Get my car," says he, "and bring it over to that tree over there, near that girl with the pink dress. See her?"

I nods yes and starts away.

"When you get there," goes on Clarence, "keep the engine running."

I'm beginning to get wise but I'm as mad as Warrenton is by now and willing to help him in a murder. Roque! Dropping a fighter for a roque player!

Well, I drives the boat up to the tree. Clarence ain't there but in a minute I see him oozing his way toward me. Lucy's two or three feet away. Warrenton walks right up to her.

"Come on," I hears him say. "Let's go riding."

She gives him a kinda funny, scared look but the boy works fast. He grabs her around the waist, swings her into the car, jumps after her and slams the door. He don't have to tell me nothing. We're off. I don't even look back at the gang.

The girl is too much up in the air to say anything for a while. Then she begins tussling and making some mean cracks about Clarence, but he just gives that tough laugh of his.

"Sport!" says he. "I'll show you a real sport—the oldest in the world, the capture of wives. We're going to Stamford to get married."

Lucy's got her nerve back by this time and begins to laugh.

"You look like a cave man," says she, "but where does a chauffeur come in with a racing car?"

Warrenton ain't in no mood for no funny reparty. He goes into a long mad spiel about the hell he's been through for her and finishes up by saying he'll be damned if he'll give her up to a roque player.

At the end of the talk the girl laughs, a kinda soft laugh.

"I was right," says she.

"What do you mean?" asks Warrenton.

"I knew it would take athletics to get some pep and nerve into you. I told Doctor Halstead ——"

"You did what?" gasps Clarence.

"I suggested to him," says the frail, "that you should take up sports."

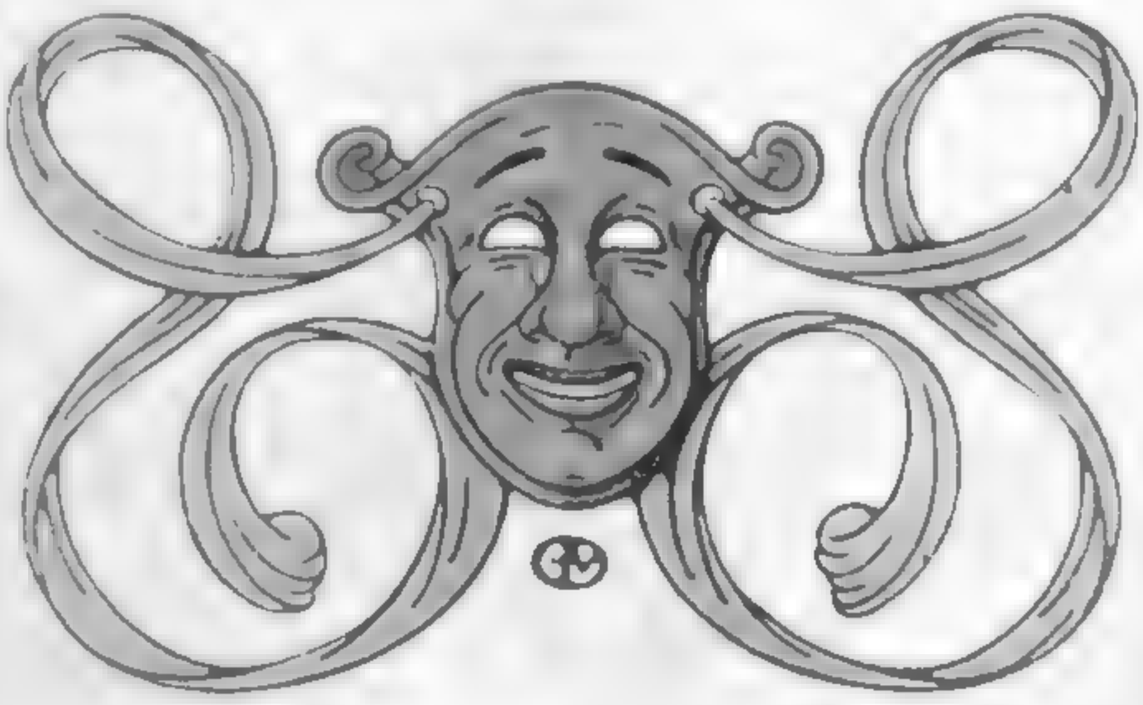
"I see," comes back Warrenton. "Then you are to blame for what I'm doing now."

"Am I?" she laughs.

I comes to a place where the road splits and I slows up.

"Which way do I go?" I asks.

"To the right, for Stamford," says the girl.



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In Baker's Coconut the natural moisture, freshness and wholesomeness are retained. That's why it is so good in cakes, cookies, pies and candies.

Coconut Marshmallow Cake

Beat ½ cup butter and 1½ cups sugar to a cream. Break in 3 eggs, one at a time, beating until light. Add ½ cup milk (or coconut milk) and a pinch of salt. Gradually stir in 2 cups flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder which have been sifted together three times. Add teaspoon vanilla and one cup Baker's coconut. Bake in two layers in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Put together with marshmallow icing

MARSHMALLOW ICING

Boil 2 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup water and ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar without stirring, until it threads. Pour onto stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, add ½ lb. chopped marshmallows or one cup marshmallow whip, beat until thick and spread quickly between the layers and on top.

If preferred, the coconut may be omitted from the cake and added to the marshmallow icing

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To make a solution, merely add "Lysol" Disinfectant to water. As a guide, remember that each mark on the bottle indicates the right amount of "Lysol" Disinfectant to make 2 quarts of germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is highly concentrated, therefore it is mere wastefulness to use it direct from the original bottle. Always add it to the right amount of water before using.

For convenience, keep a solution of "Lysol" Disinfectant made up in a bottle, jar, or any convenient container.

How and Where to Use

Sprinkle a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant solution into such places as sinks, drains, toilet bowls, garbage cans, pails, washtubs, dark sunless corners, and on floors. Do that at least twice a week. Then your home will be kept safe from germs.

On cleaning day, see that a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant are added to the pail of cleaning water. Being a soapy liquid, "Lysol" Disinfectant helps to clean while it disinfects.

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THE CASTLE OF ARNSBERG

(Continued from Page 9)

the younger men and women of Germany in ideals of peace based upon the brotherhood of nations.

Dangerous talk in the Castle of Arnsberg! It was interrupted by the "One—two—three—four!" with which Hans Eupen beat time now and then to the children, or by his cries of anguish when they made a jumble of notes. Then he would thrust back the lock of hair which fell over his forehead, take up his music case and leave the room to go up to the high chamber where Felix waited for him.

Never once, at this time, did he speak of Felix to Anna. He was cautious in the Castle of Arnsberg, as far as that went; but by the length of time he stayed upstairs, and by a kind of excitement in the eyes of Felix after his music lessons, Anna was certain that Hans Eupen was trying to convert this young man to his own faith. She held her breath at the thought, remembering that dedication to hate and vengeance, and that curse of God proclaimed by General von Arnsberg should this son of his weaken in his loyalty to the old tradition of his house.

It was Felix himself who revealed the secret of his conversations with the music master. He came into the children's room one day on the pretext of playing a game with little Rupprecht, who was fighting a battle with tin soldiers on the floor, and annihilating imaginary legions of *verdammte Franzosen*.

"Hans Eupen would hate to see a game like this," said Felix in a shy, self-conscious way.

"It's not a good game," said Anna, "but Rupprecht likes it best of all."

"It's my father's blood in him," replied Felix. "Perhaps our long ancestry of soldiers, who thought of life only in terms of war. An inherited instinct."

"Is it yours?" asked Anna.

"I'm a heretic to the old faith of blood and iron. I believe humanity ought to move on to something higher than tribal hatreds. Otherwise Europe will go down with her civilization."

"That's what Hans Eupen says."

"Yes. It is Hans Eupen who has converted me, heart and soul, to a democratic philosophy. I stand against all that my father is and believes. Every word he speaks fills me with revolt. Sometimes I even hate the sight of his sword-slashed face, because it is typical of German brutality. I detest the old men who surround him and flatter him. Above all I abhor the intrigues of the young staff officers who come here day after day, pretending that they won the war; casting the shame of defeat on the poor devils of civilians who starved and delivered up their sons for sacrifice; and plotting against the liberal-minded men who try to strengthen the new republic."

He spoke with astonishing bitterness, and his face was flushed by hurtful emotion.

"Hush!" said Anna. "It is dangerous to speak like that, even before the children."

"Don't you agree with what I say?" he asked. "Hans Eupen tells me you hold the same opinions. That is why I want to talk to you."

After that breaking of the ice, which had frozen all previous intercourse between them, Felix sought out the little governess whenever he could do so without observation from the servants, or his father and mother, or the guests, mostly officers of high military caste, who came over constantly from Munich.

They made a habit of meeting after *Abendessen* in a little summerhouse at the end of the castle grounds. It overlooked the brown old roofs of the tower of Arnsberg, with a glimpse of the river, which curved like a Turkish sword between the leafy gardens and flat meadows. Very sweetly at this hour the sound of the church bells, ringing for evensong, came up to them from the valley, and often the western sky was a wonder of red and gold as the sun went down behind the hills.

Here the son of Heinrich von Arnsberg and the little governess who was so insignificant a member of his household spoke together of many great and serious subjects, like the meaning of life, and the mystery of God, and the future of civilization, and the chances of world peace, and the inevitable ruin of Germany. Anna was impressed by the nobility of this boy's mind, his sensitive temperament and love of beauty; but she was aware—even in her adoration—of a strain of weakness in him. He hated his father's ideas, but was afraid of him. He confessed his own cowardice and his utter inability to stand up to the old man and challenge his opinions, his traditions or his political creed.

"I'm a moral liar," he said. "My father thinks I'm loyal to his hatreds and hopes of vengeance, when I am utterly disloyal. He takes my silence for agreement and indorsement. But when he roars out his denunciations of Doctor Mulheim and all the men who stand for a liberal and peaceful Germany I haven't the spirit to challenge him. He leaves me dazed and deafened by his noise and fury. Also, strange as it may seem, I hate to hurt him. He puts a spell on me."

The spell was broken, and the challenge made between father and son, before many weeks had passed. But before then Felix and Anna had changed the subject of their conversation. It was no longer abstract politics, but the mystery and wonder of personal love which engrossed them. Inevitable, perhaps, that a boy like that, imaginative, unhappy because of a wide gulf between himself and his parents in all views of life, and intensely sentimental, should find a passionate solace in the companionship and understanding of a pretty girl like Anna Rippmann. Equally inevitable, according to the laws of human nature, that his romantic expression of love should meet with a ready response.

They took tremendous risks of discovery by meeting so often, clasping hands in shady nooks, stealing away to uninhabited rooms of the old Schloss, embracing each other outside the very doors that divided them from the general and his wife. Often they were within a hair's breadth of being discovered.

Once, when Felix had his arms about Anna and her head was upon his shoulder, in a room known as the armory, in a high turret, where old weapons rusted on the walls and moths devoured the fur of stuffed animals, they were startled by a heavy footstep on the creaking floor outside. A loud panting breath and a deep husky cough warned them that Heinrich von Arnsberg himself was within a yard of them. It was dusk, and the room was almost in darkness except for a faint twilight creeping through the barred windows. They drew back breathlessly into the far corner of the room, behind a mangy old bear shot by the general in his youth. The old man strode into the room and struck a match. He stood so close to Felix and Anna that they gave themselves up for lost. Anna could feel the rigidity of Felix as he stood there still clasping her. A sudden breath of air blew the match out, and the general cursed loudly, fumbled for another match, failed to find it, and then stumbled out of the room again and passed down the corridor.

At another time it was the Baroness von Arnsberg who nearly caught them. That was outside Anna's room late at night. Felix was whispering to her and begging for another kiss. Suddenly the cle r, rather shrill voice of the boy's mother called at the head of the stairs "*Fräulein!*"

Anna slipped in front of Felix, holding her door open to hide him.

"*Gnadige Frau?*"

It seemed that little Elsa had been walking in her sleep and had gone into her mother's room. Now she was awake and frightened and calling for Anna. By another footstep the lady would have found her son behind the *Fräulein's* door.

"Our love is very dangerous," said Anna more than once. "It can lead to nothing but disgrace and tragedy."

The boy said that this love was his only happiness. Yet he admitted that it was impossible for him to tell his parents. The general would kick him out, and he had no money beyond a meager allowance. He would have to earn his livelihood, enough for marriage. Perhaps he could get a job in Berlin. Hans Eupen would introduce him to Doctor Mulheim, who owned the only newspaper which told the truth and worked for peace. It was possible he might be engaged as a writer.

"If you joined Doctor Mülheim," said Anna, "your father would never forgive you. He hates him as the archenemy of Germany."

"He is the noblest man we have," said Felix, "and Hans Eupen worships him as the leader of the new democracy."

"Unless We Stamp Out the Old Traditions of Race Hatred, Military Pride and National Egotism, European Civilization Will Perish"

Because Hans Eupen, the lame music master, worshiped this Doctor Mülheim it was enough for Felix to indulge in hero worship. For the boy listened to the crippled man as to one divinely inspired; and, indeed, from all I hear, this strange, melancholy and passionate soul had a fine and spiritual outlook, rare, perhaps, in Germany at that time—rare everywhere, and at all times.

His friendship with Doctor Mülheim, great industrialist, newspaper proprietor and leader of the moderate democratic group in the Reichstag, was, strangely enough, the direct cause of the explosion that happened in the Castle of Arnsberg, breaking, among other things more massive, the heart of Anna Rippmann, the little governess. For there is no doubt that it was by the invitation of Hans Eupen that Doctor Mulheim was persuaded to come to the town of Arnsberg and address a meeting of miners and ex-soldiers pledged to pacifist principles and democratic ideals. Their leader was Franz Dachs, that tall, burly fellow who had been knocked down on the bridge below the Schloss by the homecoming general, and it is certain now that Hans Eupen was in close correspondence with him and, as it were, his intellectual guide.

This visit of Doctor Mülheim to Arnsberg and, above all, the report of his speech, which was written by Hans Eupen for the local press, created a sensation which ended, as all the world knows, in crime and tragedy. The speech was certainly rash and ill-advised. Doctor Mülheim was not content with proclaiming his faith in democratic principles, and with denouncing the intrigues and reactionary policy of German monarchists and militarists, but he made a direct and personal attack upon General von Arnsberg as a type of all that was evil in the militarist caste.

"Here, above this little town," he said, "with its population of humble men who toil for poor wages in the mines, the victims of war and those who pay the costs of defeat, there frowns down one of those old German castles which still typify the arrogant pride of brute force. In their time they were necessary and useful; in that time when the world was a conflict between primitive opposing forces, and before the dawn of civilized ideas leading to the right of humble folk who desire to work in peace without quarrel with their fellow men. Now these old stones and the old men who dwell within them are anachronisms. They belong to the past. They have no place in the present. They are doomed by the future. Heinrich von Arnsberg, one of those generals

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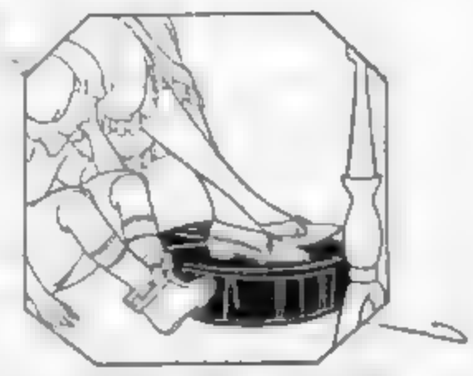

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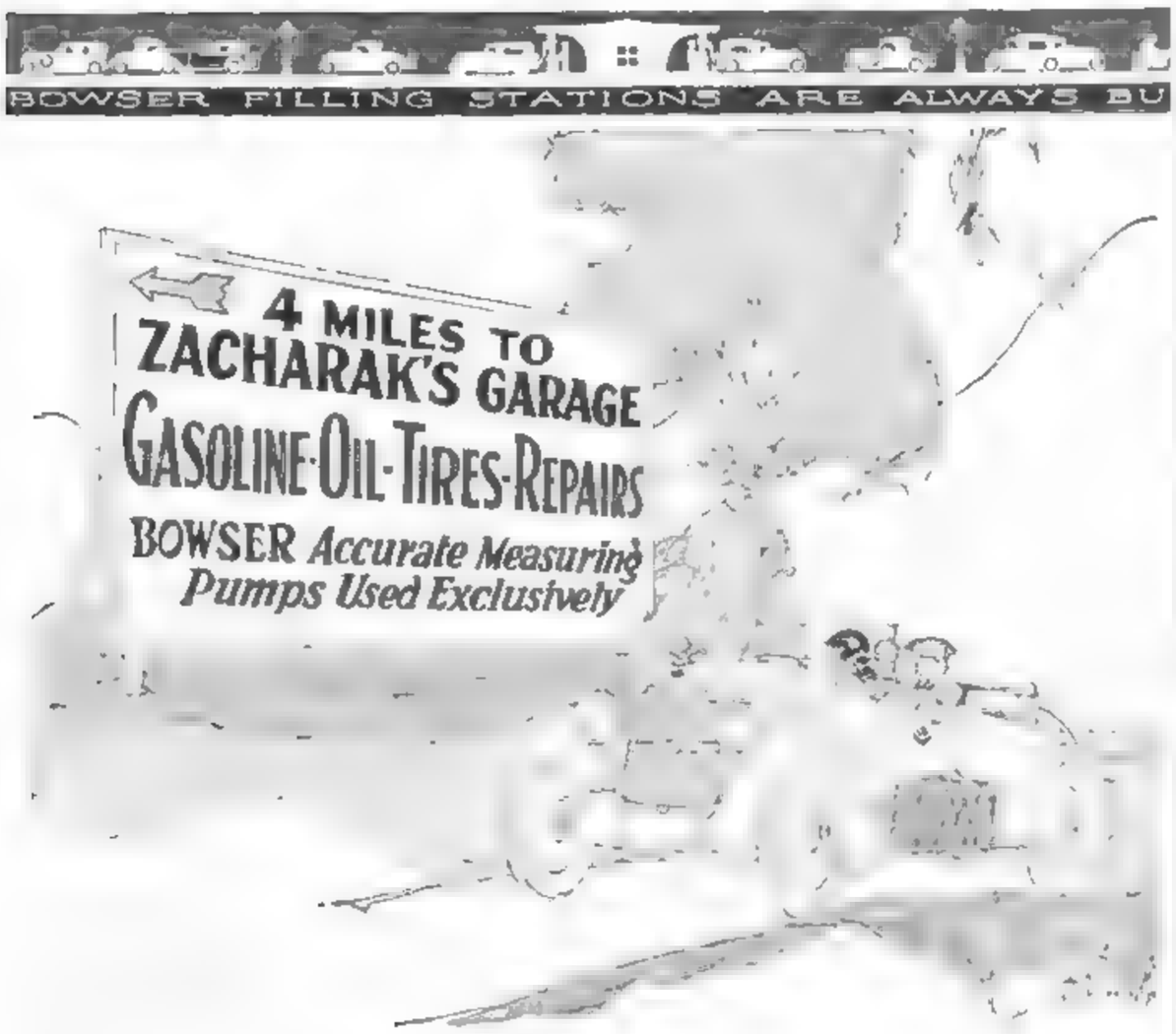

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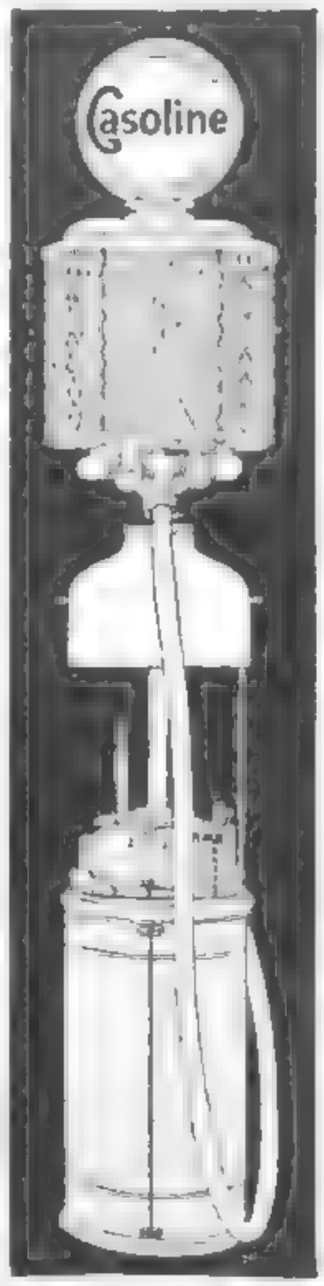

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who made the war and lost it, gathers round him the old caste, plots with them against the new republic, rages against the march of human progress, and by appealing to old sentiment by which we, as a people, are too spellbound—endeavors to inflame young aristocrats with the spirit of his senseless hate and hopes of vengeance. It is he and his class who have brought Germany to ruin, massacred her youth and made us pariahs among the peoples of the world. The working youth of Germany must overwhelm them by the passion of their purpose for peace."

The mere fact that Mulheim was in Arnsberg was a cause of violent anger to the general. At dinner that night, before the fatal speech was made, he drank heavily, and after the ladies had left the table he broke out into noisy tirades against a man whom he declared to be a traitor and a pig-dog.

To two young officers who were dining with him he deplored the departure of the old dueling days, which would have enabled him to kill the fellow and so rid his country of a pest.

"If I were twenty years younger," he said, bringing his fist down with a crash on the oak table, "I would kill him like a rat."

"If he were twenty years younger," said one of the officers—Franz von Westhof—"I should have great pleasure in slitting his throat for you, general. Unfortunately he has white hair and cannot defend himself."

"Old age is no excuse for treason," said another young man—Friedrich von Rothwasser. "I agree with the general. Rats should be killed, old or young."

Sinister words, in view of what happened the following night when Doctor Mulheim's speech had been reported in the local press. Felix was in his father's library, after dinner, when the evening paper was brought in by one of the servants, who held it as though it might bite him. Franz von Westhof and Friedrich von Rothwasser, who were staying in the castle, were sitting back in the deep leather chairs, smoking cigars and discussing the Treaty of Versailles with complete unanimity regarding its iniquity. Felix was sitting with his eyes closed thinking of Anna and wondering how soon he could steal away to her. Suddenly there was a strange, terrible and apoplectic noise from his father's chair. The old man seemed to be suffocating in a storm of rage. When it abated he delivered a series of terrific oaths, kicked a footstool to the end of the room, flung his glass of brandy into the great fireplace and raged up and down, calling upon ten thousand devils and other agencies of an infernal character.

The two young officers sprang to their feet at the first outbreak of his violent demonstration and became aware of the cause of it when they picked up the paper, which the general had dropped on the tigerskin rug, and read Doctor Mulheim's oration.

"Undoubtedly it is an outrage," said Friedrich von Rothwasser when he had read the offending print.

"It is a gross insult, not only to General von Arnsberg but to all of us," said Franz von Westhof.

The general again called upon heaven and hell to avenge him against such infamy.

It was Franz von Westhof, according to what Felix told Anna, who brought silence into the room by an action which startled this company of men.

Very slowly and deliberately he went to the general's desk, took a sheet of notepaper and tore it into three strips of unequal length, which he then held so that only the ends appeared in his hand.

"There are three of us here to avenge the general and rid Germany of a traitor," he said in his quiet aristocratic voice. "Whoever draws the short piece will kill this ruffian Mülheim. If I am left with the short piece it is, of course, my privilege."

He held out his hand to Friedrich von Rothwasser and said, "Draw, my dear friend!"

The young officer said "*Bestimmt!*"—"Agreed!"—and drew one of the bits of paper.

Felix, conscious of intense pallor and a sensation of sickness, drew another. Franz von Westhof held the last in his hand and measured it against the two others.

He bowed slightly to Felix and smiled.

"You have the honor, Felix. It is right that a son should avenge his father."

Heinrich von Arnsberg had watched this pantomime with a flushed face and heavy shadows under his puffed eyes. He gave a gruff gurgling laugh.

"I do not understand what you young men are playing at—*Gott im Himmel!*—but I do not interfere. If there is one scoundrel less in Germany I shall rejoice. If my son is a brave man, true to his family name and his love of the Fatherland, I shall be proud of him." He put his great hand on his son's shoulder and laughed again. "Good hunting, my son!"

Felix fell back a little, and then straightened himself up and faced his father. He knew that he must tell the truth that was in him or be forever a false and craven thing. A slight sweat broke out on his forehead and his pallor was extreme, but his eyes were burning.

"I am not a murderer," he said huskily. "Even if I had inherited instincts of that kind, Doctor Mulheim is the last man on God's earth I would choose for my killing. He spoke hard words against the family of Arnsberg and of you, father, but can you wonder at it? Is it not true what he said? Ever since the armistice you have put the blame of defeat on the poor people who suffered its worst agonies, and now pay, in their bodies and souls, for the ruin into which they were led. For months this house has been the meeting place of old men—yes, and young men too"—he glanced savagely at Friedrich von Rothwasser and Franz von Westhof—"who have no other policy than that of plotting against the republic, bringing back the monarchy, and preparing by every kind of villainy a new war, in which they may have a gambler's chance of victory. Doctor Mulheim calls to German youth to have done with military pride and the philosophy of brute force. He holds up new and nobler ideals for the German race, in which I, for one, believe. I regret his personal attack on you, sir, but I understand his bitterness. The proof of all he said is in this slip of paper, which is a warrant for murder. Not by my hand!"

He twisted his slip of paper into a pellet and flicked it into the fire of logs burning in the great hearth.

For the second time that night General von Arnsberg made strange, ugly and inarticulate noises in his throat. He breathed loudly, and the little veins on his face swelled, and the old sword cuts were vivid.

For some time he seemed unable to speak, and a painful silence was broken only by a light mocking laugh from Friedrich von Rothwasser. Then the old man uttered a frightful oath, followed by an outburst of incoherent abuse of his son who allied himself with swine—so he spoke—against his own father and his own caste. Traitor, coward, liar, Bolshevik were only a few of the names he hurled at Felix. There were times when he moved forward, in a hunched, bearlike way, with clenched fists, as though he would smash the boy with sledge-hammer blows, but he did not strike him.

The end of this scene was when he pulled a silken rope hanging at the chimneyside and set a bell loudly jangling. Several menservants came rushing in, believing that someone had been killed or that a fire had broken out. They were all men who had served the general in his headquarters staff during the war.

He shouted to them in a furious voice, "Take that young *Schweinehund* away! Lock him up in the armory. Put a guard on the door, and keep him a close prisoner."

They were astounded and hesitated to close round Felix, who had always been very civil to them. But he walked towards them with a white smile and said, "I am in your hands."

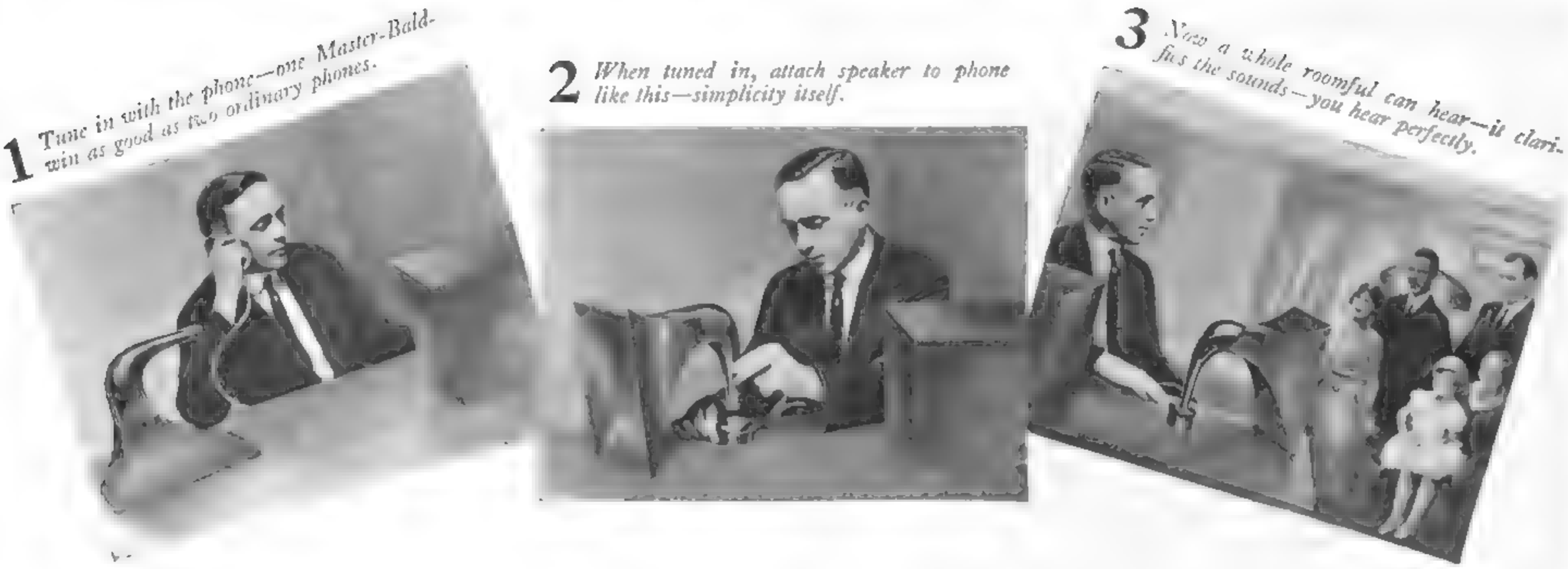
He went with them up to the armory, where he had embraced Anna on that night when they had nearly been discovered. With many apologies and expressions of dismay and regret the servants shut him in and locked the door.

He was there not longer than an hour, sitting on a wooden box beside the mangy old bear that his father had shot, with his head in his hands, in the darkness which was hardly brightened by a candle which one of the servants had placed on the table.

Once the room was lit up by the headlights of a motor car which drove away from the castle.

After that hour Felix blew out the candle and went to the casement window. The servants had not troubled to lock it, and it was an easy thing for his slim figure to get through and grasp the twisted ivy on the wall outside, with his foot on the drip

(Continued on Page 120)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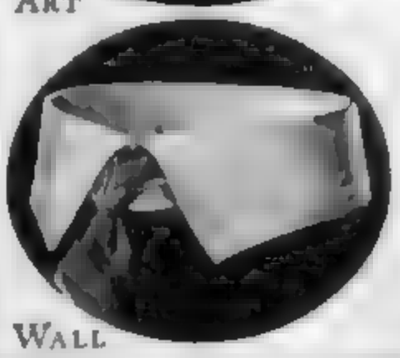
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(Continued from Page 118)

stone. By means of a leaden drain pipe he climbed down the wall and jumped lightly to the ground.

Then he walked round to the tower where Anna Rippmann had her room. Her window was black. She was in bed and asleep. But he played the trick which millions of lovers have done throughout the centuries. A small pebble, breaking her windowpane, awakened her. A light shone through the leaded panes. She had lit a candle.

In her white nightgown she came to the window and called out "Who is there?"

He answered softly "It is I—Felix."

Holding to the ivy, and raising himself a little from the ground, he whispered to her something of what had happened—the murder plot against Doctor Mülheim, his refusal and revelation, his father's fury, his imprisonment in the armory, his escape.

"*Es ist schrecklich!*" said Anna. "It is terrible! What can you do, dear Felix?"

He told her that he was going to Hans Eupen's house and after that, perhaps, to Berlin.

"Think of me always!" said Anna, weeping in her sentimental way as she confessed.

"I leave my heart with you," he answered, and for a little while they spoke as lovers do at such a time, agonizing over the parting, protracting it, swearing eternal things. It was the girl, as always, who bade him go at last. They were too far away to kiss. He couldn't even touch her hands. They blew kisses to each other on their finger tips, like children, and then, unwilling, deeply miserable, Felix von Arnsberg said "*Auf Wiedersehen,*" and disappeared into the darkness of the pathway between high bushes which led to a side gate, and so out of the castle grounds.

Hans Eupen's house was in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstrasse, at the southern end of the town of Arnsberg. There were lights in the windows when Felix approached, and he found a crowd of people round the open doorway vastly excited. Felix pushed his way through them and in the small square-built hall found Hans Eupen and Dr. Ernst Hardmuth, of Arnsberg, bending over a body which lay there on the floor. It was the dead body of Doctor Mülheim, who had been shot by two men as he was entering Hans Eupen's house on his way from a meeting of miners in the Arbeitaverein. The murderers had driven away in a motor car with powerful headlights.

Hans Eupen was so nerve-shattered by the sudden tragedy that he seemed dazed and horror-stricken, and for several minutes failed to recognize Felix. Over and over again he groaned out, "My poor and noble friend!" The lock of hair on his forehead fell over his eyes and he did not take the trouble to thrust it back. Afterwards, when he had collected his wits a little and when the body of Doctor Mülheim was taken away by the police, he led Felix into his sitting room and there broke out into a passion of rage against the unknown murderers who had done to death the noblest man, he said, in Germany.

Felix dared not tell him the whole truth about the scene in his father's library. Indeed he said nothing at all about the slips of paper or the direct cause of the quarrel that had happened with his father, but spoke only of having challenged the old man's political views in a way that had led to his arrest and escape.

So he told Anna at their next meeting, which happened that afternoon when she came down to Hans Eupen's house for half an hour, having left the children in charge of the *Mädchen*. It was while she was alone with Felix, clasping his hand and talking anxiously of the future, that Hans Eupen learned, beyond all doubt, the names of the men who had murdered his dearest friend. One of those menservants who had escorted Felix to the armory had identified the description of the car in which the murderers had escaped with the one belonging to Count Friedrich von Rothwasser, while Franz von Westhof and this officer had left the Schloss at twenty minutes past eleven on the preceding evening and had returned at twenty minutes before midnight. The servant brought the information to Hans Eupen under pledge of secrecy and confessed his hatred of the general, who would kick him to death did he know of this betrayal.

Like a demented man, Hans Eupen broke into the room where Felix sat with Anna and blurted out this news with a violence of language that was unusual with him.

"Never again do I set foot in that house of assassins!" he said. "I shall curse myself forever for having taken money from those who planned my poor friend's death. By God's help I will bring his murderers to justice.

"Germany will not be safe for democracy until every stone in these castles of brutality is hurled to the ground!"

For a time he raged even against Felix because he bore the name of Arnsberg. He would have turned him out of his house; but the boy's distress, and Anna's pleadings, and his real affection for the lad, who had no sympathy with his own caste, softened him, so that he reproached himself for senseless words and begged Felix to pardon him.

The rest of this story, and the end of it, must be told from what Anna Rippmann saw and heard on the following evening in the Schloss, to which she had returned after another farewell with Felix, who had arranged to stay with Hans Eupen that night.

At dinner the general sat moody and silent, and the Baroness von Arnsberg had certainly been weeping because of the departure of Felix, whom, in her cold austere way, she loved. It is improbable, I think, that her husband had revealed the full story of that scene in which Felix had affronted him, or any word of its reference to Doctor Mülheim. Both Franz von Westhof and Friedrich von Rothwasser were gay and smiling. Anna Rippmann, watching them with a kind of horrified fascination, marveled at their ease of mind after such a crime. They chatted amiably, cracked nuts when dessert was served, drank their wine with courteous salutations to their host.

It was just then, when the fruit had been placed on the table, that a strange noise came through the open windows. It was rather like a heavy sea breaking on distant rocks or a howling wind down a ravine.

It was Friedrich von Rothwasser who first called attention to this noise.

"A storm rising?" he asked lightly, and then with a slight change of tone, after listening intently: "Or vulgar clamor at the gates?"

"Certainly the noise of a mob," said Franz von Westhof.

The general rose and went to the window and stood listening.

"Those damned Bolshevik miners," he said presently. "They are trying to smash down the outer gate. Ten thousand devils!"

Franz von Westhof looked at his friend across the table. A slightly heightened color seemed to reveal some sudden emotion, but he laughed lightly.

"They seem annoyed," he said. "They are certainly using abominable language, as usual!"

Friedrich von Rothwasser rose from the table.

"Perhaps we had better prepare for a little trouble," he suggested. "Do you permit me to get my revolver, general? And yours? They may be needed."

He glanced in a smiling courteous way at the Baroness von Arnsberg, and his eyes traveled round for a moment to Anna Rippmann.

"The ladies, perhaps, should retire to the farther rooms—in the Siegfried tower. It would be safer in case of—unpleasant disturbance."

"Do you mean the people are attacking us?" asked the Baroness von Arnsberg. "I cannot think they would dare ——"

She breathed sharply and put her hand to her heart.

In another moment there was no doubt that ugly things might happen and were happening.

A great crash sounded down the avenue leading to the outer gate by the stone bridge. It was followed by an uproar in which separate voices, shouting fiercely, could be clearly heard. Then came the sound of tramping feet, the noise of an excited mob coming closer. Ruddy points of light glowed through the heavy foliage which surrounded the broad walk round the Schloss.

"Torches," said Franz von Westhof.

A groom hurried into the dining room without ceremony. He was panting and wild-eyed.

"They are asking for the Count von Westhof and the Baron von Rothwasser," he stammered.

"Unless they are delivered up, they threaten to burn the Schloss. They are mad with rage."

"You are mad with cowardice!" said the general harshly. "Call the other servants and tell them to bring their arms. Send the *Feldwebel* to me. He keeps his head."

He turned to his wife and told her to go to the Siegfried tower and not to be afraid.

"I should be more afraid alone in the Siegfried tower," said the lady. "I beg of you to let me stay with you."

"As you will," said the general. "There is no danger. I will teach these pig-dogs a lesson."

Anna Rippmann was certainly afraid. Telling the story afterwards, she confessed that terror took all strength from her limbs She sank into a chair. She remembers that she felt very cold and that by some queer freak of mind she kept repeating to herself a nursery rime in English which she had taught the children. She could not remember the last line. Try as she would she couldn't remember those last foolish words:

"When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing ——"

How did it go then?

It was, of course, one of the symptoms of a fear so strong that it numbs the brain.

Many details of what happened made no kind of impression on her mind. Vaguely she remembers a number of menservants assembling with arms and stuffing up the windows with cushions. Afterwards they went out, under the general's orders presumably, to other rooms in the Schloss. More clearly, as a vivid flash of light illumines darkness for a moment, she remembers the first shot that came into the room. It pierced a wooden shutter and shattered a gold-framed mirror on the other side of the room.

Friedrich von Rothwasser and Franz von Westhof leaned up against the walls at an angle by the window frames and every now and then fired their revolvers. They were perfectly calm. They seemed to be amused.

The general sat for a few moments, she believes, in a heavy oak chair, with an automatic pistol which he fired carelessly through the window now and then. But he seems to have moved about afterwards, and was absent from the dining room for what seemed long periods of time. No doubt he was ordering the defense of the Schloss elsewhere. The Baroness von Arnsberg also disappeared. Anna Rippmann believes that she herself was entirely forgotten and unnoticed for a time, as she sat back helpless with fear in a corner of the room. She remembers the noise of great shouting which went on outside continually except when, for a moment now and then, sudden short silences followed a pistol shot from the room.

A scrap of conversation between the two young men in the room came back to her mind, as people remember bits of a nightmare.

"They will certainly break in," said Friedrich von Rothwasser. "There are many of them."

"They won't be kind to us," said Franz von Westhof. He laughed in his rather girlish way.

Friedrich von Rothwasser spoke again:

"It is that swinish young coward Felix who has given us away"

Another shot came into the room. It smashed, very neatly, a tall Dresden vase standing on a table close to the chair in which Anna Rippmann was crouching. At the same time, she believes, a hot, eye-smarting smoke began to filter into the room, and one of the young men uttered a sharp exclamation as a little red flame darted suddenly, like a tongue, through one of the window sashes

After that the girl seems to have fainted, for the next thing she remembers is lying on the damp grass of one of the lawns outside the Schloss, one wing of which was a blazing fire. As she afterwards learned, she had been carried out by one of the servants, under orders from Friedrich von Rothwasser He had stayed, retreating to another room, with his companion and the general. The baroness had escaped at the rear with her womenfolk, from whom Anna Rippmann afterwards learned the details of their flight. It was only by the reiterated commands of the general that the poor lady had consented to leave the Schloss, and then in a fainting state, so that her women had almost to carry her.

Anna sitting upon the damp grass found herself amidst a small group of men, among whom were Hans Eupen, the music master, Franz Dachs, the miners' foreman, and Felix, her lover. Behind them, under the shelter of the trees, were many other men Felix was staring towards the burning Schloss.

Anna called to him twice, but he did not answer her. He spoke excitedly to Hans Eupen and Franz Dachs:

"At least they should have a chance to surrender. I cannot stand here and see my father burned to death."

"It's as good as being torn to bits," said the foreman harshly.

"Are you all savages?" asked Felix in an agonized voice. "Is this your democratic idealism?"

"We have no mercy for the murderers of Doctor Mulheim," said the man. "You be quiet, young man. We don't like your family name."

Hans Eupen spoke hurriedly to the miners' foreman, but Anna Rippmann could not hear his words. They seemed to have some influence, for after a conversation ending with a shrug of the shoulders Franz Dachs gave a shout to some of his men, and a sharp order.

They fell back on both sides and made an open way for Felix, who walked rapidly out of the shelter of the trees into the open pathway, which was lurid with the light from the great flames which consumed one wing of the Schloss. Anna called his name again, but it was lost in the roar of that devastating fire. She could see the boy's figure clearly outlined in the ruddy glare towards which he hurried.

He turned a little to the left, towards the Siegfried tower, which was still beyond the reach of the flames, though showers of sparks were blowing this way, so that it was in imminent danger. Then he stood still and waved a white handkerchief and shouted some words. Anna Rippmann did not hear them, but there are others who say that in a loud voice he begged his father to come out of the burning building, with his supporters. The men's leaders promised them a safe-conduct if they would surrender. I doubt if he made such a long speech as that. Others say the boy shouted the two words "Surrender!" and "Safe-conduct!"

There was no surrender from General von Arnsberg, nor from two officers and five men who remained, dead or alive, within the burning Schloss.

The figure of Felix von Arnsberg, tall and slight, with a red glare of light about him, suddenly fell, face forward, and lay huddled on the gravel path.

A shout of rage rose from the men around Anna Rippmann, and Hans Eupen ran forward a few paces and then flung up his arms with a great cry of anguish.

The townsfolk believe that it was the general who shot his son, for the old man's body was nearest to the windows in the Siegfried tower when they explored its charred ruin after the fire had burned out. Franz von Westhof had been killed by a bullet, and Friedrich von Rothwasser, with a handkerchief tied round his mouth and nose, had been crushed by a falling beam.

The Schloss von Arnsberg is a blackened ruin above the little stone bridge and the winding river.

Doctor Mulheim's death was avenged. German democrats scored up a victory against the military caste and the hated Right. But Anna Rippmann, an insignificant little governess, who told this story to my sister, still weeps for a boy who stood between the two extremes.

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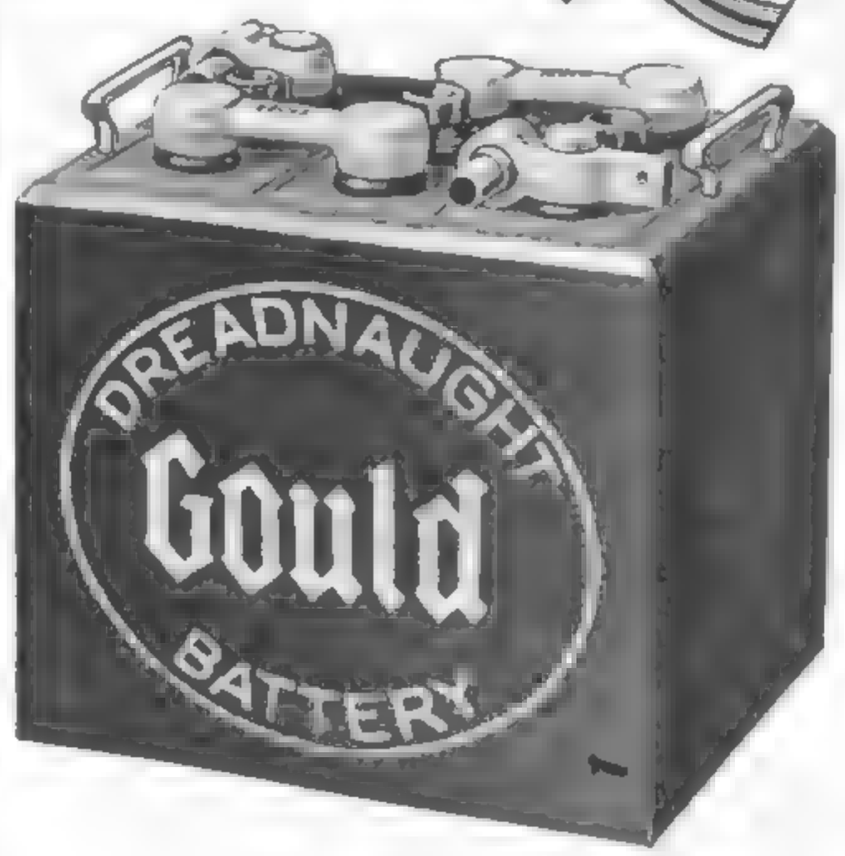

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Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco. *Plant Depew, N. Y*

Also makers of Stationary, Houselighting Plant, and Radio "A" and "B" Batteries

Gould

"Longest Life by Owners' Records"

The slogan "Longest Life by Owners' Records" is based on the average long life record established in the recent nationally advertised Gould Endurance Contest by standard type Gould Batteries on various makes of cars—the average among all Gould owners entering the contest being 4 years and 1 month.

This is the "Neglected Inch" —the inch between the furniture and the floor

Each "Neglected Inch" means added effort

EACH "Neglected Inch" in your home makes added work for you. Think how many times a day you are called upon to move your furniture; beds to be made up, davenports to be swept under—tables and chairs to move.

And each bed or table that is equipped with the wrong kind of casters requires extra work, possibly a strain to your muscles and surely a strain to the furniture itself.

For consider when the casters stick . . . . the force you apply to free those stubborn wheels wrenches screws, bolts and joinings—loosens the legs from the table top. Soon it becomes rickety and wobbly, and before you know it, so dilapidated that up to the attic it goes.

Good casters having free rolling wheels are the only attachments that will make furniture move easy. There are no substitutes.

You can add years to the life of your furniture by equipping it with the proper type of Bassick Casters.

Your dealer has or can get you the proper type of Bassick Casters for each piece of furniture in your home.

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

For thirty years the leading makers of high-grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse, and factory.

© The Bassick Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24

MR. B.: You can have the big suitcase and I'll take the little one. And then if there's any room left in mine —

MRS. B.: There's a man for you! A woman has dresses that she can't pack into a suitcase—it ruins them! My lavender silk, for example ——

MR. B.: You mean that one with the gewgaws on it?

MRS. B.: If you mean the King James beads

MR. B.: You don't mean to say you're thinking of taking a fancy dress like that to America.

MRS. B.: Certainly I am! How do you expect ——

MR. B.: For God's sake, Dorothy, this is a wilderness we're going to! There's nothing there at all. All you'll want are your oldest clothes.

MRS. B.: But if there's a dance on the boat

MR. B.: There'll be nothing on the boat! And when we get there we'll all be too busy fighting Indians to think about dressing.

MRS. B.: Fighting Indians?

MR. B.: Of course.

MRS. B.: Then I'll certainly need my sport clothes.

MR. B.: No, no! I tell you

MRS. B.: Oh, dear! I really don't know what to take to fight Indians in. I suppose just some plain shirtwaists —

MR. B.: Your oldest clothes! Look at me! I'm taking what I have on.

MRS. B.: But a woman's different, William. I wonder what that Priscilla What's-Her-Name is taking for the Indian fighting. Perhaps a simple voile ——

MR. B.: I tell you your homespun ——

MRS. B.: I think I'll run over and ask her—they're not coming for the baggage till the eight o'clock delivery.

MR. B.: Dorothy! We're going to rough it, I tell you!

(But she is gone.)

—George S. Kaufman.

From The Salome Sun

THE Salome Sun is the only paper in Arizona that money won't buy. Even Uncle Sam recognizes a good thing and carries the Sun all over the U. S. as 1st class mail, while all other Arizona papers go 2d class.

I've got a fig tree here at Salome that has got leaves big enough to make an overcoat for some of the girls I saw on the streets in Los Angeles last week—and that ain't bragging much on the fig tree—or the girls either.

Mickey Sullivan was in town yesterday and says he has a pay streak of high-grade silver ore at the Nob Hill mine that looks like a new-laid potato in the middle of an Irish stew. If the pay streak widens out much more Mickey will win the first prize in the Standing Broad Grin contest.

A Missouri man in a flivver drove over a rattlesnake down the road the other day and the snake must have bit Lizzie in the left hind leg to get even, I guess, because when he got to town that wheel was all swelled up so that Mother couldn't ride in that corner of the car. It took two gallons of Cunningham Pass Home Brew to reduce the swelling and Lizzie staggered out of town like a drunken miner after pay day.

Capital is simply accumulated labor in a negotiable form, and labor is nothing but negotiable capital in an accumulative form. In a way both are the same and you can't hurt one without hurting the other. When a man goes out and labors for a day for one dollar or five dollars he is a laborer. After supper he dolls up and goes out and spends that dollar or five dollars—and then he is either a capitalist or a damn fool, depending on what he spends it for. Equality between labor and capital is and always must be based upon the fundamental principle of good wages for good work and good work for good wages. It's a 50-50 proposition.

Some of the silly snobs who talk about their class and turn up their noses at any kind of honest manual labor haven't got sense enough to realize that they wouldn't be riding in the observation car very long if it wasn't for the engineer and fireman up in the cab in their dirty clothes. Any kind of honest manual labor is a Gift from the Gods and should be a pleasure—and there is always a working man somewhere in front of every silk petticoat.

The dim mauve-tinted mountains, hazy in the distance, dreaming, lazy with the burden of a million years; brown cheeks furrowed with the rainy tears of Nature giving birth to centuries gone—and all the World keeps moving on and on. It's hell, ain't it?

I've got to get an umbrella for my Frog He's been hopping around for the last six weeks in the hot sand watching a cloud and blatting like a billy goat until his back is all sunburned. He's 7 years old and can't swim yet, and I'll bet if it ever does rain it will either scare him to death or else he'll fall in some puddle and get drowned.

Ever since William Jennings Bryan took a bath in my tub I have developed an awful thirst for grape juice and ice-cream sodas. I haven't been able to start a Bible Class yet, but every night I lead the Old-Timers' Brigade up to the old Red Bar and help them lap up four or 5 dishes of strawberry ice cream and some banana sundaes. If Billy Palmer's ghost, or Mickey Dolan's, should drop in some night and see us it would give them a chill—and us too.

Folks that use all their gas on the first hill generally has to get towed back home.

This new radio thing that picks noise out of the air makes us think of the days when the first phonographs came out and the time we brought one to Salome. Chloride Bill come to town from his claim up in the Squaw Canyon, to licker up a little and get a burro load of grub. Someone steered him up against the new phonograph and told him to stick a nickel in the slot. Bill was ripe for anything and did as directed, dropped the nickel in and hung the ear pieces into his ears. When the thing started up Bill jumped out of the chair and hollered: "There comes a brass band down the street and I didn't tie my mule!" And away he went out of the saloon with the ear dinguses still hanging in his ears and dragging the music box after him.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

The Jolly Baby

A HEARTY, canty, tricksy imp of mirth,
A roly-poly, rough-and-tumble elf;
Euphrosyne presided at his birth,
Or maybe Robin Goodfellow himself.

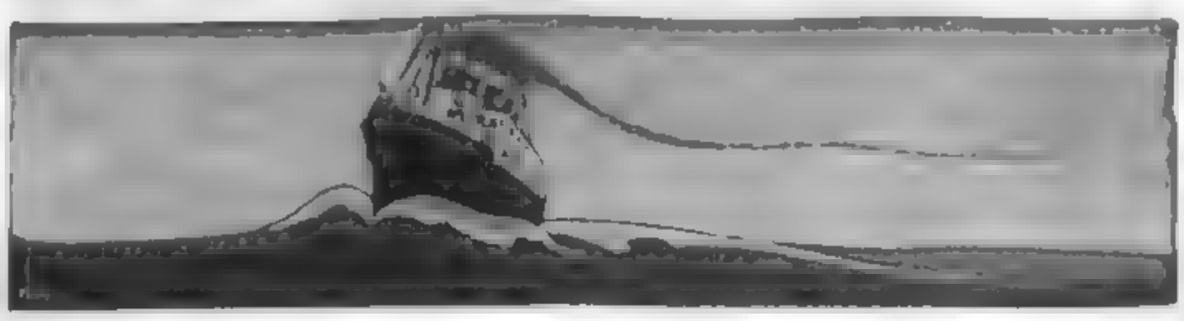
He wears a waggish topknot, quaintly curled,
His cheeks are apple-red, his grin is sunny;
A fearless little friend of all the world,
And everything he does is somehow funny.

The Winsome Baby

IN PRIMROSE daintiness, with grave, clear eyes,
A little while she holds herself apart;
Then winningly she comes, confiding-wise,
To nestle in your arms and in your heart.

Her voice the dove's, her laugh the little stream's,
Her smile a ray of joy that warmly lingers,
Her hand a dimpled miracle that seems
To heal your soul with soft, rose-petal fingers.

—Arthur Guiterman.



LINCOLN ARC WELDER

The Metal Worker *Must Know* Electric Arc Welding

WHAT must the skilled metal worker know?—The lathe—punch press—drill—these and many other tools have been part of his equipment and training for years.

But here is another process—electric arc welding—which in a half dozen years has become an absolute essential in modern metal working plants.

The skilled metal worker of 1922—whether he is manager, superintendent, designer, or just the man in the shop—*must know* electric arc welding.

Without this knowledge he will be losing money for his firm every day. He will be drilling, punching, riveting, and bolting together parts which are being arc welded in other shops at a fraction of the cost. He will be buying new parts—shafts, frames, etc., when others are repairing them with the electric arc. He will be scrapping new castings, forgings, stampings, because of some slight error or defect which the electric arc would correct perfectly and cheaply.

In short, he will be allowing his costs to mount just when they must be kept down.

Metal workers who want to know arc welding can find out in a day's time exactly what it will do for them. Write for a Lincoln Welding Engineer. He will inspect your plant and make a written report without cost or obligation.

Some time you must know arc welding—why not now?

Read This Book.
75 pages of information illustrated by several hundred shop photographs. Write on your business letterhead.

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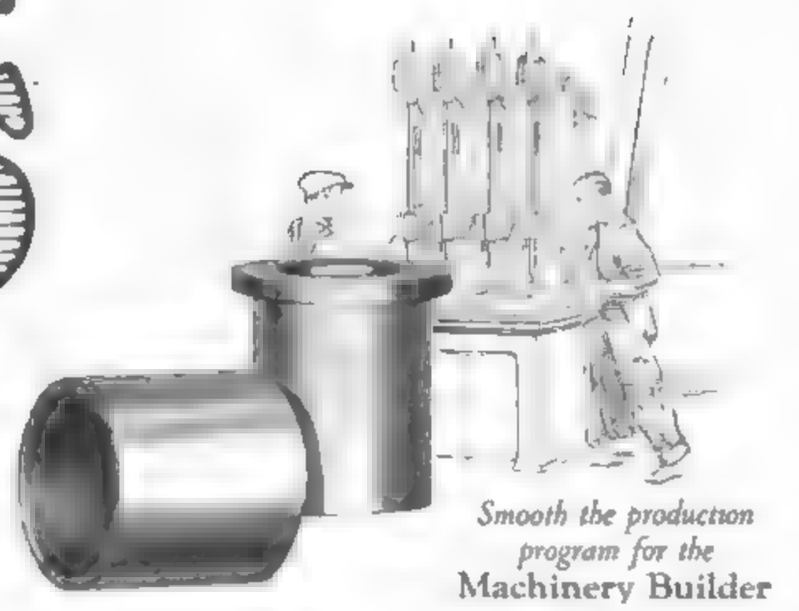
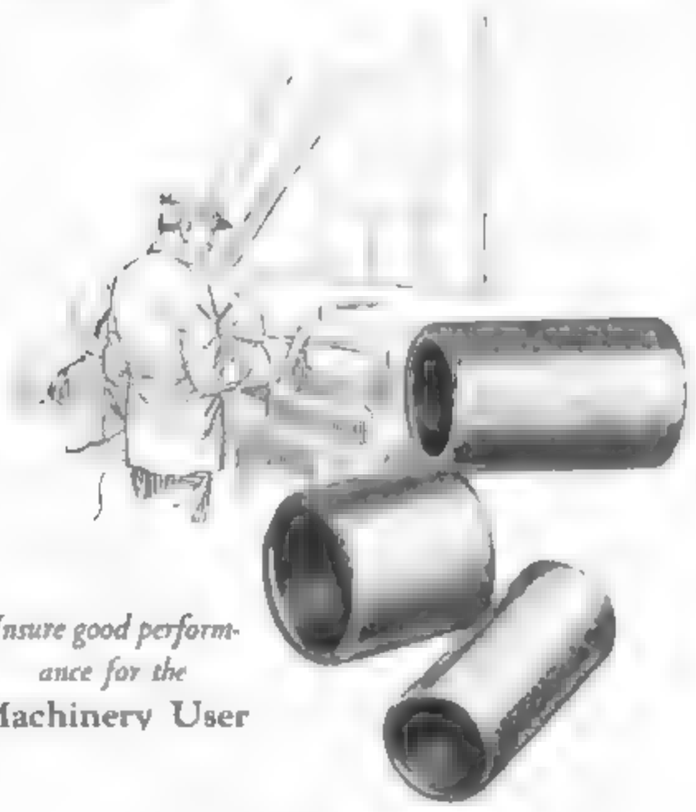
BUNTING BUSHINGS



Smooth the production program for the **Machinery Builder**



Insure good performance for the **Machinery User**

The Quest for Standard Bushings Like a Search for Hidden Jewels

GENERATIONS of designers studied over countless blue prints—chemists and metallurgists toiled amid the flames and gases in their laboratories—machinery builders experimented and re-experimented, until out of patient effort and the slow processes of time came Bunting Standard bushings and the combination of metals which makes Bunting Phosphor bronze the standard alloy.

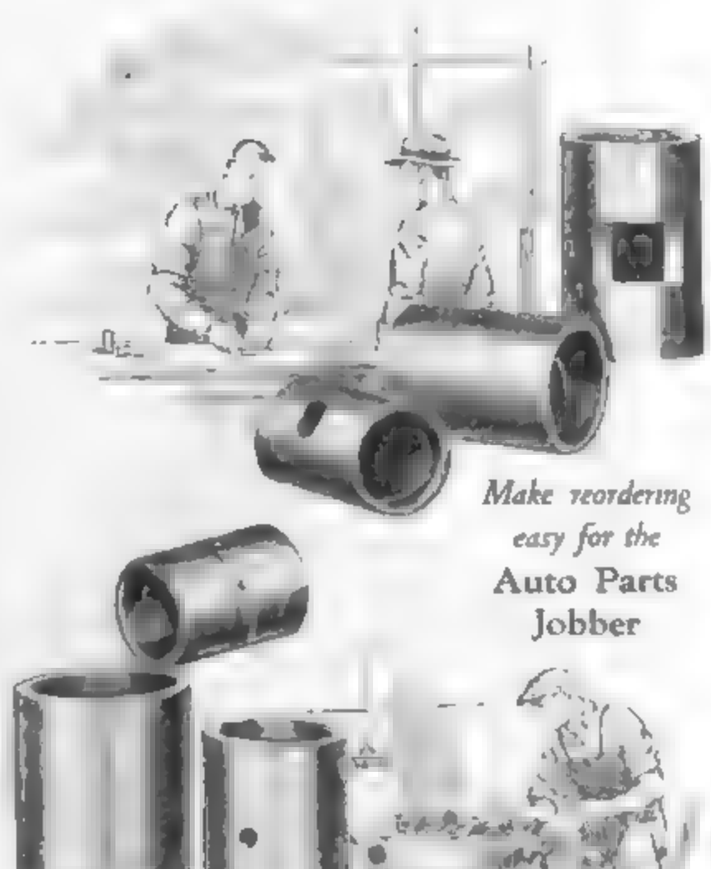
Bunting went back over records reaching into the dim dawn of the mechanical age to get the specialized knowledge reflected today in Bunting's big list of "Ready Made" bushings. The sizes and kinds that recur most often in machine and motor manufacture were selected from the sales records of The Bunting Brass & Bronze Company, which for years has served the machine builders of America.

Then the great Bunting factory was put into volume production on these bushings. Today the manufacturer, jobber and repairman can find a Bunting bushing completely finished, ready for assembly, waiting in stock for his requisition.

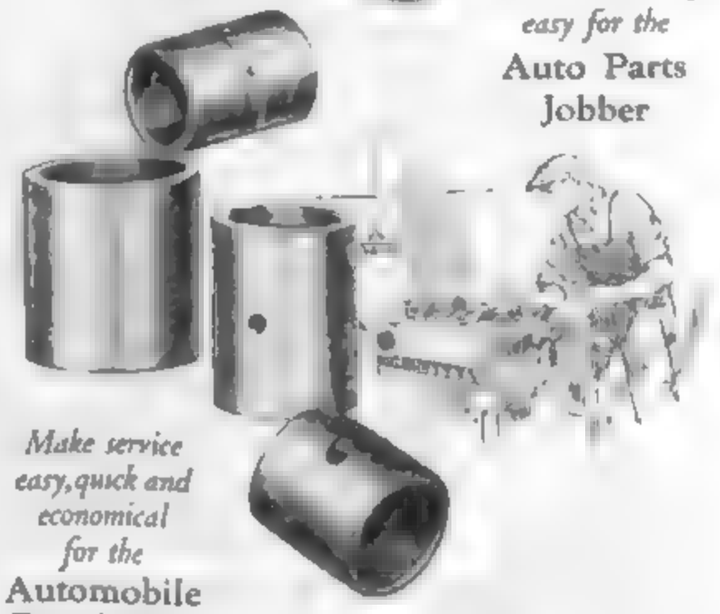
Designers and manufacturers are cutting production cost and facilitating future service by specifying Bunting "Ready Made" bushings. Auto parts jobbers and repairmen are selling Bunting piston pin bushings for replacement. Accurately made, ready for assembly, of known dependable quality, always ready to ship, Bunting Standard bushings save time and money for everybody, and conserve the productive efficiency of men and machinery.

Automobile and motor manufacturers, auto parts jobbers, garage and service shopmen should be familiar with Bunting's list of "Ready Made" Piston Pin Bushings—write for stock list 11.

Designers, manufacturers and machine shop men will be interested in the 150 different sizes of completely finished Bunting bushings always in stock ready for shipment—write for stock list 10.



Make reordering easy for the **Auto Parts Jobber**



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Main 5991

SAN FRANCISCO
198 Second St., Cor. Howard
Douglas 6245

BOSTON
36 Oliver Street
Main 8488

OUR OWN CROWD

(Continued from Page 10)

What energy remains goes into the knitting of sweaters or the crocheting of strips of lace for those guest towels that make such thoughtful Christmas gifts. The work goes easily, for the toilers are beguiled by Mrs. Eddy's tales of the troubles her maids give her, by Mrs. Grew's description of her trip to Bermuda, and by Mrs. Rinse's account of her sister-in-law's operation, from the day she first felt that peculiar shooting pain to the funny cracks she made on her way out of the ether.

In the evenings the ladies form a select group on the porch close to the dance-room windows, where they go off into perfect bursts of merriment at the remarks which Mrs. Eddy, who admittedly shook a mean schottish when she was a girl, makes about the technic of the dancers. Occasionally they participate in the hotel bridge parties. To Mrs. Eddy, as the brightest social light, falls the task of collecting the twenty-five-cent entrance fee from each of the players, which is no fool of a job either. She and her two friends form the committee which goes to the village and purchases the sweet-grass baskets for the prizes.

In short, or at least pretty short, the three female members of our own crowd are not out of one another's sight during the entire summer, save during the hours of sleep or during those few necessary moments when they are upstairs whitening their shoes. It is doubtful if they ever have a thought which they do not split three ways.

Each is constantly finding fresh words of encouragement to buoy up the others. If Mrs. Eddy remarks that she really must do something in the way of dieting, both Mrs. Grew and Mrs. Rinse are loud to reassure her that it's so much more becoming to her when her face is full, and that if they were in her shoes they would not cut out so much as a single calorie. If Mrs. Rinse knits a sweater, her two friends vow they have never seen a stitch so novel, without being *risqué*. If Mrs. Grew springs a new sports skirt, Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Rinse can hardly wait to get the address of her seamstress. And so it goes, day in, day out. It's enough, really, to put your faith in human nature right back on its feet again.

The big day of the week for our own crowd is Friday. For on Friday night the ladies are joined by the boys, which is the name that they have worked out for their husbands. The aggregate age of the boys, at the present writing, is somewhere along around one hundred and twenty-five, but the nickname sticks.

The boys cannot conscientiously be said to do much in the way of snapping things up on Friday evenings. Each naturally has to reply in full to his wife's anxious inquiries as to how affairs at the homestead are staggering along without her. There must be detailed reports on the weather in the city, the behavior of the maid, the promptness of the laundry, the regularity of the iceman's visits and the stand the cleaner has taken about the return of the rugs. It is an evening given over to connubial confidences. And as a concession to the boys' five days of labor in the city, and their grueling ride up on the train, our own crowd drifts hayward at a rurally early hour.

All day Saturday the boys devote to golf, although a casual observer of their game might pick up the idea that it was just so much devotion thrown away. The ladies meanwhile forge ahead on the sweaters and the guest towels. It is not until Saturday night that our own crowd really gets into its stride.

It isn't as if the members have to house a family of cocktails before they can get going. With nothing more to work on than the tomato omelet and the tinned cherries served for supper, they are off on an evening of revelry. Continuous laughter resounds from their jolly big circle of chairs on the porch, while lesser guests brush apologetically past. Any remark is good for a laugh, particularly allusions to jokes and adventures of past summers.

The Grews and the Eddys and the Rinses are so closely knitted together that their repartee is of a local, not to say an intimate, nature which makes a newcomer feel as cozily at home as if they were speaking in code. But the members of our own crowd, with their background of seven seasons at the Pebbly Point House, can feel for newcomers nothing more than a flicker of amused resentment. As they all agree, they don't want any outsiders, anyway; so that makes it just fine for everybody.

Even Mr. Eddy unbends on these occasions and becomes practically a boy again. Mr. Eddy, you can see at a glance, is a man weighted down with affairs. As he strides down the porch in his stylish stout flannels and the yachting cap which he wears out of compliment to the Pebbly Point House's nearness to the water, it is whispered after him that he is something down in the Street, and that his position is good for anywhere from ten thousand to twenty-two hundred a year.

He is not a constructive humorist, though he is loud in his appreciation of the cuttings-up of Mr. Grew and Mr. Rinse. He expresses his convivial feelings by taking our own crowd right in on the inside with him, and giving it some pretty strong hints on the business outlook. Mr. Eddy, for all his dignity, is a regular little sunbeam in the matter of point of view. He as good as blurts it right out that he considers it little more than a question of time before business takes up its bed and walks. It may require quite a while, he says in all fairness, or again, it may not. And he suggests, less in words than in manner, that it would not be a bad notion for the members of our own crowd to make their plans accordingly.

Mr. Grew and Mr. Rinse are the twin lives of the party. Mr. Grew is the more spontaneous comedian, great at impromptu cracks and catch-as-catch-can punning. Mr. Rinse has a number of specialties, including an impersonation of Dinkelspiel on the Telephone, and a recitation of How Tony Lose-a da Monk. He isn't one to push himself forward and insist on doing his stunts on all occasions, either, like so many of these home entertainers. Sometimes people even have to ask him to do them.

You couldn't want to see a prettier picture of perfect clubbiness than our own crowd at these Saturday-night meetings. No wonder that the members declare, as each orgy breaks up, that they don't know when they have had a better time or laughed themselves sicker. In the privacy of their various rooms, later, each couple decides that never in the history of social intercourse has there been a more congenial or an altogether dandier group.

The clubby spirit lasts well over into the next day, when, after a jolly morning on the beach, the ladies troop over to have an afternoon's golf with their husbands. This makes it considerably easier for the boys to tear themselves away and return home by the evening train.

Naturally, as the season crashes to a close, our own crowd is brimming with plans for practically incessant reunions all during the winter. Upon the heart of each member are graven the addresses and the telephone numbers of the others. There are promises of daily telephone calls, and of evening gatherings at least twice weekly; the men are to get together about every other day for lunch and the women are to have afternoons of knitting and chat several times during the week.

It will not be, they must mournfully concede, quite the same as being up at the Pebbly Point House, but it will be the immediately next best thing.

And then, when they get back to their several homes, it is just as if all those golden plans went suddenly bad on them. No one seems to be able to say quite why it is. What Mrs. Grew lays it to, and a very good explanation at that, is the way that one thing after another comes up.

When Mrs. Grew first comes home she finds things at the apartment pretty nastily shot up. The curtains have to be hung, the chintz pajamas must be taken off the furniture, there is a bad delay in traffic somewhere in the pipes of the kitchen sink that requires attention, two of the blue dishes have got themselves broken and must be replaced. And, as you can see, it all runs into time.

Then she annually discovers that she has not so much as a single stitch to her back. Naturally, something has to be done to relieve her condition, and Mrs. Grew is just the girl to do it. And you could scarcely ask her to hurry through the assembling of her winter wardrobe.

Hardly can she feel that she is decently clad once more before the winter's social activities begin breaking out; and, as she often says, outsiders can have but little conception of the time and energy it takes to get Mr. Grew to put on his dinner coat and go out for an evening's bridge. Then, too, there are the movies to be caught up with, and Mrs. Grew is almost never without a bit of shopping that must be done immediately. So she is amply justified in saying that she really hasn't a minute that she can lawfully call her own.

Even during this long period of separation it is not as if the other members of our own crowd were not fresh in the memories of the Grews. *Au contraire*, if you'll pardon my French. They are almost always with them in conversation. In fact the Grews are quite celebrated among their city friends for their informal little travelogues on their adventures at the Pebbly Point House. Whenever they are among those present at a social gathering they contribute to the entertainment of the guests by giving spirited accounts of the unspoiled wholesomeness of the hotel itself, and the perfectly corking times that can be had there—provided, of course, that you belong to the right set.

Mrs. Grew's conscience gives her periodic bad spells, and she frequently remarks to Mr. Grew that she simply must call up the Eddys and the Rinses and have them up to dinner. She even goes to the length of setting dates for the function. First, she will have them when the new hall runner is laid down; then it shall be after she has had her georgette-crêpe dress dyed henna; then as soon as Helga learns how to make decent gravy.

But the first thing you know there it is Thanksgiving, and hardly have they parked the last of the minced turkey before Christmas is upon them.

Mrs. Grew sends cards to the Eddys and the Rinses, and feels a lot better for it. She and Mr. Grew receive from Mr. and Mrs. Rinse the cunningest card with a picture of a little boy and a little girl kissing permanently under the mistletoe, and a highly engraved sheet stating that Mr. and Mrs. Waldemere Newins Eddy extend appropriate greetings.

Finally comes the day when Mrs. Eddy is in town for a smattering of shopping, and Mrs. Grew runs virtually smack into her, right out in broad daylight on Forty-second Street. Her first idea is to turn and run; but she dismisses that as impracticable. She approaches her friend apologetically, fearful that Mrs. Eddy has been so wounded by her neglect that the best she will draw is a cold nod.

But Mrs. Eddy is even at the moment writhing under like pangs of guilt. Both ladies cover their embarrassment with an almost hysterical cordiality, and rush into an embrace, crying in chorus, "My dear, I don't know what you must think of me! I've been meaning and meaning to call you up, but I simply haven't had a minute!"

Before they part, Mrs. Grew has got it over with, and the Eddys are pledged to come to dinner the very next week. Mrs. Grew also vows to get Mr. and Mrs. Rinse, so that our own crowd may be reunited in full.

When she telephones Mrs. Rinse, Mrs. Grew is not able to protest that she does not know what Mrs. Rinse must think of her before Mrs. Rinse herself has got off the line. It also comes out that Mrs. Rinse's intention to get in touch with the rest of our own crowd has seldom been off her mind, but what with one thing and another she has absolutely not had a minute in which to go about it.

She cordially accepts the invitation to the reunion, declaring that it will be almost like being up at the Pebbly Point House once again.

But the trick to it is that it isn't. Before her guests arrive on the big night, Mrs. Grew has a shivery presentiment that the party is going to be a complete dud. She even expresses to Mr. Grew her wish that it were over, which gets no argument out of him.

The fraternal spirit of our own crowd seems to go utterly democratic during the winter. The members, so bubbling with mirth and *camaraderie* on the porch, are curiously diffident and constrained in the Grews' living room. The boys, in particular, have all the ease of manner of those wanted by the police. The ladies size up one another's costumes with the cold and

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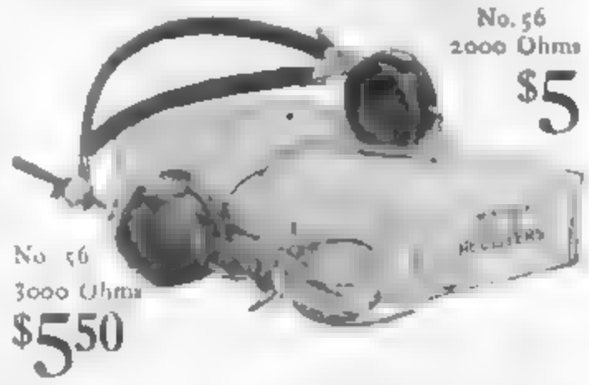

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For home wear or a shopping jaunt Shelltex Shur-on spectacles are comfortable, neat and stylish. Ask for Style No. 349

The party gown demands Shur-on rimless eye-glasses, white gold mounted—exquisitely refined. Ask for Style No. 575

Milady out-o'-doors appears at her best in All-Shelltex Shur-on spectacles. Ask for Style No. 3324

Fashion decrees glasses in keeping with dress

Shelltex Shur-on spectacles are most appropriate for home wear or shopping, for they combine comfort and extreme neatness. Of course, they would never do for formal evening wear. Dinner gown or party dress demands the ultra-refinement of rimless Shur-on eye-glasses, white gold mounted. With the vigorous informality of sporting costume wear All-Shelltex Shur-on spectacles—they are safe and strong enough to be entirely in keeping with the great outdoors.

Your optical specialist can fit you with the right Shur-on glasses. Ask for Shur-ons, for then will you be certain of style correctness.

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

Established 1864

Shur-on Glasses

In every style—to match each costume, suit each face.

wary gaze suggestive of the mien of strange dogs meeting for the first time.

The crowd's members even look odd to one another's unaccustomed eyes. There is something strange, not to say bizarre, about Mrs. Eddy's silhouette which never was apparent at the Pebbly Point House. There is something just a bit off about her dress, too, and it escapes the attention of neither of the other two ladies that she has evidently not yet got around to taking her jewels out of the safe-deposit vault. Mrs. Rinse, so fluffy and appealing amid rural surroundings, goes, somehow, a little sour in city clothes. The boys, so many glasses of fashion on the hotel porch, have a peculiar look about the collar and the line of the haircut.

Gathered at the dinner table, our own crowd cracks perceptibly under the strain of thinking up something to say. The boys ask one another with great heartiness if they have been getting any golf lately; but as none of them have, that closes that up tight. Mr. Grew tries out a few jokes here and there, but they cause scarcely a ripple. The ladies inquire brightly as to one another's health during the time they have been separated; but that topic, even with Mrs. Rinse's recent case of grippe, cannot be stretched out over more than twenty minutes. The snappiest they can do in the line of conversation is to give reports on the plays they have seen and agree on the distressing condition of the weather.

After dinner things go from bad to something terrible. Mr. Grew abandons all effort, and Mr. Eddy sits in impressive silence, breathing not a word of the business situation. Mr. Rinse, cajoled by his hostess, does render Dinkelspiel at the Telephone for old sake's sake; but, away from the salt air, it seems to have lost its tang. Even he gets the idea, and does not give an encore.

Seeing that the party is about to sink into a decline, Mrs. Grew, in a desperate effort, brings out the album with the word "Snapshots" burned into its leather cover. It is crammed with photographs of interesting events at the Pebbly Point House, which ought to do much in the way of bringing up jolly reminiscences. There are those snapped on the beach, slightly groggy in effect owing to too bright a sun, of groups of toweled young ladies drying their hair and mounds of athletic young men stacked in human pyramids. There are the tennis-court groups, with the principal humorist looking cock-eyed at the camera through the mesh of his racquet. There are the views taken on that day when the spirit of carnival was rife, and the men dressed up in women's clothes and took on the girls at baseball. There are close-ups of the man who has charge of the rowboats—there's a character!—and of Mr. Armbruster holding aloft a freshly caught snapper, and of the winners in the water sports being presented by Mr. Blatch with suitably engraved silver eye cups.

The guests gather about the album and examine each snapshot dutifully. But when the photographs were taken each family of our own crowd had a set of prints made from the films, so any element of surprise is rather apt to be missing.

Eventually Mrs. Eddy glances at the clock and with an extravagant start of surprise declares they simply must run if they are to catch the 10:40. Mrs. Rinse also is overcome by the flight of time, and the only thing she can do about it is to make plans for immediate departure, explaining that if they don't make the 10:17 they may have to wait twenty minutes for the next one. Mr. Rinse backs her up by remarking that that's the way it is when you live on Long Island.

Mrs. Grew implores them not to think of going for hours to come, rising as she does so to lead the way to her bedroom for the ladies to get their wraps. It is there settled by Mrs. Eddy that our own crowd must get together the next week at her house. The news is passed on to the boys, who notably refrain from throwing their hats up in the air about it.

On their way to their trains Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Rinse can find but sparing praise for the taste in which the Grews' apartment is decorated, and they agree that the dessert at dinner was a sharp disappointment to them.

It is somewhat difficult to get Mr. Grew into the spirit of the thing on the day of the Eddys' dinner, but he eventually listens to reason, and they embark for the Oranges in the evening. Our own crowd, they find, has not turned out in full force for the occasion. That afternoon Mrs. Rinse has telephoned that she is just about devastated at the incident, but an old school friend of hers, whom she hasn't seen for she doesn't know how many years, has dropped in to stay with her, and she cannot see any way out but for her and Mr. Rinse to forgo the reunion.

The evening whirls by almost exactly as did the one dedicated to the Grews' festival, even to the poring over the collection of snapshots. The Grews tear themselves away in time to catch the 9:26 back to town, explaining that they have been up late so much recently. Mrs. Eddy prays them to stay over for another two or three trains, but she is, after all, fairly reasonable about taking no for an answer.

It is while they are waiting at the station that Mrs. Grew announces to her husband that before she'd let herself get as fat as Ethel Eddy she doesn't know what she would do. Mr. Grew confines himself to asking, purely for the rhetorical effect, why the hell people who live in the suburbs think it's any treat to you to tramp out there to dinner.

This fête does not entirely clean up our own crowd's winter schedule. Still another get-together meet is held, this time at the Rinses'. But owing to the roughest kind of luck, the Grews find themselves unable to attend. Mrs. Grew telephones Mrs. Rinse the day before to tell, with a break in her voice, how a man has come on from Mr. Grew's firm's Chicago office, and they simply cannot get out of dining with him and his wife. The only thing that consoles her, she adds, is the confidence that Mrs. Rinse understands how those things are.

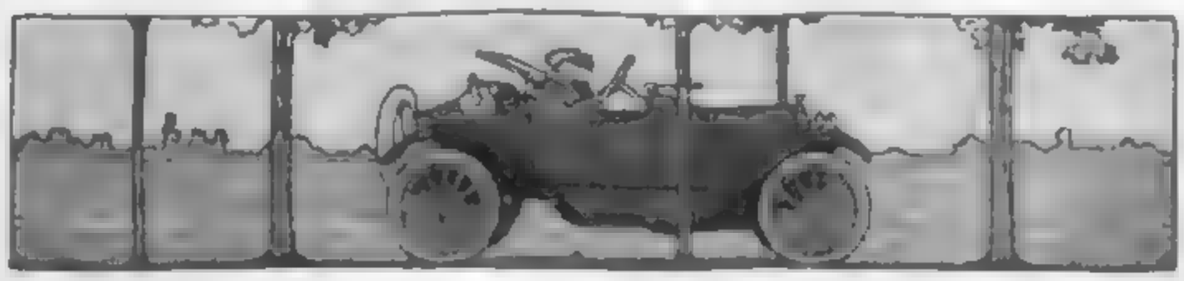
The crowd's winter sessions having closed, things get pretty well back to normalcy again, and the days roll by until, as is no more than to be expected, summer comes around. Somehow, the crowd's spirit of *camaraderie* seems to be closely tied up with the warm weather. Like the stirring of the sap, if you don't mind something rather radical in the way of a simile, is the feeling of tender warmth for the Eddys and the Rinses that rises in the Grews with the first balmy days of June. As the time approaches for them to leave the city it seems as if they could hardly wait to get up to the Pebbly Point House and join up with the right set once again.

And our own crowd never disappoints, once it is established on the porch. Seen there, Mrs. Eddy again becomes a striking figure of a woman; Mrs. Rinse and Mrs. Grew hurry to tell her how simply great she looks with her face fuller. Mrs. Rinse is as frilled and as frolicsome as ever; her friends are amazed at the ladylike strides she has made in her singing. Mrs. Grew's sports costumes are even more dashing; the other two ladies simply can't say enough in favor of them.

Mr. Grew and Mr. Rinse resume their places as undisputed screams, and Mr. Eddy sprinkles words of hope about the future of the financial world.

Even at the first moment of the first meeting of the summer it is just as though the members of our own crowd had never been parted. They go right on with their badinage from where they left off, and it seems to go over bigger every season. Really, so close do they go as the summer dashes by that when the day after Labor Day arrives it doesn't seem as if they could rip themselves apart.

Indeed, they probably couldn't, and still live, if they did not hold tight to the annual thought of the practically countless times that they would get together during the winter.



A National "OPEN HOUSE"

October 23 to 28

to which you are invited

An "open house" in your honor, with 250,000 people as your hosts, will be conducted October 23 to 28 in the 7,500 modern laundries of the United States.

"Open house" in a laundry! Unusual to be sure—yet natural enough when its purpose is understood.

Your laundry renders an intimate, personal sort of service. To it, more than to almost any other institution, is entrusted the conservation and protection of the family health.

You should know how well this duty is performed. You should see a modern laundry in operation—and to make this easy is the purpose of Visitors' Week.

During six days, October 23 to 28, special preparations will be made in modern laundries everywhere for your reception, and the reception of the public.

You will see how clothes are conserved, and a degree of cleanliness and sanitation achieved that is comparable with that in your own home.

You will see methods for the expeditious, thorough, and safe washing of clothes that will give you a new conception of this great industry, and new faith in its competence.

You will meet the men and women who through their ideals of conscientious service have lifted the laundry industry in America to a level attained nowhere else in the world.

You will learn why it is no longer necessary for the family washing to be kept at home, and why washday already has disappeared from the calendars of more than 2,000,000 women.

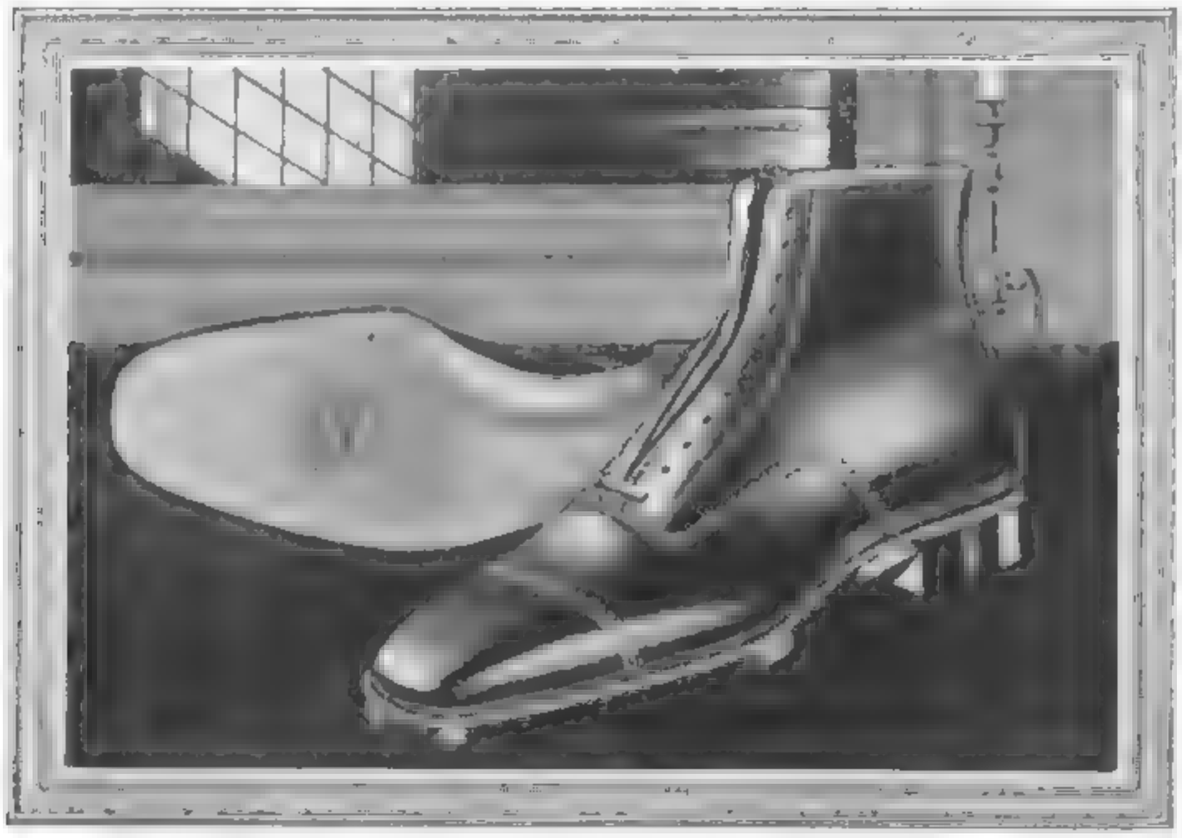
Visit your laundry during Visitors' Week so that you may know the modern laundry as it really is. Thousands of persons accepted this invitation last year.

Remember the dates, October 23 to 28, and watch your local newspapers.

A cordial welcome awaits you.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

Visitors' Week OCT. 23 *to* 28



THE PATHFINDER—STYLE M-98

MEN of the finer type and temperament, who pride themselves in their attire, respond naturally to the smart style and quality appeal of The Florsheim Shoe

The Florsheim Shoe—Most Styles $10

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

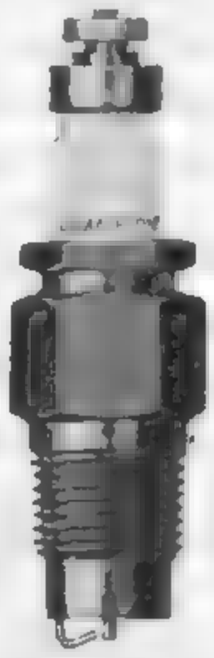
Look for Name in Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • CHICAGO

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

Dependable Champions For Every Engine Everywhere



There is no Substitute

Half Inch Long For Reo Cars and engines requiring this type plug Now 75 cents.

If your dealer is interested in your getting maximum motor efficiency and increased gasoline mileage, he will sell you genuine CHAMPIONS.

Ask your dealer to sell you a full set.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. - TOLEDO, OHIO

Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Limited - - Windsor, Ontario

THE SUBMERGED CONGRESSMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

vote as he needs to vote in order to get votes, regardless of the way in which he ought to vote. Consequently he becomes a twiddler; and a twiddler, as one may find from any standard dictionary, is a person who busies himself with trifles.

Let us have no mistake about it: All but sixty congressmen are more or less submerged; and a large number of submerged congressmen are twiddlers. They are grown-up messenger boys receiving a salary of seventy-five hundred dollars a year and a travel allowance, and elected to their jobs for a period of two years by the great and sovereign though frequently very stupid people of the United States—elected, it must be remembered, to represent the needs and the progressive ideas and the high-minded ideals of the greatest and most enlightened country on which the sun has ever shone. They do this by twiddling; and who can say that the people in a congressional district deserve to be represented by anything better than a twiddler if they themselves lack the discernment and the common sense to select a representative who, instead of possessing the power to tell them what they ought to do, can only twiddle?

The development of a twiddler takes place in the following way:

The Hon. Oswald Bloe, of Texakota, an enterprising and eloquent young attorney, is elected to Congress because he wants to be a congressman and because he has personally promised his constituents that he will do everything in his power to obtain fair weather, larger crops, more rain and lower taxes. Having arrived in Washington he goes through the same experience that the much more able Hon. Richard Roe encountered. He is assigned to some committee—not because of any particular qualification that he may have for that particular committee, but because there's a vacancy in it. Sometimes he's assigned to three or four committees, each of them so unimportant that it will never report a bill.

He looks around for something to do, since nobody seems disposed to take any notice of him. He is as ignorant of the baffling and dazing rules of the House as was the Hon. Richard Roe, and therefore he cannot be an intelligent member of the final legislative committee of the House, which is the entire membership of the House altering or discussing or voting on bills which have been brought forward by committee chairmen—a state of affairs technically known as the committee of the whole. Legislation, consequently, means nothing to him except as he's called on to cast a vote.

Glad-Handing the Home Folks

He at once comes to the conclusion that the greatest service he can render to anyone is to connect himself closely with his district. He figures that if he does this and renders some service to the people responsible for his election he will impress them with his activity and ability and thus get their votes on the next election day. He therefore sets to work to build up a correspondence between his district and himself.

In the beginning he has no correspondence to speak of. He therefore gets a classified list of the voters in his district; and to each name on this list he mails a catalogue of government bulletins, together with a letter suggesting that the voter mark a limited number of bulletins so that they may be gladly and gratuitously secured for him by his most sincerely, Oswald Bloe. There is a government bulletin on almost every activity known to man. If one craves to know how to make wastebaskets out of willow twigs, or how to preserve whortleberries, or how to teach a Pomeranian to stand on its hind legs or look like a real dog, or how to hunt elephants and carve them into steaks, or how to milk a cow, feed a baby, run a car, paint a bathtub, build furniture, cure the members of the family of what ails them, write a play, or break 100 at golf, one needs only to send for the proper government bulletin in order to find out how simple the most difficult subject can be made, or vice versa.

These catalogues of government bulletins are very insidious things; for as soon as any normal voter gets a look at one of them he is immediately filled with a passionate desire to delve deeply into eight or ten matters that he never heard of before—such matters as mushroom culture, how to build a smokehouse, bookbinding, and what not. Consequently the Hon. Oswald Bloe has an immediate and enthusiastic response to his suggestions, and a voluminous correspondence is started between the Hon. Oswald's luxurious office in the white marble House Office Building and many a humble home in the First Texakota District.

Right here lies the reason for the impossibility of doing away with the free-seed graft. Every little while an effort is made to cut out or cut down the appropriation for the free seeds with which congressmen shower their constituents; but the submerged congressmen always defeat the effort because they feel that the distribution of free seeds provides one of their surest methods of coming in contact with the voters and of giving them a sort of friendly political hand massage by mail, so to speak.

Bulletins for young mothers provide means for the submerged congressman to win favor in the eyes of the feminine voters. The Agricultural Year Book, a massive tome of four hundred pages, and the Horse Book, which deals exhaustively with the idiosyncrasies of that noble animal, excite the admiration and the gratitude of farmers. Free trees are dispatched to make glad the hearts of orchardists.

Routine Business

The newspapers of the home district are carefully scanned. If the Hon. Oswald Bloe is as diligent as are a great many submerged congressmen the notice of the arrival of a bouncing baby boy in the home of the Jedediah Smiths, of Featherstick township, in the First Texakota District, is soon followed by the arrival in the same home of a hearty letter of congratulation from the Hon. Oswald Bloe, written in such a way as clearly to convey to the proud parents the assurance that all official Washington is excited over the Smith baby and preparing to follow his career from Texakota to the White House with the keenest attention. It isn't much trouble to write this letter, and after it has arrived in the Smith home Mr. and Mrs. Smith are pretty well satisfied that so far as genuine statesmanship goes Oswald Bloe probably makes the late William Ewart Gladstone look like a ward boss.

In addition to this correspondence the submerged congressman carries on a large correspondence over the adjustment of compensations made necessary by the last war, and over special pensioning resulting from the Civil War. Congressmen from certain sections of the country have activities that are not shared by their more or less fortunate colleagues from other sections. Western congressmen, for example, wade through many letters on the subject of public lands, while others keep very busy attending to matters connected with the Indian service.

It is to such stuff as this that the submerged congressman devotes much of his time. It takes so much of his time that he has little time for anything else; but this form of activity, coupled with the chicken-feed legislation that grows out of it, leads his constituents to believe that he is exactly as active and important in Washington as Nick Longworth or Bill Borah or Herb Hoover or any of the other better advertised gentlemen who add so greatly to the luster of our public life. Page after page in the Congressional Record Index is devoted to practically nothing except bills that grant pensions or increases of pensions, mostly to women. A hasty glance at this index, published every two weeks as a supplement to the Congressional Record, is enough to make even the most optimistic fear that it won't be long before every woman in the country is drawing a pension from the Government. The list seems endless in its monotony; column after column and page after page are filled with such words as "H.R. 50,288, Granting a pension to Amelia E. Figgleback. H.R. 50,290, Granting an increase of pension to Martha S. Gringle. H.R. 50,291, Granting an increase of pension to Jeanette Sweedie. H.R. 50,293, Granting a pension to Lottie K. Donut. H.R. 50,294, Granting an increase of pension to Mahala B. McSwottie. H.R. 50,296, Granting a pension to Melissa L. Buster," and so on.

Those sound congressmen who hold the ordinary vote-getting activities of the submerged congressmen in utter contempt make no bones of saying that the overwhelming desire of submerged congressmen to gain votes and be returned to office at no matter what cost will probably result in their saddling the country with the same sort of pension system for participants in the Great War that has been in the past applied to participants in the Civil War. Such a system would bleed the treasury to an extent undreamed of by the most optimistic pork-barrel picker; and instead of mulcting the taxpayers for a paltry half million dollars a day, it would take two or three million dollars a day out of the taxpayers' pockets.

Such legislation as pension bills requires no attendance on the floor of the House, for they are usually included in an omnibus bill that carries two or three or four hundred of these little bills. In fact, nothing but voting makes it necessary for the true submerged congressman to appear on the floor; and as a result the average submerged member seldom appears on the floor except for a roll call. He spends his mornings—if he is very industrious running around to different government departments or bureaus, attending to the complaints or requests of his constituents; and he devotes his afternoons to answering their letters.

The House is usually in session from noon until five o'clock in the afternoon; and whenever the roll is called for a vote or division a gong rings three times in all House committee rooms and cloakrooms and in the corridors of the House Office Building. When the submerged congressman, toiling in his office at his pet job of acquiring votes, hears the triple ring, he seizes his hat and hastens over to the Capitol. A subway connects the Capitol and the House Office Building; so he is never inconvenienced by inclement weather. A roll call takes from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, so he always has plenty of time to get there; and he always makes a point of being present at as many roll calls as possible, because the names of those answering to the roll call are always printed in the Congressional Record. The submerged congressman who can point with pride to the fact that he missed very few roll calls is, so far as his constituents are concerned, as devoted a participant in the affairs of the House as such ever-present gentlemen as Mr. Mondell, the Republican floor leader, Mr. Garrett, Democratic floor leader, Mr. Madden, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, or Mr. Longworth, the chief claimant to several large and important jobs. Actually, however, he is a stranger on the floor. Few congressmen know him by sight; while the young men in the press gallery are completely stumped when asked to name him. He seldom knows or cares what he is voting on; and his instructions are conveyed to him by a member of his party or by an acquaintance as he comes down the aisle. Occasionally his signals become crossed and he answers incorrectly or rises when he should remain seated. He is then given the horse laugh by his colleagues, and reverses his position nonchalantly.

High Priced Messenger Boys

When he has answered to his name and made sure that the reading clerk has checked him off he hastens back to his office and resumes his more important and arduous task of being a messenger boy for his district. He is a good messenger boy: but as a legislator he is a distinct frost. And since messenger boys may still be picked up for honorariums that are not exactly ruinous to their employers it would seem that a seventy-five-hundred-dollar salary for a congressman messenger boy is altogether too much.

The submerged congressman, however, would never agree to any such statement. He is frequently a man who has never before earned as much as seventy-five hundred dollars in one year; and he is often filled with a desire to save a part of this magnificent salary as protection against the lean days when he goes back to the skimpier pickings of his old home town. Now Washington, owing to large numbers of landlords and landladies that seem to be laboring under the delusion that the war is still going on, is an expensive city in which to live. The submerged congressman, if he lives in a decent apartment or hotel, finds it practically impossible to save any of his seventy-five hundred dollars. Consequently he looks around for other ways to save it, and in many cases he is most successful at finding them.

Each congressman, for example, is allowed thirty-two hundred dollars for clerical help—that is to say, for a secretary, or for a secretary and stenographer, or however he may want to divide it. And each person whom he employs and pays less than twenty-five hundred dollars is entitled to a bonus of two hundred forty dollars a year to counterbalance inflated prices. It is in this realm of secretaryships and bonuses that the submerged congressman runs amuck with great enthusiasm.

He can do one of several things: He can hire a genuine secretary, skilled in the ways of the House, and pay him the entire sum to which he is entitled for clerk hire. Or he can hire a high-grade stenographer, paying her some two thousand dollars a year, and then turn over the remainder to a member of his family, who can be listed as a stenographer; or he can hire a stenographer to come in for a day or two each week to take care of his heavy correspondence, and the bulk of the clerical-hire money he can turn over to relatives or friends or dummies who do nothing at all but draw the money from a congressional paymaster.

Cash Perquisites

A good secretary to a congressman earns all the money that he gets. Conscientious and diligent congressmen, who spend a great deal of their time on the floor of the House, turn over most of their routine work to their secretaries in order that they themselves may be free to follow legislation intelligently. The messenger-boy submerged congressmen, however, busy themselves with work that should properly be handled by their secretaries; so they don't need good secretaries.

Nearly one-third of the 435 members of the House of Representatives pay a part of their clerical hire to wives, sons, daughters or other near relatives, whose chief service in return for the government money they draw consists of affixing their signatures to the pay roll twice a month. In this way does the submerged congressman store up a nest egg for a rainy day.

Attending roll calls and gratifying the desires of his district in the matter of free seeds, pensions, government bulletins, et cetera, is not entirely sufficient to provide the submerged congressman with talking points for his campaign for reëlection.

In his home district the truly submerged congressman passes as a statesman, even though he is generally recognized in Washington as a twiddler. Since, therefore, it is a universally accepted theory that statesmen are constantly giving tongue on important questions, it is obvious that anybody who wishes to preserve his reputation as a statesman must give, or appear to give, a little tongue himself. It is highly essential that the submerged congressman have a few utterances of his own on weighty problems to which he can point with modest pride—utterances which have obviously been delivered before the seats of the mighty, with all the heavyweight political intellects of the nation digesting the pregnant thoughts with appropriate gravity and evident approbation.

Unfortunately, the House of Representatives has neither the time nor the inclination to listen to the tongue-giving of the Hon. Oswald Bloe or any of his ilk. It has business to do, and it does it; and it is largely due to this fact that the Hon. Oswald Bloe is submerged. But since it cannot listen to him, and since the House knows full well that a candidate for reelection simply cannot continue to do business unless he is able to display at least one statesmanlike utterance, the House has granted to all its members the right of extension of remarks and leave to print in the Congressional Record; and it is because of this right that the submerged congressman is able to show the folks at home that he's a regular statesman.

Some of the most readable speeches that appear in the Congressional Record, well larded with apt quotations, passionate bursts of poetry, incontrovertible figures and occasional rounds of applause, are speeches that have never been delivered before any audience. Their authors merely rise to their feet on the floor of the House and ask unanimous consent to revise and extend their remarks. The only remark of which they are guilty is the one about extending their remarks. Nevertheless,

Ellis Parker Butler

THIS is the first of a series of six advertisements to appear weekly in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, world famous humorist and author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a new screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.

Why shouldn't I tell the world about "East is West" if I want to?

Thousands and thousands of people have already laughed andwept over the adventures of little Ming Toy "99% American girl" and her athletic lover Billy Benson in the stage play "East is West." Everybody that saw Fay Bainter, as the first Ming Toy, being hustled down to the gorgeous but hideous Love Boat because her "father" thought too many daughters were a curse unless he could cash in on their beauty in the matrimonial slave market, will admit it was a great play. Since its first night on Broadway the play has had a two-year run at the Astor, played many consecutive weeks the sixth time it returned to San Francisco, and is still a success on the road. Nearly every American willing to pay two dollars or up for a seat has seen it, and it has made a fortune for its authors, Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, and for Wm. Harris, Jr., its producer. And they deserve it for providing so much good fun to a world that needs all it can get. Of course, the Motion Picture people were quick to ask for the screen rights of such a hit but the authors and producers knew its value and let the movie men bid against bid for two long years before they cried "SOLD" to Constance Talmadge's Manager, Joseph M. Schenk.

Now, I haven't the least bit of diffidence in saying I am being paid for writing this series of articles, which will run for six weeks in *The Saturday Evening Post*. I don't think it will hurt my standing as an author. Magazines and newspapers pay authors to write about the stage and screen, and all I am asked to do is to tell the truth about "East is West" as I see it. Honestly, I think it is going to be fun to be able to tell some ten million people what I think about a motion picture play. So here goes—more about "East is West" next week.

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenk presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

"EAST is WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

The Holley Quality Carburetor on your car is a highly developed *metering* device. It measures accurately the necessary proportions of gas and air for perfect fuel combustion.

HOLLEY CARBURETOR COMPANY, DETROIT

HOLLEY

The QUALITY CARBURETOR

(SONNEBORN PRODUCTS)

Just Pour It On and Brush It Flat

Every Day, Every Unprotected Roof Deteriorates

especially in the approaching cold, wet months. Soon leaks occur—ceilings crack and fall, finally come big re-roofing bills. *And yet many tolerate leaky roofs, as if roof trouble and expense could not be avoided.*

Make your roofs leakproof with a coating of Stormtight and you can forget them for years. Every drop spreads protection.

Stormtight prevents leaks from starting—it stops leaks after they have started. It is the National Roof Protector and should never be confused with cheap, unsatisfactory substitutes.

Notwithstanding the superiority of Stormtight, it is not expensive.

Stormtight

FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

a heavy liquid, is far superior to thin, short-lived roof paints for coating good roofs which need protection to keep them good. It should also be applied over old, leaky, apparently worthless roofs, for it will make them as good as new and save the great cost of re-roofing. Anyone can brush on Stormtight.

For houses, factories, barns, garages, outbuildings, etc., on composition, tin, canvas and gravel roofs. *Furnished in black, maroon, light red and green.*
If your dealer does not as yet sell Stormtight, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc.

116 Fifth Avenue : : : : : : : NEW YORK

Cut out this coupon and mail to us

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc., 116 Fifth Ave., New York
Send me booklet, "Leakproof Roofs," containing valuable roof information and testimonials.

*Signed*_____ *Address*

(SONNEBORN)

their meaning is clear, and the desired consent is almost invariably granted. Shortly afterward the last few pages of the Record are embellished with the well-chosen words which the submerged-congressman authors have evolved in the privacy of their offices. Still later these speeches are printed separately in pamphlet form, and the proud authors send them out by the thousand to the voters in their districts. The voters, of course, on receiving the speech, remark admiringly to each other: "Gosh! Did you see the way Jim lit into those fellers last week? I bet they all get nervous when Jim starts to rip 'em up the back!" And that's all that Jim wants.

That, then, is the status of submerged congressmen. Some of them are able men who are waiting patiently, and slowly fighting their way to the surface. Some of them are twiddlers, who are even more slowly being forced up to the surface by the seniority system. But more are submerged; and so long as the United States continues to be a large and flourishing country with a correspondingly large House of Representatives, a large number of congressmen will continue to be submerged; and the newest ones will be submerged the deepest.

There seems to be an idea in many sections of the country that the best way to improve a bad Congress is to defeat large numbers of congressmen when they run for reelection. Such a proceeding, unfortunately, merely serves to replace a number of semisubmerged men with a lot of totally submerged men, and almost invariably makes things a trifle messier than they were before.

Two Types of Candidate

That congressional district is fortunate that knows enough to select a man who is strong enough and able enough to represent it—not a man who is so weak that he will permit his mind to be made up for him by a lot of muddled and lesser minds from that same district—and, having selected him, to let him alone.

There are of course two conceptions of what a representative should be. Some small-minded business men send representatives on missions, but are unable to select or unwilling to pay for representatives with the ability to act on their own initiative. Before taking any decisive step these so-called representatives must consult with their employers; and if they are in such positions that they cannot consult their employers their timidity only too often leads them to make costly mistakes. Such representatives are unworthy of confidence, and should with more propriety be known as delegates or office boys.

Large-minded business men, on the other hand, select genuine representatives for their missions. They are selected for their ability to think and act in the way that their employers ought to act if they are in possession of all the facts. They are absolutely honest and thoroughly reliable in every way; and they have usually demonstrated repeatedly their ability and their sound judgment. Such men ought to be and are given a free hand by their employers to act for them—in other words, to represent them. If they were not given a free hand—if their employers constantly tried to instruct them and overrule them on matters concerning which the employers did not have complete information such men would have to resign. Their self-respect would not permit them to be office boys when they are supposed to be representatives.

Why the Angels Weep

Congressional districts all over the United States persist either in sending office boys to Congress or in sending able men to Congress and expecting them to behave like office boys. Many a large moist tear must be dropped by the angels at this heart-rending spectacle.

Some day, when the millennium arrives and the lion and the lamb do their famous brother act; every congressional district will send a good man to Congress and let him alone to represent it, and permit him to exercise his own judgment in his own way. No district, when that happy day comes, will throw a congressman out of office because he votes once or twice for something that he believes to be right but that a lot of voters in the district believe to be wrong.

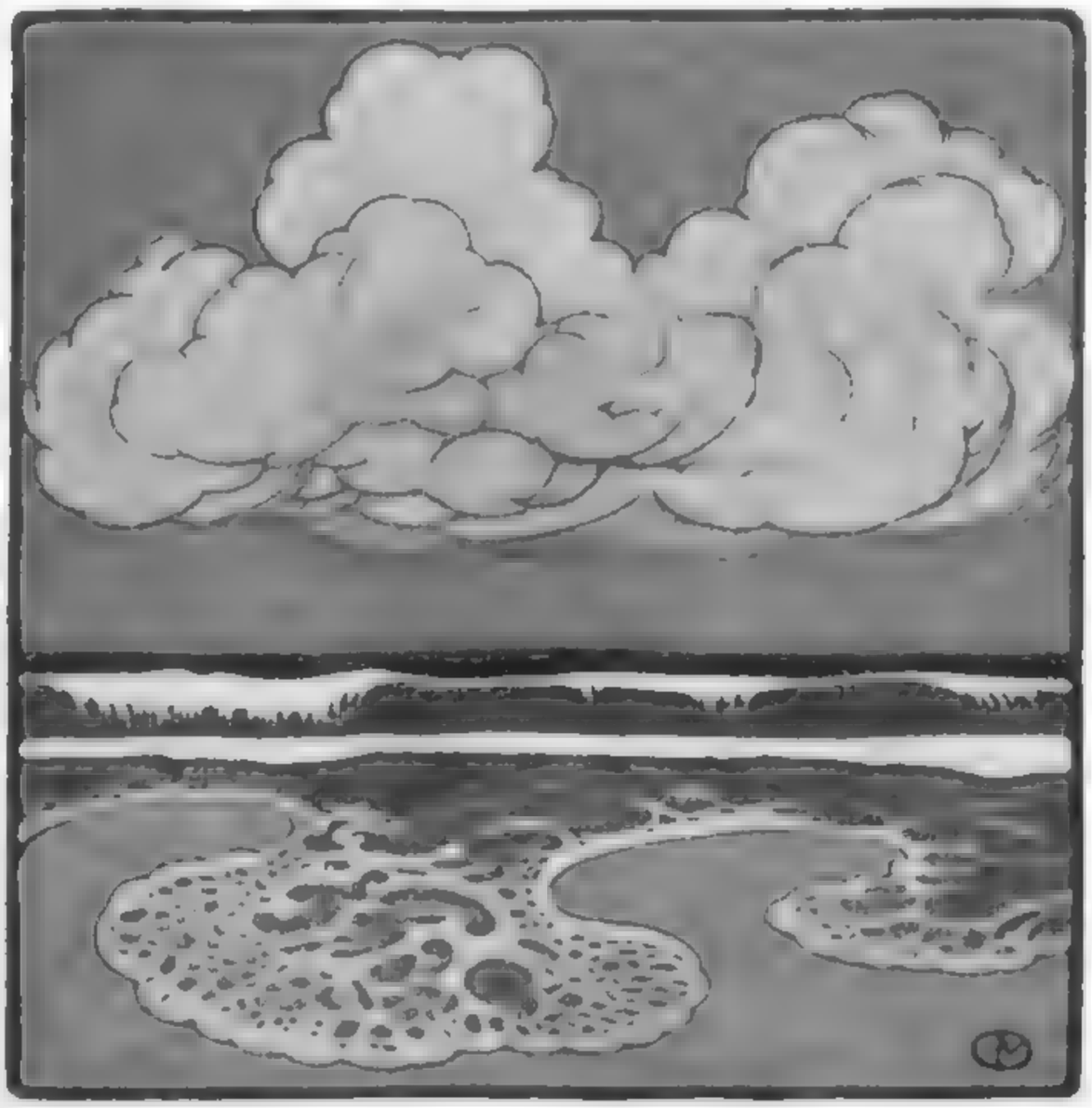
The dawn of that new day will see every candidate for Congress signing a paper which states:

That his idea in running for representative is to represent the people, and not to act as a messenger boy;

That he will turn over to the district attorney for prosecution on the charge of bribery the name of any voter who attempts to influence him on any measure by threats;

That if elected he will make himself a master of parliamentary procedure and the details of legislation by attending every session of the House for his first two terms, regardless of boredom and headaches, unless prevented by sickness, bereavement or an act of God.

There will still be submerged congressmen when that day arrives, but they will be submerged only by the vast amount of business to be done, and not by the kicks in the face that they so frequently have to endure from their own constituents today whenever they start to rise to the surface.



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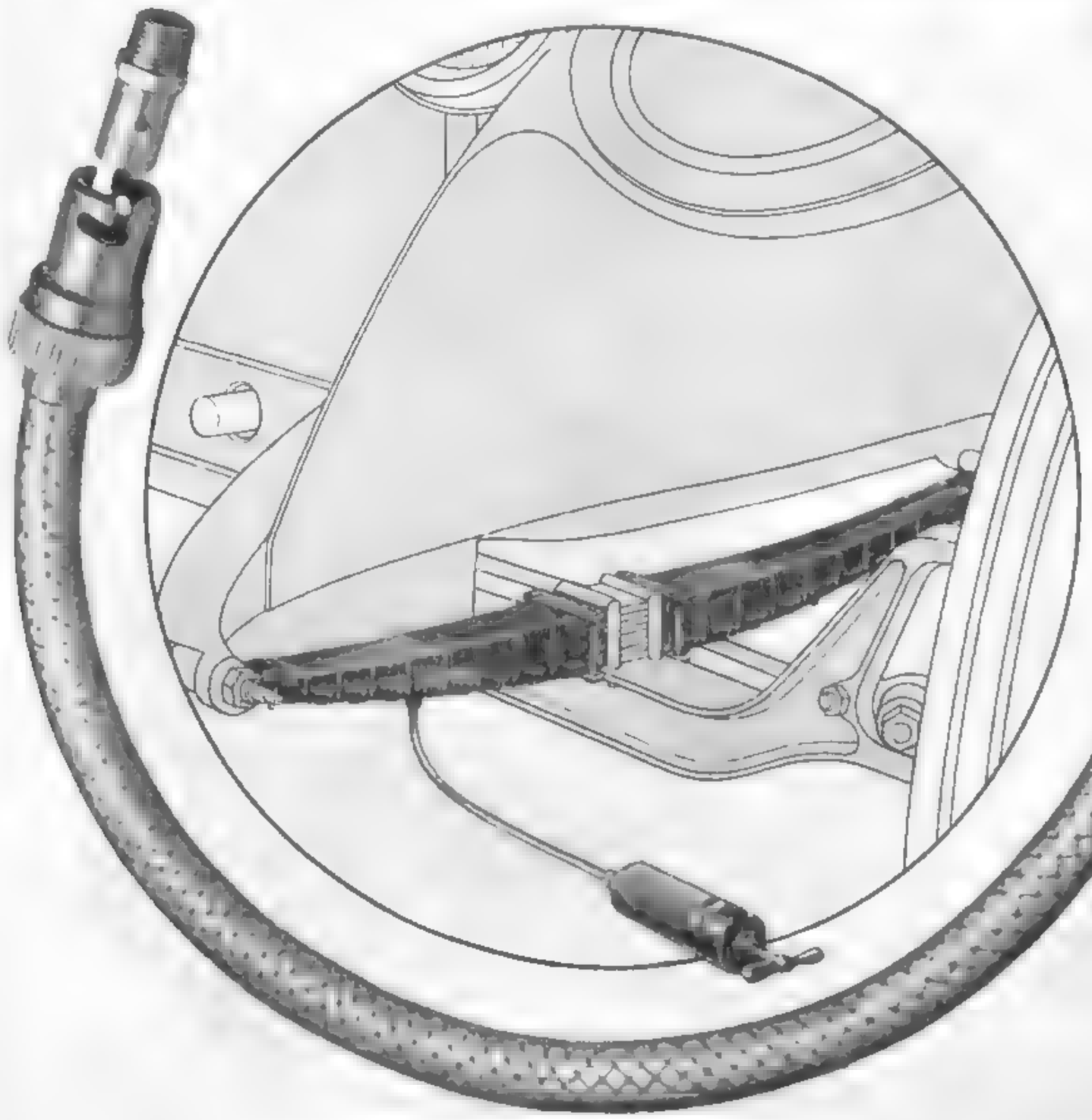

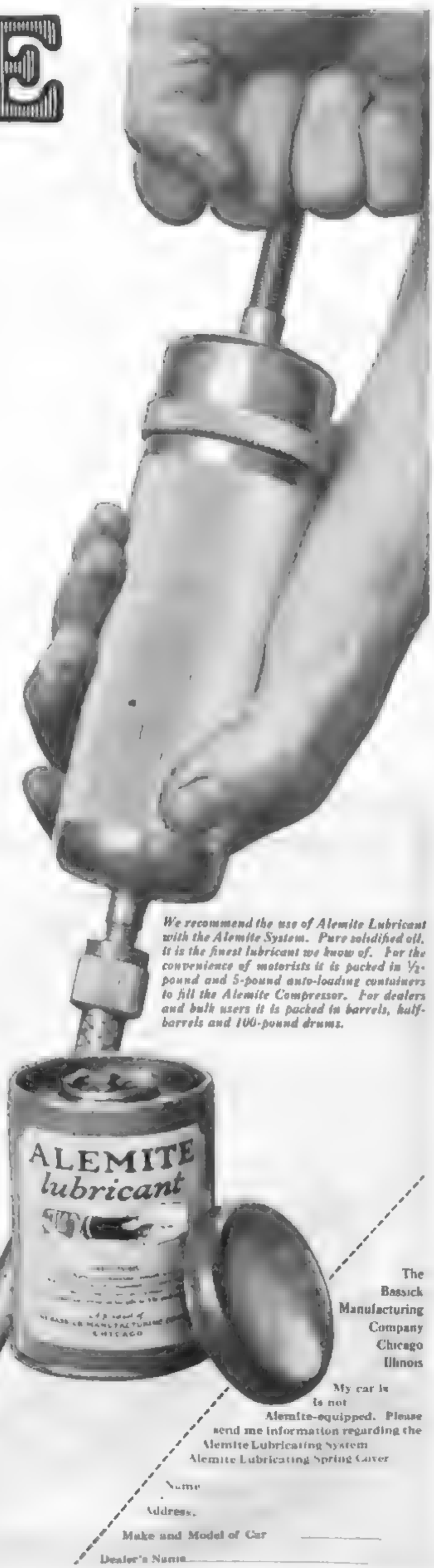

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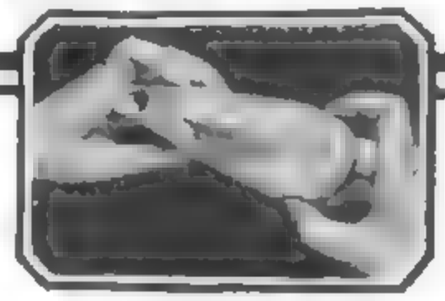

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They are made in smart lace, button and blucher styles, from patent leather, black or brown kid, russia calf, pearl or mahogany elk, in sizes 4 to 8. They all have specially tanned moccasin soles and pliable tread insoles, which make them exceptionally flexible, long-wearing shoes for tender little feet.

The famous Brown Shaping Lasts make Buster Brown Shoes leaders in health-building qualities. They protect and develop the growing feet. They prevent corns, bunions, weak ankles and broken arches—now and in the future.

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Model No. F-12

Little Boys' Patent Leather Blucher, Goodyear Welt; flexible sole; pliable tread; sizes 4 to 8.

WINNIE AND THE PANTHER MAN

(Continued from Page 7)

He was not easily susceptible to charm; possibly because he cherished soaring social ambitions, conceivably because he was said to be in search of a really blue-blooded fiancée, or perhaps because he had tremendous political ambitions and was nursing a constituency for the next general election. Like that of many another unattached Londoner, his origin was obscure and he rarely did or said anything likely to make it less so. He lived like a very rich bachelor, and had done so for sufficiently long to reassure any who eyed him doubtfully. Where, how and when he made his money were as far from being matters of common knowledge as are the more intimate personal habits of that other underground worker, the mole.

Yet his eye had thawed slightly after a quarter of an hour of Winnie's conversation. She saw that, and innocently circled round to business.

"It was such pleasant news to me to hear that you were dining here tonight, Mr. Larringe," she said with a touch of shyness in her low voice. "You see, I only learned a day or two ago that it was you who lent Captain Fairbairn the money for the the mortgage, don't they call it, please?—on March Lodge. And as March Lodge is now mine, you see why I am so relieved to meet the mortgagee—'mortgagee' is right, please, isn't it? I—I was so afraid he might prove to be hard and harsh."

Mr. Larringe laughed faultlessly. But the warmth had dwindled in his eye and disappeared. It was now faultlessly cold.

"Ah, we shall not quarrel about that, I hope, dear lady. Business is a necessary evil, I suppose; but there is no reason why one should not do it in an amiable way."

"No, indeed," agreed Winnie eagerly. "That is what I always think, too, although I don't pretend to understand it very well."

She thought for a moment, looking down, her big blue eyes fixed on her slippers.

"And I wanted so much to thank you for the kindness you showed to Cecil, quite apart from the mortgage money you lent him. The agent—the gentleman who deals with my money affairs for me—tells me that you lent him eight thousand pounds, besides the mortgage money; and, please, I want to thank you for that too."

Larringe frowned a trifle, as though with the effort of swift thought.

"Pardon me, not quite that," he said. "The eight thousand pounds was not a loan. It was the figure poor Fairbairn agreed to pay me for taking over the whole of his interest in the Morriston Colony. Forgive me if I say that the interest—in a business sense—consisted mainly of very heavy liabilities."

"Liabilities? Please, I don't quite understand. I—I am not a very good business woman"—Winnie's eyes were wide and puzzled and a little frightened; "won't you explain to me?"

Mr. Larringe relaxed a little—as when C. de Capello, semicharmed, deflates slightly his spectacled hood.

"Why, with pleasure! It was a very simple transaction," he explained. "As you probably know, Captain Fairbairn took a keen interest and a leading part in financing and planning the Morriston Colony. You know, of course, the idea of that rather Utopian—forgive me—scheme?"

"Not very well," said Winnie softly. "You see, that, with his parliamentary duties, which, in spite of his ill health, he still tried to carry out, kept him so busy that he never seemed to have time to explain it simply and fully to me. Perhaps that was my fault; I am not clever at understanding complex things."

Larringe nodded.

"But dear lady, it was not really complex. Let me make it clear."

"Oh, if you would, please!" breathed Winnie, her eyes wide with admiration.

"The idea of the Morriston Colony, briefly, was to found a place—a small manufacturing town, shall I say?—which should produce certain goods at a profit. But it was to differ from the ordinary manufacturing town in that the labor required to make these goods was to be provided by men on strike from some other industry, and the capital required to finance the scheme was to be provided partly by philanthropists and partly by trades-unions. The underlying idea was to prevent the tragic and ruinous waste of time which is caused by every strike. Do you see?"

"A—a little, I think"—doubtfully

"For example, suppose the engineers or weavers struck work at their trades. Normally they would be idle until the dispute was settled. In such a case it was designed that the Morriston Colony should say to the trades-unions, 'Send us a thousand two thousand—any number—of these non-workers and we will give them work to do that will create goods and earn them money until their own dispute is settled The money naturally must and will be much less than they normally earn; but it will be better than nothing, and it will enable us to produce goods cheaply for the benefit of the colony.'"

"Oh, I see—I see now! You make it very clear. Do you think it was a good idea, please?"

Larringe looked remotely gratified.

"The scheme was founded on several deadly fallacies, yet it was a glittering idea—to certain types of mind. But all that glitters is by no means gold. It appealed to the generous, charitable instincts of Captain Fairbairn, for example. He—forgive me again—was not a hard, keen business man, was he?"

"Cecil? Oh, no, I—I don't think so; but he was very kind." Her voice died out

"Several of his associates were like him," continued Mr. Larringe. "And they had to deal with untrustworthy people. They bought from the government the huge Morriston aërodrome and camp, a relic of the war capable of housing nearly ten thousand men, and set to work to develop their plans. But to be a good and wise philanthropist it is essential that one should also be a very good business man indeed. The governors of the colony were not. Kind, anxious to do good, earnest—yes, I suppose they were that. But—forgive me again—it was as if a little company of poets had tried to run a great steelworks. The blast furnace is no place for dreamers and idealists. The colony became a paradise of the lazy and the ne'er-do-well, before even the housing was put in order. For example, a professional tramp could get in—by means of a few lies and a little impudence—devour five shillings' worth of good food, sleep in a clean, white bed, do ninepenny worth of unskilled labor in return, and move on. That sort of thing. The colony was in difficulties almost at once. It was bound to be. The money melted like snow. By the time the place was put in order—workshops arranged and so forth—the money of the original projectors of the scheme was gone and they found themselves facing large liabilities. I am sorry to say your fiancé was one of them. He came to me. We discussed it at some length, and, sympathizing with him in his obviously bad health, I took over his liabilities in consideration of the sum of eight thousand pounds, thus freeing him of all liability. I had already lent him five thousand, secured by the mortgage on March Lodge"—Larringe's eyes flickered sidelong to the pale, lovely face of the girl beside him—"and for the eight thousand I asked no safer security than his promise to pay it; practically an agreement between men of honor."

"Ah, yes, men of honor." The sigh was like a faint, far echo.

"Have I made it clear, dear lady?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, you have! You are wonderful! What has happened, please, to the colony now?" she asked wistfully.

"Efforts are being made to transform it into a successful concern run on real business lines. There is to be some attempt to make it an enormous pottery and tile works. There are believed to be valuable beds of extremely good clay on land adjoining, and the founders put in a great deal of pottery and tile making plant."

"So, after all, someone will benefit, won't they?" asked Winnie.

"It is just conceivable—if they are fortunate."

"Do you know who owns it now, please?"

Larringe shook his smooth head.

"No. I was able to sell fairly quickly the interest in the place which I took over from Captain Fairbairn." He smiled ruefully. "But it had cost me nearly ten thousand pounds—my share of incurred liabilities—before I managed to dispose of it. Even when the men of affairs pay me the eight thousand pounds from Fairbairn's estate

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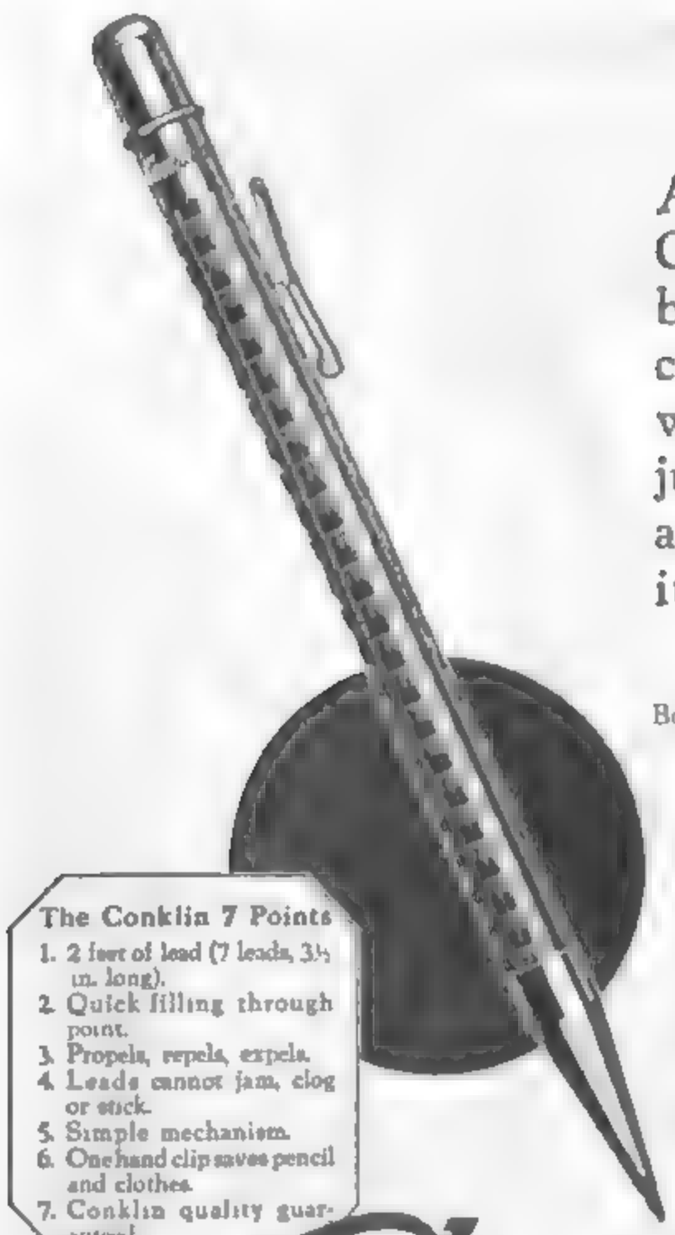

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I shall have lost a thousand pounds." He shrugged. "But do not let my loss give you a moment's uneasiness, dear lady," he said lightly. "One does a little business—sometimes one profits, sometimes one loses. It is all in the day's work."

"Yes, I see that. You speak most generously, Mr. Larringe." A beautiful little hand fell light as a moonlight moth on his sleeve. "Please let me say thank you for all your kindness—and consideration. You know, of course, that Cecil left everything to me I shall try so very hard to see that the money is repaid to you as quickly as possible I—I am afraid that Captain Fairbairn's estate is a little complicated; that there is not very much money left for me; but I will try so hard to arrange that you do not have to wait unreasonably long for repayment. I am sure he would not mind me telling you that much of the money he invested in the Morriston Colony was mine—which he invested for me." Her eyes were like dark sapphires, and a touch of deeper color had crept to her cheeks

Larringe nodded, smiling.

"Ah, I see that you are a businesslike lady," he said.

"I am going to try very hard to be," sighed Winnie. "Please, shall we go back to the drawing-room now?"

They met May Fasterton on the threshold. The vivacious May was not normally an intensely observant lady, but now something in Winnie's eyes caught her attention.

"What is it, darling?" she whispered presently.

But Winnie only shook her head, with a little smile. May did not press her, but she was puzzled.

"I believe my Winnie is actually angry. I wonder. I suppose the panther man is too clever for her. It's a shame, really. If there is anything between them Winnie must be very careful. He has all the advantage, and he is rich and cunning too. I wonder."

But she was only partly right. Winnie was angry—at least she would have been, and with ample reason, if she had not known that of all the luxuries anger is apt to be one of the most perilous. Larringe had given her his version of the rise and fall of the Morriston Colony, but she had read a very different version of it in the diary of her husband. And of the two, not unnaturally Winnie preferred to believe that of Cecil Fairbairn. For she knew that if he had been weak and unbusinesslike, he was no liar.

■

SOON Winnie sat again in the office of George H. Jay, drawn thither apparently by a mildly worded warning from the agent that the business men of Mr. Claude Larringe had developed a certain curiosity as to the plans of those dealing with the late Captain Fairbairn's estate for paying all—or some—of the eight thousand pounds now overdue. Mr. Jay was somewhat worried, and said so. He was afraid that the money would have to be paid.

"It's this way, my dear Miss Winnie: Whether Captain Fairbairn made a good bargain or a bad bargain, there seems no doubt that Mr. Larringe took care of himself on paper. The claim is incontestable. There are documents providing against every contingency—even against any objection by the executors and beneficiaries of the captain's estate in the event of his untimely decease."

George H. walked about his office a little in the fidgety manner of a plump fish on a good hook.

"Oh, but please, I don't think it would be right to dream of disputing it!" cried Winnie. "I have promised that it shall be paid. I do not object to that, even though I think it is just a little sad—unlucky—that after all the money that was spent on Morriston none of the people who originally converted it from an aërodrome should benefit. Don't you think so, too, please? Mr. Larringe told me it was a successful business concern now, but he did not know who owned it."

The hard, glassy eyes of the gentle George H. protruded as on stalks.

"Hey—what's that? Pardon my abruptness, but what's that? You say Mr. Larringe doesn't know who owns the Morriston settlement?" he said with the air of a very amazed man.

"Yes, that is what he told me personally." Winnie's eyes were wide as she said it.

"Oh, he doesn't know? Well, I do! The owner of the Morriston Potteries, lock, stock and barrel, is Mr. Claude Larringe himself—and he is making a fortune out of the place." Mr. Jay sat down. "I thought you knew that, my dear Miss Winnie. Larringe was after the place, working in the dark, for a long time before he took over Captain Fairbairn's interest—at a price and bit by bit acquired the interests of the other founders. It was Larringe who ruined the thing—not very difficult, for it was an impracticable scheme. It was his agents who contrived all the difficulties that eventually wrecked the thing and gave him the aërodrome, plus all the installations and improvements which had eaten up the founders' money, plus the sums—like this eight thousand—they paid him to take over liabilities.

"Why, half the pottery plant there now—in full blast—was put in and paid for by the founders on a promise—a legally breakable promise—by Larringe to sell them the adjoining clay beds, which he owns. Probably that was what attracted his attention to the colony at first. It's a long story, Miss Winnie, and I thought Captain Fairbairn had told you about it. He knew the truth before his death. I know. It was the refusal of Larringe, through agents, to sell them the clay land that helped largely to ruin them and brought them to a point where they not only gave him the whole works but paid him to accept it. You see, they were good men, but not business men. Larringe got a coil round the colony at the start—the manager was in his pay—and eventually he anaconda-ed the whole thing. He did—in the dark, always in the dark—some pretty mean things to succeed, but he succeeded. I don't know half the story, but Captain Fairbairn did before he died. The affair broke his heart, because it was your money he lost. But it did not break his spirit. He employed a clever man, who had been a chartered accountant but had been broken for some slip—the captain never could resist helping a lame dog. This man ferreted out a lot of awkward things against Larringe—the captain told me that—but in the end Larringe bought him away from Captain Fairbairn. He disappeared. If I could find that man and get him to tell the truth I guess I should feel happy enough about this eight thousand—but I can't. I've tried. It jars every bone in my body to say it, but we've got to pay the money, Miss Winnie," concluded George H. Jay with bitterness. Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, I see that; and I know that you have fought so well for me. I must pay. But, please, Mr. Larringe will give me time—a little time—to find the money, or some of it, little by little, won't he, Mr. Jay? You see, I—I can't sell everything at once. I have the future to think of too."

George H. Jay gritted his teeth.

"Oh, yes, he shall give you time. I'll see to that," he promised.

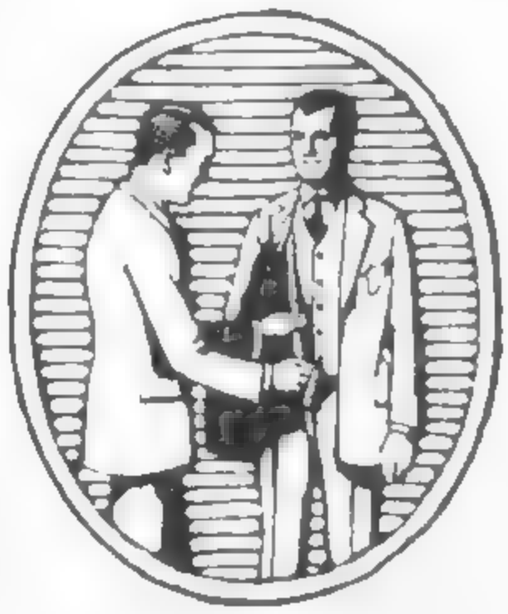
Then, with a certain relief, he passed on to the topic of what Winnie was going to do to live. She had a plan, it appeared; and, a little nervously, she told him of it.

"I think I have a little talent that I have never used," she said, her eyes fixed on him, very blue and very earnest—"a literary talent. Daddy used to say I had it. And I have thought it all over very carefully, and I want to try to see if I cannot earn a little money by journalism. My friend Mr. Gerald Peel has an interest in a new paper—a little gossipy weekly—and if I invest a little money in it, too, I—I think I could gain a position on this paper. And if you like you could have a share in it, dear Mr. Jay. You have fought for me so—and Gerald Peel could arrange it for you."

The glassy eyes of the gentle George tagged outwards from their sockets.

"What, me? Me take a share in a little gossipy paper?" he cried out, like a man in pain, then recovered himself. "Sorry, Miss Winnie, but you surprised me. You shocked me!" He stood up. "My dear," he said, just about as earnestly as he could utter language, "don't do this thing! It's not at all advisable! Miss Winnie, Fleet Street is strewn with the white skeletons of gossipy little weeklies. They—they"—he groped for impressive metaphor—"lay about like eggshells in a hatching house. I mean that it's been tried a thousand times and they have nearly always failed. Listen to me and take a hard business man's advice, Miss Winnie. Put no money in it! Don't do it, forget it, turn it down! It's the fairy fancy of every four-flusher—excuse me—that ever smelled printer's ink, to start a jolly little paper. I am very much surprised at the Honorable Gerald. He would

(Continued on Page 136)



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(Continued from Page 134)

do far, far better to stick to buying and selling his steeplechasers. I'm frank because I feel frank, and I want to see you get away with something successful. I couldn't come across with money for a share in a gossipy little paper. I could not, really I could not. My instincts are against it. I could be driven to the cash box for the money, but I couldn't bring myself to open it not for a little paper. They always fail—humanly speaking. I ——"

Mr. Jay stopped his almost desperate exhortations sharply, his mouth open. He had remembered something. Once before Winnie had offered him a share in the very wildest of wildcat dreams—the purchase of a ruined film studio—and he had refused it. And it had lost him a profit that for a time had stopped his hair from falling out but started it going gray. He had sworn a secret oath then that never again would he allow any business proposition of Miss Winnie O'Wynn to get by him without a solid harpoon marked in plain letters "George Henry Jay" buried to the hilt in its very vitals. Yet what was he doing now?

But—a jolly little new weekly paper! Backed by a gentleman who knew nothing much about anything but steeplechase riding and steeplechasers! Impossible! He would do better to take his money out into the park and tie it to a bone and let the first hungry dog remove it. It would save time and a whole lot of trouble. Why, it—money was not meant to be treated so! He stifled a groan.

And little Miss Winnie was not even a journalist! She was, or she had seemed to be, a clever child—before her luck took a turn. But even she could not work the miracle of making a fortune out of a scheme like that.

He stared sadly into the wide, anxious blue eyes before him.

"Any other scheme in the world but just that one scheme would find me jumping to connect with it. But my heart wouldn't be in it."

Winnie rose and came to him, resting her hand lightly on his sleeve.

"Dear Mr. Jay, please, please don't worry over my little scheme! It was only just a suggestion, you see. Don't let us think about it any more. It would make me very unhappy if I thought you were worrying about it. So please don't let us bother any more. I won't do anything rash or foolish, and there is no need to hurry into anything. So let us forget it now."

She shook hands, smiling up at him.

"I have a feeling that everything will come right, somehow. And if you can persuade Mr. Larringe to grant a little more time perhaps something will happen to help me. I will come to see you again soon." She looked closely at him. "You won't worry about me, please, will you, Mr. Jay?"

He reassured her. Yet for a long time after she had gone he sat thinking. True to his promise, he was not worrying about Winnie. But he certainly was worrying considerably about himself. Had he turned down something which he should not have turned down? Still, look at it—a nice little gossipy paper—pshaw! Fleet Street was ankle deep with their dry bones.

VI

MR. JAY failed rather completely to arrange with the cold-eyed Claude Larringe, or his representatives, any mitigation of their urgency to collect something weighty on account of the payment. He wrote to Winnie to this effect about a week after their interview, and received a resigned, rather plaintive letter in return, wherein Winnie said that she was selling some jewels and would call soon.

"She's beaten, poor little soul; she's lost heart. Not the girl she was, after all, and I don't wonder at it," said Mr. Jay sadly. "I might have known that a wolf who would rob a very sick man like Fairbairn was would leave no loopholes for a child like Miss Winnie."

He shook his large and heavy head over the letter for a moment; then, being a business man, got on with his business.

But though Winnie's sweet face was not without its touch of sadness when, a morning or two after, she came down to breakfast at Fasterton House, it bore no sign that she had lost heart or that she was beaten, as the gentle George H. Jay had concluded. Indeed, if anything, she seemed happier today, and she displayed quite an intent interest in the newspaper which Butler Barlow had ready for her. She was quite alone, for May Fasterton feared and dreaded rising for breakfast about as much as any woman can fear anything.

Winnie's interest did not extend beyond the front-page advertisement of the newspaper, which was the biggest and most powerful in the country. Yet her interest was easily explained.

The advertisement on this front page announced in enormous display type that shortly there would appear a new weekly paper entitled The Ray, a Journal of Plain Truth, and among the contents announced was an item which easily explained Winnie's rapt interest. It ran:

THE MORRISTON COLONY MYSTERY

A scathing exposure of the secret causes and machinations which led to the ruin of the famous nonwaste colony and its founders written by our fully informed special investigatress—a relative of one of the founders. A damning indictment.

Winnie smiled a curious little smile, partly triumphant, partly tender, wholly adorable. She liked the look and the promise of that article. And she was entitled to do so, for she had written it herself, from the heartbreaking material found in her dead fiancé's diary.

She wondered what Mr. Claude Larringe was thinking of this newspaper that morning—it was one which no ambitious politician or social aspirant could well afford to ignore. The cold-eyed one did not leave her long in doubt. She had hardly finished breakfast when Barlow, deferentially indulgent, invited her to the telephone.

"Oh, thank you, Barlow. Is it anyone asking for me?"

"A gentleman—Mr. Larringe," Barlow believed.

It was even so, and Mr. Larringe was disturbed in his mind. He said so, with quite faultless politeness. He had seen the advertisement of The Ray, the promised new journal of plain truth, he continued suavely, and if it chanced that she, Miss O'Wynn, was the talented investigatress who was writing the promised article on the alleged Morriston Colony mystery, he begged that she would grant him the favor, the very great favor, of an interview at the earliest possible moment.

Winnie granted him the favor. He was at Fasterton House so very swiftly that Winnie would have hesitated to deny that he had done the journey on large, high-geared wings. He greeted her with suave and rather novel geniality, but his cold eye was uneasy as he bowed. He informed Winnie that since he had seen her last he had acquired a small interest in the Morriston Potteries and therefore naturally was anxious that its integrity as a business concern should not be stained or spotted by even such unimportant publications as, for example, this forthcoming new paper, The Ray.

Winnie, very lovely and cool in her little morning frock, agreed with him. Mr. Larringe looked puzzled.

"But, dear lady, if you agree, may I ask why are you writing the article in question?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Winnie. "You see, I have to earn my living, and because I think I have a tiny literary talent I am going to try journalism. I happen to know the proprietor and he is willing to give me a trial. Please don't laugh at me. I—I know it sounds very ambitious, but I am going to try hard. And besides"—she brightened up—"every penny that I shall receive for my work for the paper is going to be saved for the express purpose of paying off the debt to you!"

She paused, evidently expecting a little outburst of congratulation. But, strangely, the cold-eyed one neither burst out nor congratulated. His eye, indeed, grew uneasier

"But—forgive me—are you sure of the facts, the curious facts, at which this sheet hints? Even a journalist has to be sure of his or her facts nowadays. The law of libel is comprehensive, far-reaching and rigorously administered. Have you considered all that? I ask it as a friend—may I say a good friend? Can you prove that your facts are of such a nature that their publication can benefit the public? That is necessary, you know, to avoid libel actions."

Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Larringe, that was explained to me by the proprietor of The Ray. My facts are quite true and can be proved, he thinks."

"But—if I may ask—where did you get them, dear lady?"

"From the private, locked diary of my fiancé, Captain Fairbairn. You see, please, he had written down in detail, with proofs, the result of the investigations he and an accountant he employed had made just before he died. I have the diary now," she explained in a low voice, a little timid but composed.

Mr. Larringe's jaw set suddenly and his cold eye glittered.

"You suggest in your article that unscrupulous means were used to ruin the colony?" he asked.

"I—I suppose that people who read it will say so."

Larringe stiffened.

"By whom were these—these alleged devious means used?" he asked.

"By you, Mr. Larringe," said Winnie very gently.

For a long half minute the man stared deep into the blue, blue eyes watching him. His brows were suddenly knotted as he concentrated on the problem.

But he was handicapped; he was fighting not only Winnie but his uncertainty as to what the accountant he had bribed had discovered for Fairbairn. He had done, or financed or authorized the doing of many curious, unscrupulous and, strictly, illegal things to get possession of the Morriston works, and if he brought a libel action there was a grave risk of losing it. And in any case he would be discredited sufficiently to lose any chance of a successful election presently. Voters, he knew, were not all such fools as they occasionally look. And as for his social ambitions —— He steadied himself.

"Have you, by any chance, a copy or proof of the article at hand?" he said, not quite so faultlessly as usual.

Winnie passed him a printer's proof dated for insertion in The Ray—No. 1 Vol. 1; said to be the saddest words in the English language—and he flashed through it. He did not read far, and his face was paler when he looked up.

"Miss O'Wynn, let us come to business," he said harshly. "Listen to me. The estate you have inherited owes me eight thousand pounds, exclusive of the mortgage. Withdraw this article from The Ray, stating that it is inaccurate, and write me a promise that you will not make public the contents—the untrue contents—of the diary in any form in the future, and I will give you a full discharge of the debt."

Winnie's eyes widened as in terror. She shook her beautiful golden head.

"I will include the mortgage money!" urged Larringe.

"But please, please, don't you see that you are trying to force me into an act of—of—blackmail? It is quite impossible—quite!" she cried. "I could not entertain such a proposal." She was terribly distressed. "Oh, please, you must go!"

She reached to the bell. Larringe leaned closer.

"Very well. Will you tell me the name of the proprietor of this—this paper?"

Hurriedly, hastily, Winnie told him and rang for Barlow.

Larringe made one more effort.

"Will you sell me that diary—at your own price?"

Winnie's eyes flashed

"Sell—Cecil's—diary!" she said in altogether a different voice. "Barlow, show this—gentleman out!"

Barlow obliged.

VII

THREE mornings after his disconcerting interview with Winnie, Mr. Claude Larringe was seated in the office of the gentle George H. Jay, listening with but poorly concealed impatience to a breezy description of a very fine old Berkshire boar which Mr. Jay had recently been fortunate enough to purchase for his agricultural little place in the country. The agent had exhausted his list of the advantages of the Berkshire hog and was beginning enthusiastically to enumerate the disadvantages of the Tamworth variety when, apparently to Mr. Larringe's great relief, a clerk announced the arrival of Miss O'Wynn and the Honorable Gerald Peel. They were shown in at once and warmly greeted by Mr. Jay.

"Think you expressed a wish that if she were willing, Miss O'Wynn should be present at this interview, Larringe, what?" drawled the Honorable Gerald, excessively self-possessed and cool. He was one of the finest amateur steeplechase riders and steeplechaser trainers in the country, and he was Winnie's staunchest, most reliable man friend. He was not in the least in love with her, nor ever had been; but he was what he himself described as her four-square pal.

"Yes, yes. It is very good of Miss O'Wynn to come. I appreciate her—consideration."

"Good!" said Gerald tersely, as Mr. Jay drew a chair for Winnie closer to his desk.

Mr. Larringe wasted no time.

"Shall we get to business?" he said, and got to it at once. He drew from his pocket a large, fat packet of bank notes.

"You desired notes, Mr. Peel, I believe; I have brought them."

"Delightful things, notes," said the Honorable Gerald. "Will you count them, Jay?"

Mr. Jay did so and announced their total as being fourteen thousand pounds.

"That is the amount for which you have agreed to sell me outright the projected and partly prepared paper, The Ray, Mr. Peel?" said Larringe.

"It is," agreed Gerald.

"With an undertaking signed by one of your staff—er—Miss O'Wynn—that any further articles or books relating to the Morriston Colony she may write at any time shall be offered to me at ordinary market rates, and in no circumstances whatever shall be offered to any other person or publication?"

"Yes," said Gerald.

"Oh, but yes, yes!" sighed Winnie.

"The documents are in order?" continued Larringe to Mr. Jay.

"Quite. Only the date needs to be filled in and the signatures attached," said George H., pushing forward the contract, to which the Honorable Gerald affixed his signature, followed by Winnie, then by Larringe, and finally by Mr. Jay as witness.

Larringe drew a deep breath as he took up the contract and Gerald took up the notes. It had cost him a good sum, but only he knew what it was worth to him.

"It is signed and settled then. You have made an astoundingly good bargain, Mr. Peel. Fourteen thousand pounds for an unpublished paper!"

His face went a little wry.

"Oh, please, it is not quite settled," said a soft, soft voice.

Larringe turned to stare into a pair of wide, baby-blue eyes.

"Not settled! Pardon me, I don't understand."

The Honorable Gerald chuckled dryly and passed the package of bank notes over to Winnie.

"You will in a moment, Larringe," he prophesied.

Winnie looked at George H. Jay.

"The mortgage deed, please, dear Mr. Jay. You asked Mr. Larringe to bring it, did you not?" she said sweetly, and counted out a bulksome bale of the notes.

"I desire to pay off the mortgage on March Lodge, Mr. Larringe, please. Here is the money, together with the interest due up to this day."

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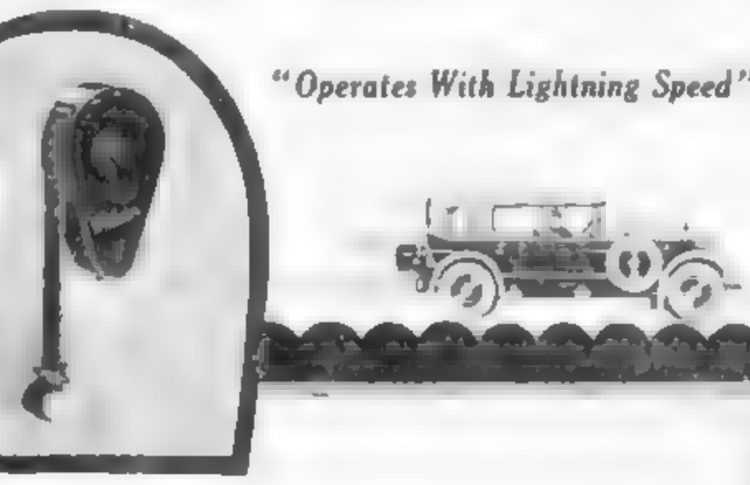

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Gentlemen: You may make me that offer of yours. I don't promise to accept, but I'll look it over.

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Her glorious eyes were sapphire dark now and a wonderful flood of pale rose was in her cheeks.

"Come on, Jay, the deed," said Gerald.

Mr. Jay spread the parchment.

"You sign there!" He indicated the place.

Larringe's eyes were cold and malignant, and his hand shook a little. But he signed without comment and crammed the money into his pocket.

"And here is eight thousand pounds"—Winnie's voice rose, and now a sudden mistiness veiled the glory in her eyes—"Captain Fairbairn's debt to you, Mr. Larringe, in full settlement!"

Her breath came quickly, like that of a woman overstrung.

"Gently, gently, old lady!" warned Gerald.

But Mr. Jay's glassy eyes were on those of Larringe.

"The papers relating to this debt, please. You were requested to bring these too," said George H., a sharp note of rising excitement in his voice.

Larringe had brought them. He signed them sullenly and took the money.

"And now, Larringe, you may go," said the Honorable Gerald sulkily.

Larringe took up his hat. But he could not resist one poisoned arrow.

"I should like to congratulate this charming young lady on her good fortune in having a friend willing to use his money so generously in payment of her debts," he said acidly.

Winnie faced him instantly.

"You are wrong, Mr. Larringe. The money I have paid you was the purchase price of The Ray, and The Ray was mine!" she said.

Mr. Jay threw up his hands like a man struck by lightning! She had offered him a share in the paper; she had offered—offered —— The only sound that broke the sudden tense silence was the sound of a large and watery gulp. Mr. Jay made it. The good ship Business had sailed up over his horizon, sailed into his very office, and he had not noticed it! He gulped again. Winnie folded away the remaining notes.

"And these will bring back the jewels I pawned to pay for the full-page advertisement of The Ray which startled you into doing—against your will—an act of justice to the estate of a good man whom you helped to ruin and to kill!" she said.

She stood before him, slim, lovely, completely fearless. She had beaten him, and for once she openly triumphed in a success.

He opened his lips to speak, altered his mind, gave a curious, stiff little bow and went.

Winnie sat down rather suddenly, buried her face in her hands and remained so, very still. Gerald Peel sauntered to the window, gazing out, his back to Winnie; and the gentle George H. Jay, after a glance of something like sheer reverence at the little figure by his desk, took paper and pencil and began to scribble furiously.

But quite quickly a sweet, an incomparable voice, low, tremulous, brought their eyes on her again.

"Forgive me, please, for crying. I—I did not think I would do that. Only, you see, it hurt me more than I thought, because it was for Cecil's sake," said Winnie.

They assured her anxiously that they understood completely; and, presumably to prove it, Mr. Jay flourished his scrawled scrap of paper before him.

"Take a look at this, Miss Winnie! Just to help out a little. It will do you good—bound to."

Winnie looked. It was a rough abbreviated balance sheet, as follows:

CASH STATEMENT
MISS WINNIE'S AFFAIRS

Assets	Liabilities
Approx. £14,613	Approximately, £1,500
Balance to the good, £12 13s.	

(Signed) GEORGE H. JAY.

"It's a bit rough and ready," said George H. apologetically. "But it's approximately right—ha-ha—eh, Miss Winnie? Old George Wall-eyed Jay—he may not understand little gossipy papers. But he's no tortoise on the figures—where there are any—ha-ha!"

But in spite of his pardonable emotion he might have got them correct!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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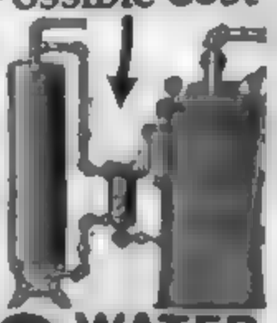

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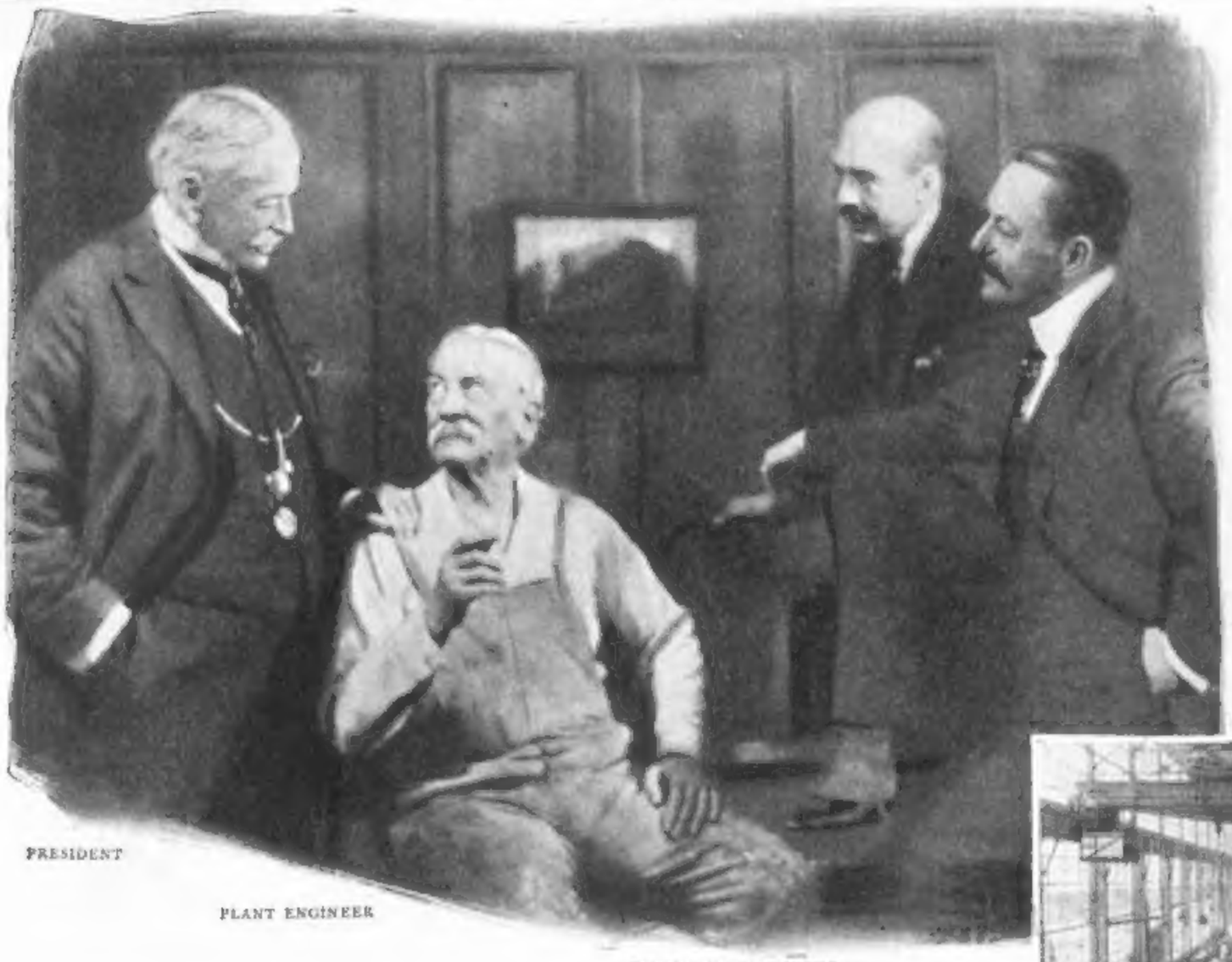
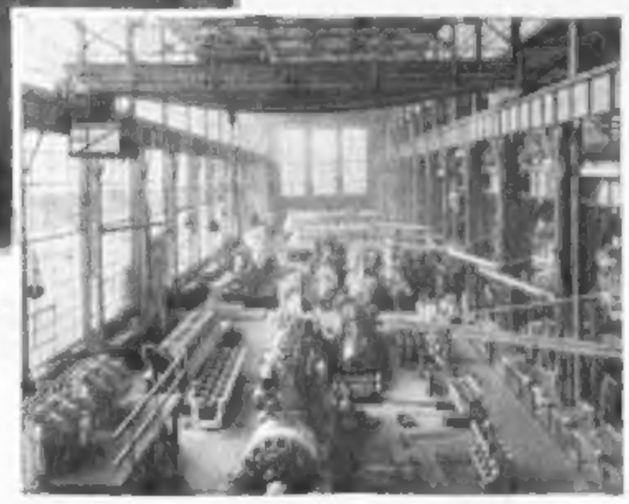


Dramatized Facts out of The Day's Work
No. 10

Where the facts come from

At the Winton Engine Works, Cleveland, pictured below, a Grinnell Forced Circulation Hot Water System heats a large part of the plant from the waste heat of gas engines. Mr. W. S. McKinstry of The Winton Company, writes: "The uniform temperature made possible by your system has contributed in a large measure to the satisfied feeling of our men which is evidenced by a very low labor turnover." Ernest McGeorge and A. G. Simon, Consulting Engineers.



Prize Money—and the old Engineer's Boy

"Oh, that's the same old idea you sprang five years ago, Tom," said the President as he laid a friendly hand on the old engineer's shoulder. "I'm sorry, but the prize money for coal saving suggestions *must* go to those whose ideas are more practical."

"But—" the old man started falteringly to explain, when the Production Manager cut in with "Why, that idea came from his boy the year he was getting through 'Tech.' That waste heat wouldn't generate an ounce of steam. The boy himself would laugh at it today."

"But my boy—" began the old man again.

"What was this college boy's idea?" interrupted the Consulting Engineer, who had consented to help in awarding the prize money.

"Well," began the President, with a curious mixture of boredom, impatience and pity in his voice, "Tom here wants us to rig up our heating system to pick up heat all over the plant, from tempering furnace, steam vats, heat treating processes—"

"And he even wanted to connect up with the water jackets of our gas engines—" broke in the Production Manager, with a smile that just escaped being a sneer.

As much as he needed the prize money—as much as he valued his job—the old engineer couldn't restrain himself. They were really poking fun at his boy. He burst out with—

"My lad knows. He's been at heating now five years. He's smart. He's studied. He wouldn't tell me this could be done if it couldn't. He's—"

"Where's your boy located?" inquired the Consulting Engineer with an encouraging smile.

"He's with Grinnell Company," came the reply proudly, "an engineer."

"I'll bet you the best dinner in town you give Tom the prize money," said the Consulting Engineer as he turned to the President. "If a Grinnell Engineer says he can pick up waste heat, he'll *pick it up*. In the Winton plant in Cleveland Grinnell Company heated a great building from the waste heat of gas engines."

"Why, it's nothing but a *theory*," countered the Production Manager. "How could you get up steam pressure when most of your jackets won't boil water?"

"No, but they will heat any amount of water for a forced hot water system. With Grinnell Company you get a system that is a fact—not a theory—and a fact they back with their guaranty."

"Tom, I guess you win," said the President. "Have your boy drop in to see me."

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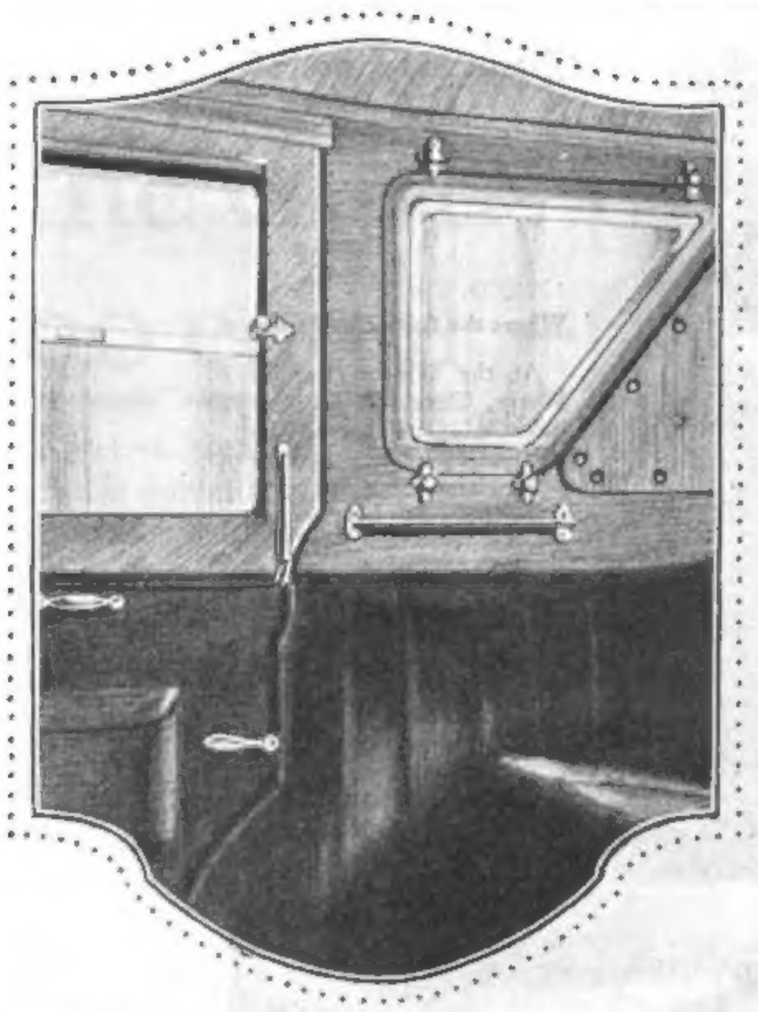

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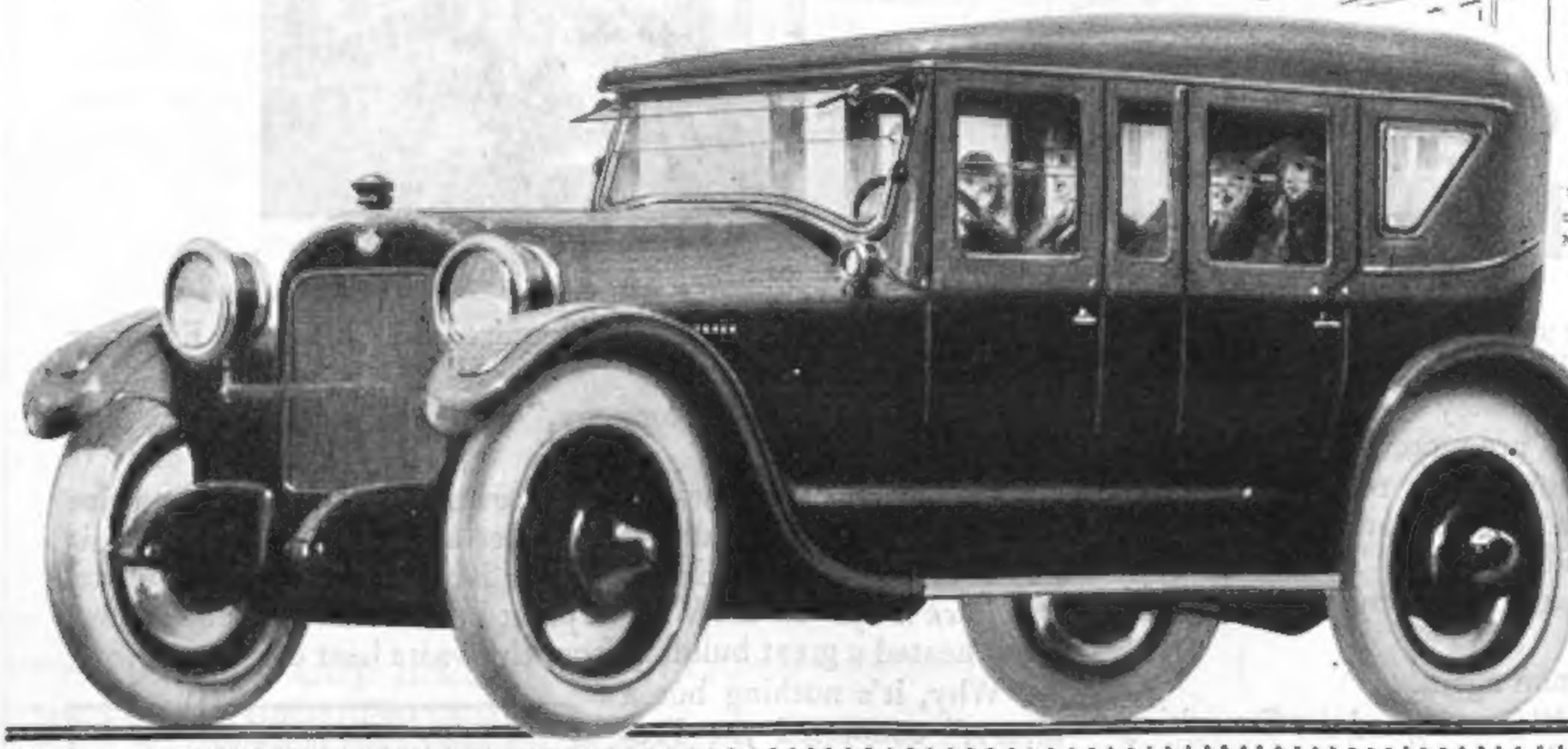

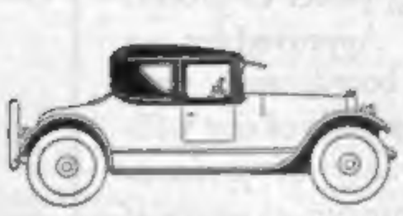

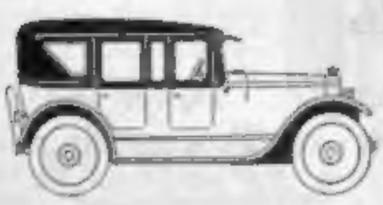

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Rex Top

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PERHAPS you think of the milkman as some one who comes around in a wagon every morning and leaves a bottle at your door. But do you quite appreciate the milk service rendered you by your grocer—the inconvenience you would suffer if you depended solely on your morning delivery of fresh milk?

Millions now buy their milk in sealed packages at their grocer's! The grocery man has become the milk man, too. He makes it possible for you to get pure milk *whenever* you want it.

Call him on the 'phone or step into his store—and you get your milk promptly. Ask him for Borden's—and you get pure, rich milk for every purpose. Eagle Brand for the baby—Borden's Evaporated for general household use—Chocolate Malted Milk for a delicious, nourishing home beverage—and Borden's Milk Chocolate and Almond Bars, rich in milk. Each product is Borden's and the best of its kind. Say Borden's to *your* grocer.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building, New York

Borden's

The Nation's Milk

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victrola No. 130
$350
Victrola No. 130, electric
$390
Mahogany or oak

Victrola No. 330
$350
Victrola No. 330, electric
$390
Mahogany

Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola!

Look under the lid for the Victor trademarks—the picture and phrase "His Master's Voice" and the word "Victrola." To see them on a talking-machine is to know the instrument is right in every way—artistically, mechanically, musically. The Victrola is the one instrument chosen by the greatest artists to bring their interpretations into the home, and Victor quality insures a lifetime of musical satisfaction.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers' in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey